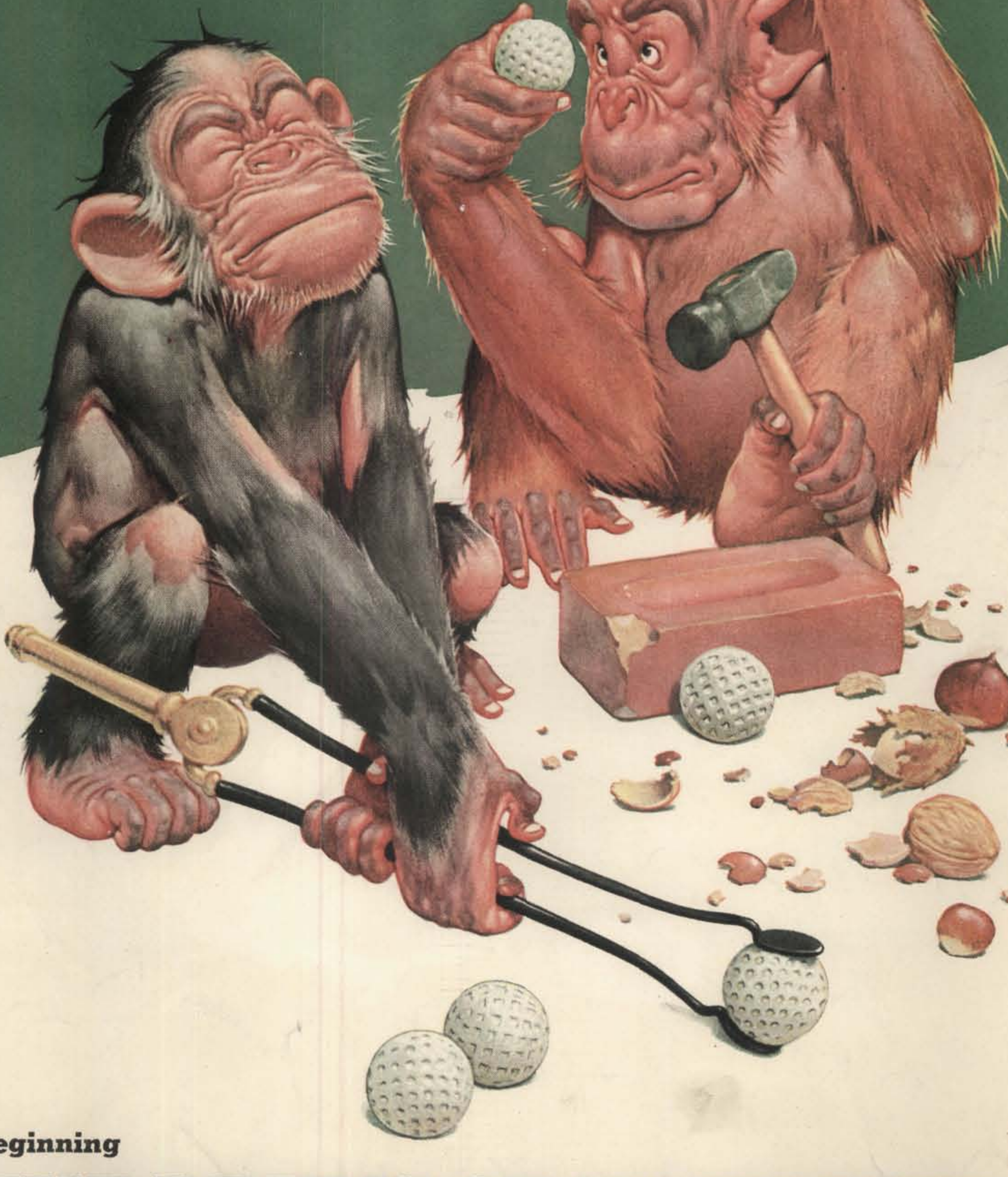
April 1, 1939

5¢ A COPY

Collier's

THE NATIONA LY



Beginning

THE DRUMS OF FU MANCHU

© THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPA

pril, 1, 1939

We planned this evening for you ... more than 4 years ago

TONIGHT the world's finest highball is yours to enjoy . . . because we planned it for you more than four long years ago.

More than four years ago? Yes—for even the youngest whiskey in Four Roses is four years old.

This means, of course, that *all* of the several straight whiskies that are combined to make Four Roses are *old enough to be bottled in bond*, and *would* be, if we thought they would be as good, sold separately that way.

But instead, we think it better to make these whiskies lighter, milder, by reducing them to 90 proof (instead of the 100 proof which bottled-in-bond whiskies must be). Then we bring them together, so as to unite *all* their individual virtues in *one* whiskey that is finer by far than any of them could be alone. In planning this evening for you, we left just one thing for *you* to do. Simply this: on your way home tonight, buy a bottle of Four Roses.

You may find that it costs a trifle more than some other whiskies, but as you settle back in your favorite chair and sip the smooth, deep-flavored, all-whiskey richness of your Four Roses highball, ask yourself: *Isn't it worth it?* Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville and Baltimore.

FOUR ROSES

EVERY DROP IS WHISKEY

AT LEAST **4 YEARS OLD**

A blend of straight whiskies, 90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 4 years or more old

A tip from a big man to his dad— Ipana and massage help your teeth and gums

Many a man has learned from his own youngster the importance of Ipana and Massage to healthier smiles

TED'S sure proud of his dad. Batting averages, camping out and even fractions—there are few things that dad can't explain to a fellow. But there was one lesson dad wasn't up on—one fact he learned from young Ted—the need and importance of massage for firmer, healthier gums and sounder, brighter teeth.

For today, in many schools throughout the country, children are being taught the danger of today's soft foods—the modern need of gum massage. Because our soft and creamy foods deprive our gums of the vigorous chewing and exercise they need for health, gums all too often tend to grow flabby and weak—to flash a warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

Don't ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

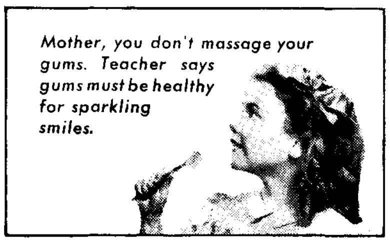
When you see that tinge of "pink" on your brush, *see your dentist at once*. You may not be in for serious gum trouble, but only your dentist should make the decision. Usually, however, he's apt to pronounce it simply a case of neglected gums—gums that, as many dentists say, "have become lazy, need the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

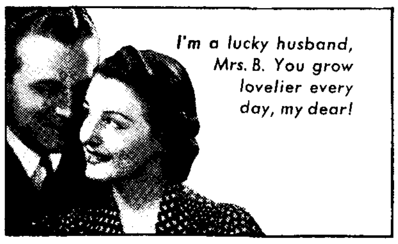
For Ipana, with massage, is a modern dentifrice especially designed to help the health of your gums as well as to clean teeth thoroughly. Whenever you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into the gums. Circulation increases within the gums. Lazy gums awaken—they tend to become firmer, stronger. They look and feel better.

Play safe—don't risk trouble. Buy a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Help keep your smile as it should be—winning and attractive!

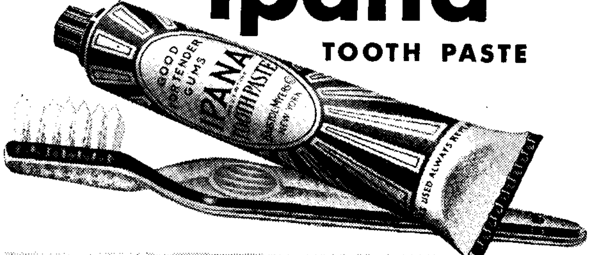
Try the Ipana Way to a More Attractive Smile!

Why—why is my smile so dingy? I brush my teeth faithfully.


Mother, you don't massage your gums. Teacher says gums must be healthy for sparkling smiles.


I'm a lucky husband, Mrs. B. You grow lovelier every day, my dear!

Ipana
TOOTH PASTE


GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Get the new D.D. DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush —*The brush with the* TWISTED HANDLE (*see above*). *Designed with the aid of* 1000 *dentists to clean teeth clean and make gum massage easy.*

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

Collier's

April 1, 1939

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WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Transportation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art

DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editor

Next Week

CARL WINFIELD was a quiet little man who wrote superb waltzes. For a while he was famous. Then to the cry of, "Swing it, Cats!" the public deserted him in droves. So he decided to write swing or, as he put it, "the syncopation of a theme in four-four time." This would have been the last that was ever heard of him if he hadn't happened to have a daughter.

Gretta Winfield was very, very beautiful and had no use whatever for swing. Johnny Ryan, the horn player, discovered the first fact instantly and the second in time to save himself from any fatal breaks. "Strictly Schmaltz" is the way he described his tastes. Not that that stopped the love story from moving in four-four time. It's by Schuyler C. Schenck.

"HOW Free is the Press?" Not long ago Mr. Harold Ickes and Mr. Frank Gannett were publicly arguing the question with vigor and a nice choice of epithets. You will be relieved to have the question settled. William Allen White, who has run a newspaper for over half a century and acquired the reputation of a sage in the bargain, can speak on the subject with more authority than anyone else. Next week he speaks and speaks with humor and with emphasis.

IT WAS no part of Dr. Halwell's business as coroner to look into the character of Jacob Zeigler. The circumstances of his death were puzzling enough without bothering about his treatment of his wife and foster child. And yet, as D. D. Beauchamp shows you in "Inquest," by sticking to the law Dr. Halwell would have ignored justice.

"I AM simply a babe," Ambassador Kennedy said, "thrown into a foreign country to do the best I can." And that points to one of his shrewdest characteristics—his disarming modesty. People are still being fooled by it despite his accomplishments. "Handy Man," by Henry F. Pringle, gives you the ambassador in action.

THE trouble between Larry Gates and Kay Turner was that there was no trouble—only indecisiveness. Nothing can disturb a mother more, and Mrs. Turner was not a person to be disturbed and do nothing about it. "Sudden Shower" is by Sally Benson.

IN ADDITION you will find W. B. Courtney, Ernest Haycox, Sax Rohmer, Harold Lamb, George F. Worts, Hugh MacNair Kahler, Freling Foster and others.

This Week

SHORT STORIES

JESSE STUART
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He Wanted Freedom. And got too much. Page 14

SAMUEL W. TAYLOR
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BEN AMES WILLIAMS
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THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Dangerous Festival, by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan. Page 18

SERIAL STORIES

SAX ROHMER
The Drums of Fu Manchu. The first of ten parts. Don't look now. Page 9

GEORGE F. WORTS
The Green Angel. The seventh of ten parts. Deeper shadows. Page 23

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●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. The way things are. Page 6

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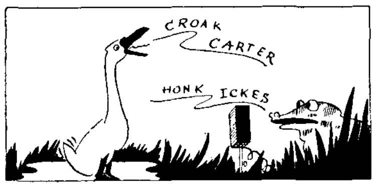
Lopsided Law. Page 62

COVER LAWSON WOOD

Any Week

WE'VE received a letter from Mr. Boake Carter, the radio tut-tutter whom Mr. Ickes called Croak Carter in his article "Mail-Order Government." Mr. Ickes was inspired thus to catalogue Mr. Carter by the noise of the frogs on his Maryland farm because Mr. Carter's croaking was peculiarly dismal and "this immigrant frog, of unimpressive appearance and size, with an English accent, proceeded to tell all the old inhabitants of the pond how to run their government." And Mr. Carter makes reply: "On my farm pond I have geese. Five years ago a new bird appeared among them. He was a gander with a loud and raucous honk—an old gander trying to be young and gay. But what a honk he had! He hissed all day and strutted all night. For five long years he was quite a sight. But the geese learned long ago that he was just an old bird with a lot of wind and now he honks all day and all night to himself. Honk Ickes, the rest of the barnyard call him."



BUT we've a notion that the Honkable Mr. Ickes is not to be put down so easily. "He is," writes Mr. Edward B. MacNaught of Columbus, Ohio, "the reincarnation of the noble but all but forgotten Honorable Joseph Benson Foraker, known deservedly as Fire-Alarm Foraker, who served Ohio furiously as governor and senator. Unlike Mr. Ickes, Mr. Foraker was a Republican, but he went off just as easily. All a Democrat had to do to provoke deafening roars of impending doom from Mr. Foraker was merely to speak to him. Mr. Foraker was known to have dispersed a whole Democratic convention with a single warning shriek."

AND some attention has been given to a most important subject by Mr. Elkin Lyon of Orange, New Jersey. He says, "I am for a Common Man's Thinking Committee to be appointed by the President. Let Mr. Roosevelt select thirteen men and women from the lowliest walks of life, invite them to Washington and let them think. They will not be prevented from clear thinking by any political reasons, none being officeholders and no one knowing how they vote. Let them report to the President on matters affecting the common man. Then the President will have something to go on."

A SOMEWHAT similar idea has been produced by Mr. John Cooper Mander of Albuquerque, New Mexico. Mr. Mander is writing to the Honorable Cordell Hull urging the creation of a Federal Board of Convention Attenders. "These convention attenders would be assigned to all foreign countries where businessmen meet in conventions," says Mr. Mander. "They will keep their missions and identities secret, and make secret reports to Mr. Hull, who would thus get information that would be invaluable in a crisis."

AS YOU may suspect, we've been doing a lot of solemn pondering about business—how to revive it and, that accomplished—how to keep it in sound health. And, of course, others have been emulating us—the President, for example, and Mr. Harry Hopkins, the United States Chamber of Commerce and those fellows who went to South America. But it remained, we think, for Mr. W. W. Wade of Salem, Massachusetts, to clear the way to boundless prosperity. "They make whisky," writes Mr. Wade, "for the man who cares. They make automobiles for the man who cares. They make shoes for the man who cares. They make clothes for the man who cares. But what about us fellows who just don't give a damn? Here is a large potential market going to waste."

FOR THE MAN WHO DOESN'T CARE

WE ARE offered $25,000 by Mr. William E. Riker of Holy City, California. All we have to do is find a flaw in his "perfect system of government and prove it will not work." The Riker System, he assures us, "does everything without trouble." Among the variety of problems now occupying the Riker mind is what he will do when he becomes President—whether he will fix up the entire nation overnight or give it to us by degrees. Anyway, he proposes first to be California's next governor and win that job by demonstrating that "it is criminally wrong to pay taxes or insurance" and that he proposes "either to capture all the thieves, grafters and polluters or leave them so discouraged that they'll quit of their own accord." But we wouldn't get the prize, for, according to Mr. Riker, the plan is "one hundred per cent foolproof."

SHUTTING us out. W. D.

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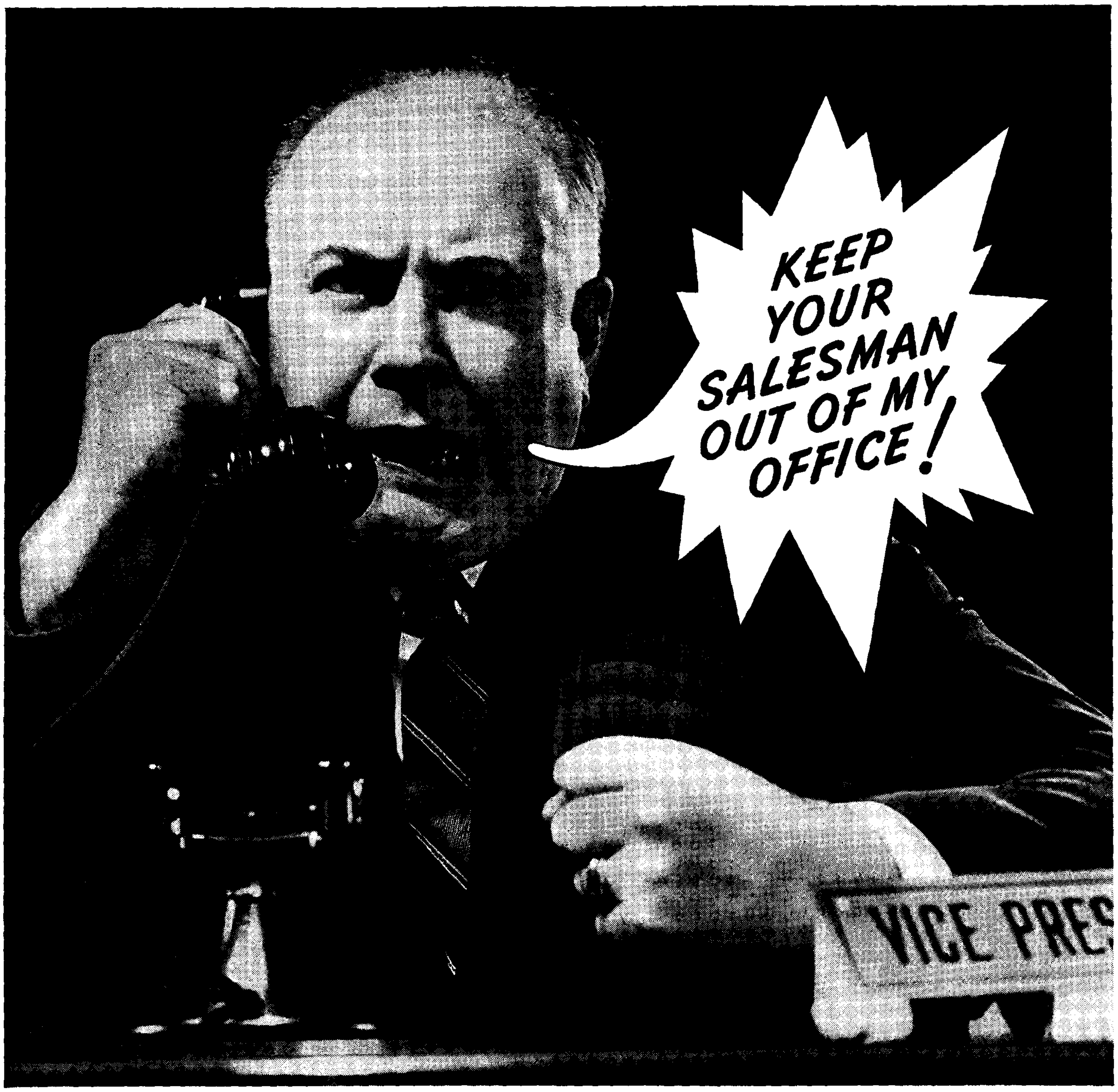
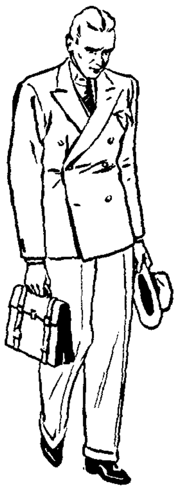

KEEP YOUR SALESMAN OUT OF MY OFFICE!
VICE PRES



HOW ABOUT YOU?

Take it from business men, there's nothing that kills your chances so quickly as halitosis (bad breath). Some executives get annoyed enough to call the offender's boss and say "Keep that nuisance out of here." Others, less severe but no less annoyed, simply decide not to see the offending salesman a second time.

Let Listerine Antiseptic, the quick antiseptic and deodorant, help you to be at your best in business or social appointments. Let it help you to make your breath agreeable so that you do not offend.

Listerine Antiseptic, used as a mouth wash or gargle, quickly freshens and sweetens the entire mouth. Almost immediately your breath becomes sweeter, purer, more agreeable to others.

Don't think that you are the exception to halitosis; everyone is apt to have it at some time or other, *without realizing it*. It may be here today and absent tomorrow. Bad teeth, bridgework, and dental plates may be contributing causes.

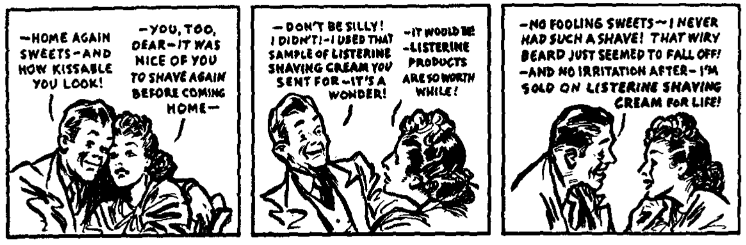
You never know

Don't guess. Guard against offending by using Listerine Antiseptic. It halts fermentation of food particles, a major cause of odors and then overcomes the odors which fermentation causes. Keep Listerine Antiseptic handy in home and office. And use it systematically morning and night and between times before business and social engagements. It pays!

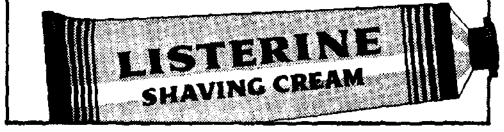
LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC **LISTERINE** *To check Halitosis (Bad Breath)*

IF YOU WANT THE LADIES TO LIKE YOU . . . CLIP THIS COUPON NOW!


—HOME AGAIN SWEETS—AND HOW KISSABLE YOU LOOK!
—YOU, TOO, DEAR—IT WAS NICE OF YOU TO SHAVE AGAIN BEFORE COMING HOME—
—DON'T BE SILLY! I DIDN'T!—I USED THAT SAMPLE OF LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM YOU SENT FOR—IT'S A WONDER!
—IT WOULD BE! —LISTERINE PRODUCTS ARE SO WORTH WHILE!
—NO FOOLING SWEETS—I NEVER HAD SUCH A SHAVE! THAT WIRY BEARD JUST SEEMED TO FALL OFF! —AND NO IRRITATION AFTER—I'M SOLD ON LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM FOR LIFE!

YOU BE THE JUDGE—Let the postman bring you 20 SHAVES FREE . . . Clip this coupon ➡


LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

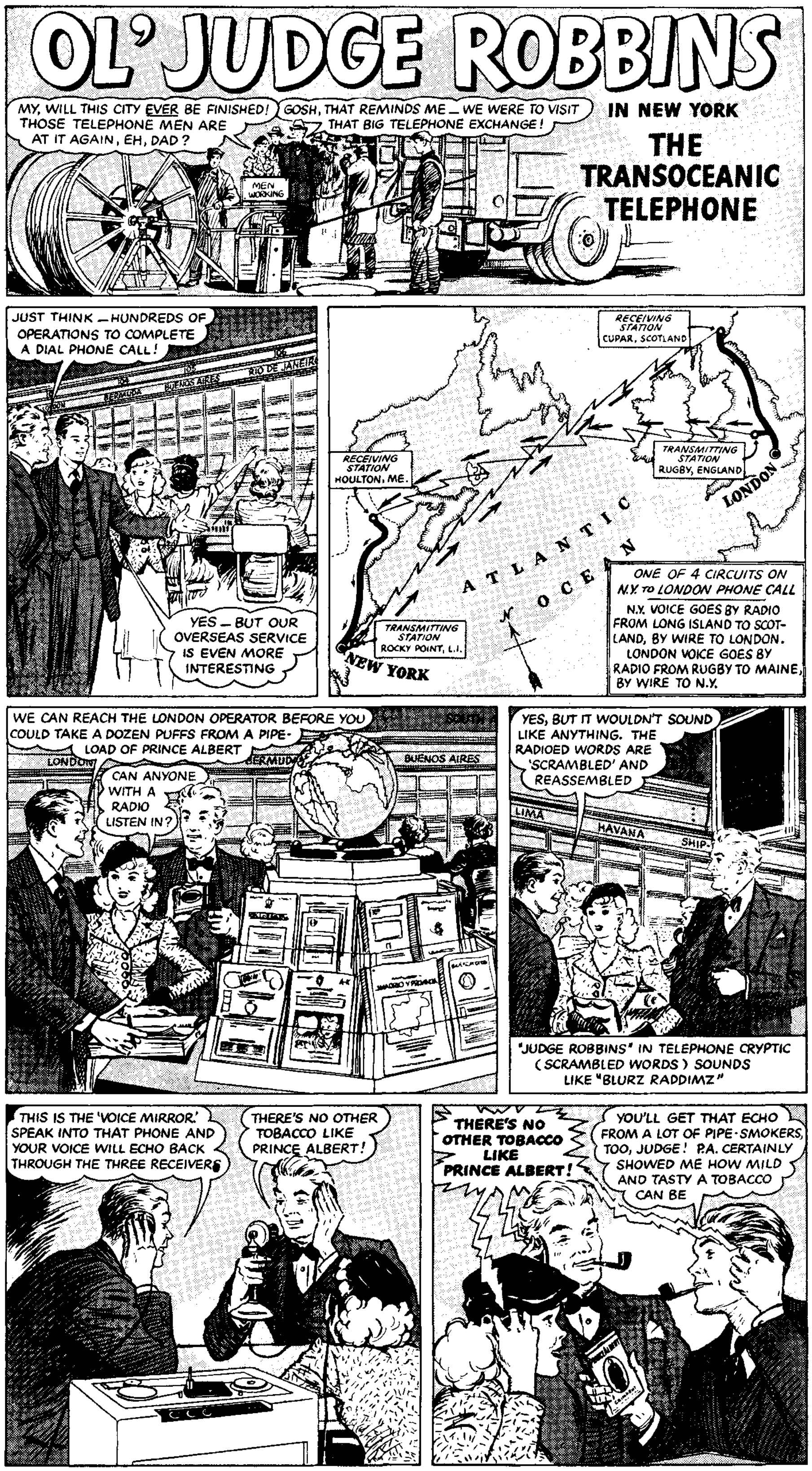
★ ★ 20 SHAVES FREE ★ ★

Lambert Pharmacal Co., Dept. 6, St. Louis, Mo. Please send me free and post-paid your large sample tube of ☐ *Listerine* Shaving Cream; ☐ Listerine Brushless Cream. (Check whichever is desired.)

Name______________________________

Address____________________________

City______________________ State________


OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
MY, WILL THIS CITY EVER BE FINISHED! THOSE TELEPHONE MEN ARE AT IT AGAIN, EH, DAD?
GOSH, THAT REMINDS ME—WE WERE TO VISIT THAT BIG TELEPHONE EXCHANGE!
MEN WORKING
IN NEW YORK
THE TRANSOCEANIC TELEPHONE
JUST THINK—HUNDREDS OF OPERATIONS TO COMPLETE A DIAL PHONE CALL!
BERMUDA
BUENOS AIRES
RIO DE JANEIRO
YES—BUT OUR OVERSEAS SERVICE IS EVEN MORE INTERESTING
RECEIVING STATION CUPAR, SCOTLAND
RECEIVING STATION HOULTON, ME.
TRANSMITTING STATION RUGBY, ENGLAND
LONDON
ATLANTIC OCEAN
N
TRANSMITTING STATION ROCKY POINT, L.I.
NEW YORK
ONE OF 4 CIRCUITS ON N.Y. TO LONDON PHONE CALL
N.Y. VOICE GOES BY RADIO FROM LONG ISLAND TO SCOTLAND, BY WIRE TO LONDON. LONDON VOICE GOES BY RADIO FROM RUGBY TO MAINE, BY WIRE TO N.Y.
WE CAN REACH THE LONDON OPERATOR BEFORE YOU COULD TAKE A DOZEN PUFFS FROM A PIPE-LOAD OF PRINCE ALBERT
LONDON
BERMUDA
BUENOS AIRES
CAN ANYONE WITH A RADIO LISTEN IN?
YES, BUT IT WOULDN'T SOUND LIKE ANYTHING. THE RADIOED WORDS ARE 'SCRAMBLED' AND REASSEMBLED
LIMA
HAVANA
SHIP
'JUDGE ROBBINS' IN TELEPHONE CRYPTIC (SCRAMBLED WORDS) SOUNDS LIKE "BLURZ RADDIMZ"
THIS IS THE 'VOICE MIRROR.' SPEAK INTO THAT PHONE AND YOUR VOICE WILL ECHO BACK THROUGH THE THREE RECEIVERS
THERE'S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE PRINCE ALBERT!
THERE'S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE PRINCE ALBERT!
YOU'LL GET THAT ECHO FROM A LOT OF PIPE-SMOKERS, TOO, JUDGE! P.A. CERTAINLY SHOWED ME HOW MILD AND TASTY A TOBACCO CAN BE

Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

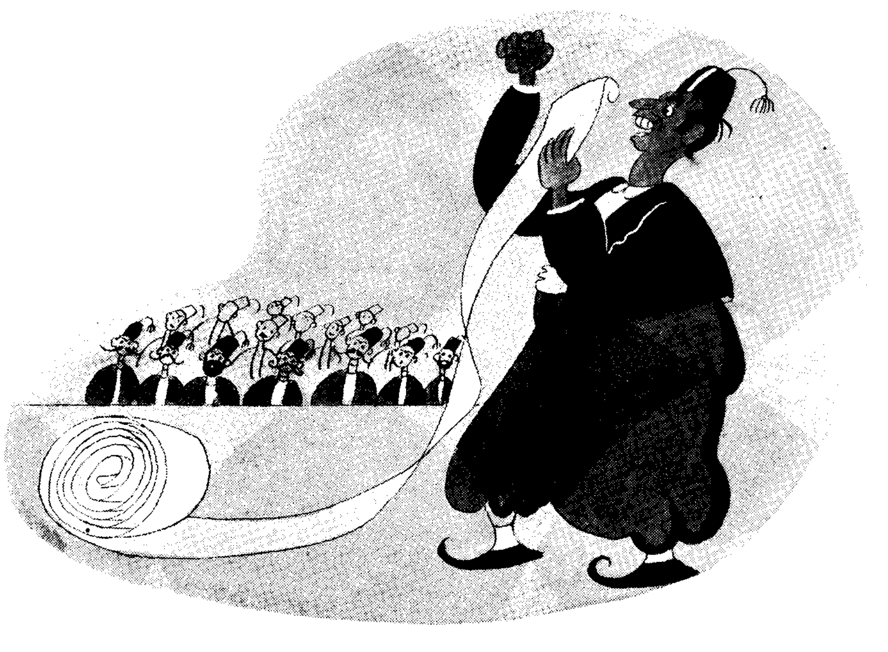
Hello! Smokers Speaking...

"P.A.'s milder—and it's tastier!"

I CREDIT MY PIPE PLEASURE TO PRINCE ALBERT. IT'S COOLER, MELLOWER WITH GOOD, RICH BODY!
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
P.A. IS TASTIER, TOO, IN 'MAKIN'S' CIGARETTES. ROLLS FASTER, NEATER AND SMOKES SLOWER
50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert

P. A. PLEASES OR "REVERSE THE CHARGES!" Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*)
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.,
Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Probably the longest speech of modern times was the address made by the Turkish president Kemal Ataturk, then known as Mustafa Kemal Pasha, before the National Assembly in Angora in 1927. It required seven hours a day for six days, ran into 350,000 words and was published in two large volumes.

Up to recent times in Palestine, nearly every Christian farmer observed the Deuteronomic laws in the Old Testament, which require him to leave part of his crop for the poor. Olive-grove owners especially obeyed the regulation forbidding them to shake their trees more than once so some of the fruit would remain "for the stranger, for the fatherless, and for the widow."

A home in Caro, Michigan, has twenty telephones, nearly all of which have their own private numbers. For example, the living room's number is 580, southwest bedroom is 584, radio room 591, furnace room 592 and the maid's bath 583. Calls for or from the master and mistress during meals are made over phones installed at each end of the dining-room table. *—By Gretchen Foster Jewell, East Tawas, Michigan.*

One of the outstanding misuses of the Congressional Record took place in the spring of 1892 when five congressmen took five days to read into it a full-length book, "Protection or Free Trade?" by Henry George, and then, at a cost of five eighths of a cent a copy, had 1,200,000 of the sections reprinted, bound and mailed, without cost to themselves, to their constituents.—*By Walter Gyger, Seattle, Washington.*

A number of years ago in London, the directors of the Bank of England, who had always boasted of the impregnability of their vaults, were greatly shocked when a workman, while repairing a drain, crawled through the pipe from the street, stepped through a trap door and found himself in the bullion room.

A certain species of small egger moth is supposed to emerge from its cocoon in February. However, if the first February is not propitious, the moth will postpone its appearance for another or several years. One is known to have waited for eleven Februarys before it finally decided to leave its chrysalis.

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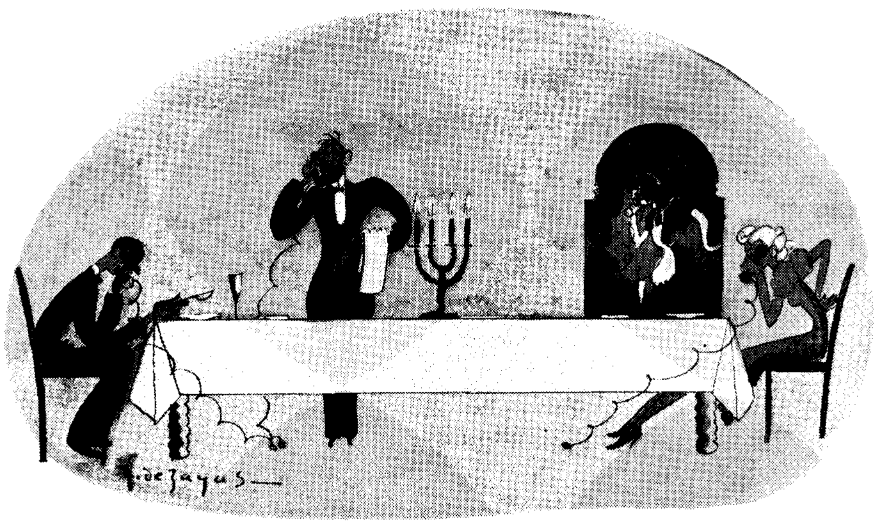
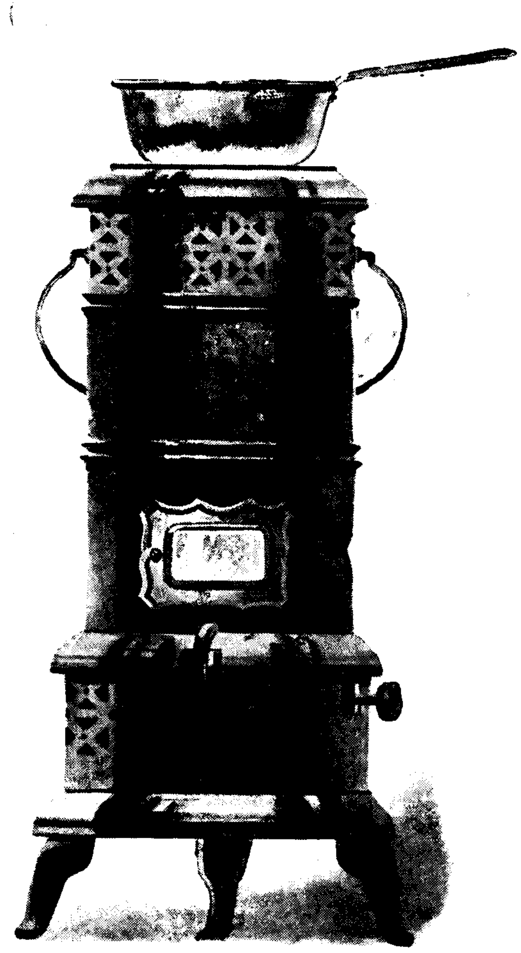


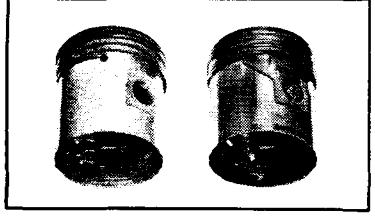


SPEAKING OF HEAT

HEAT can be a mighty friendly thing—up to a certain point. Then it can become dangerous. This applies in automobiles. When the engine is warm, the car runs smoothly. But if the oil is exposed to too much heat, the very life of the engine is endangered.

And that's something that can easily happen in many cars. For in order to give you the dazzling performance of modern cars with their increased power and greater economy, some manufacturers have reduced clearances, increased speed and thus subjected your oil to greatly increased heat.

Under these conditions old-style oil actually forms varnish under hard driving. Varnish that can cause rings to stick or pistons to drag and so reduce gasoline mileage—that can help run down batteries by causing hard starting—that can actually "freeze" certain modern engines.



The clean piston is as good as new. It was lubricated with insulated oil. The varnished piston seized. It was lubricated with an old-style oil.

For protection against this danger get Havoline. It brings a factor of safety no old-style oil offers. *Havoline is insulated.* It doesn't form harmful engine varnish under the hardest driving. It gives safe lubrication in all weathers, for every car. It leaves no hard carbon to cause knocking or excessive wear. You get fast getaways—the most from your gasoline.

There's no better oil at any price. Get Havoline. It's a change for the better.

* * *

Stop where you see the Texaco Star. That's a sure sign of Insulated Havoline Oil, Fire-Chief Gasoline, dependable Marfak Lubrication, helpful courteous service and clean Registered Rest Rooms.

* * *

TEXACO DEALERS INVITE YOU to tune in THE TEXACO STAR THEATRE—A full hour of all-star entertainment—Every Wednesday Night — Columbia Network—

9:00 E. S. T. 8:00 C. S. T.
7:00 M. S. T. 6:00 P. S. T.

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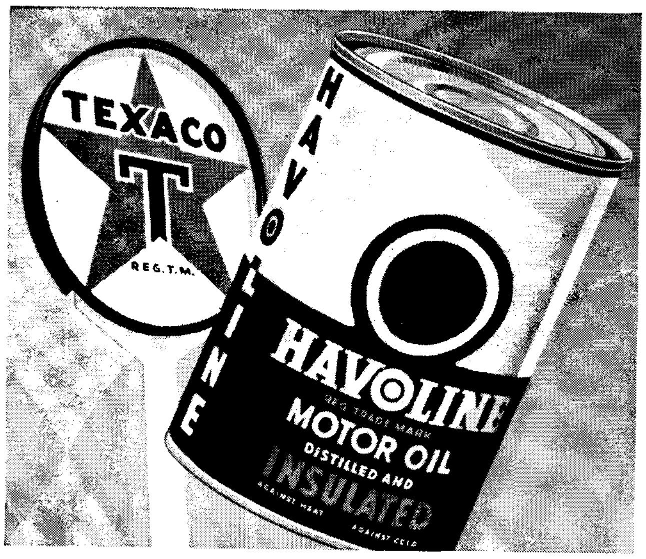


DISTILLED AND

INSULATED

... AGAINST HEAT ... AGAINST COLD

PHILCO Offers Finer Radios at Lower Prices

. . . and Thrilling New Ways to Enjoy Them!

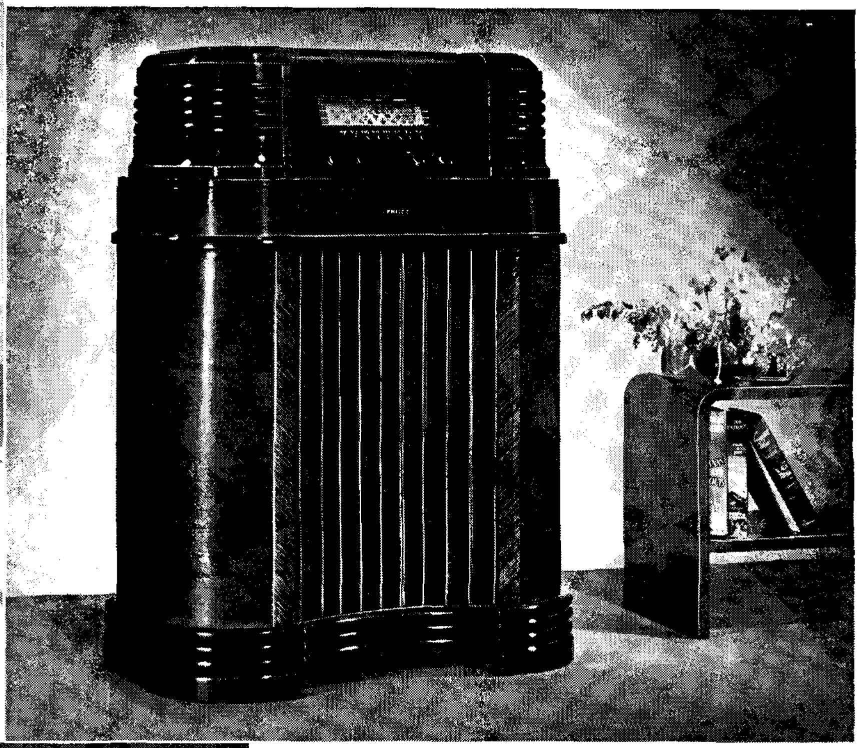
At new low prices, these latest triumphs from the laboratories of the world's largest radio manufacturer bring you that glorious depth and richness of tone, that highly sensitive, powerful performance which have made Philco America's favorite radio! *And more . . .* they bring you new ways to enjoy radio, indoors and outdoors—amazing inventions that make the miracle of radio an ever richer experience in your life.

Your nearest dealer is ready now to demonstrate these new Philco creations, some of them shown on this page. Now is the time to ask him about his trade-in offer—allowances are *unusually liberal.* Even on higher priced models, in many cases, your present radio is accepted as the down payment, with terms so convenient that a new Philco may be

Yours for a Few Pennies a Day!

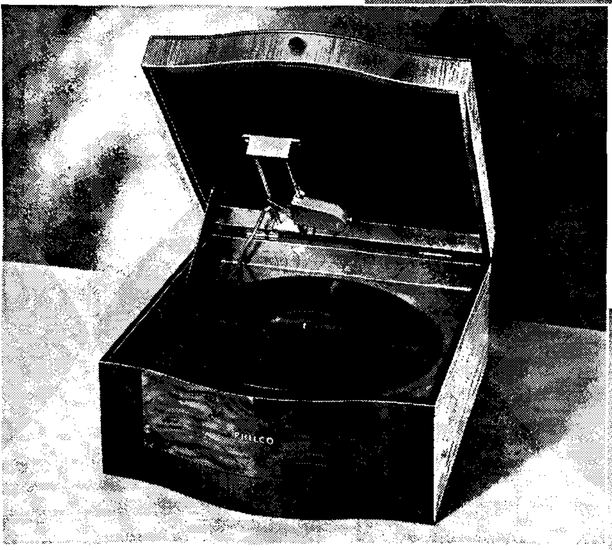
PHILCO MYSTERY CONTROL

The great Philco 116RX gives you radio's finest in depth and richness of tone, in superb American and Foreign reception, in beauty of design and costly cabinet woods. In addition, it brings you Mystery Control—the most miraculous radio invention since radio itself. Remote Control, without wires or plug-in connections to radio, electric outlet or anything else. Wherever you wish in your home, you change stations, adjust volume and turn the radio off without the annoyance of jumping up and running to and fro. In many cases, your present radio may be traded in as part payment and the easiest of monthly terms arranged for the balance.



NEW CONSOLE SENSATION . . . JUST OUT!

In cabinet beauty, in performance, in tone, this new Philco 31XK, just announced, breaks all records for value at this price! Its impressive cabinet of large proportions in richly finished Walnut woods is a smart combination of functional design and modern styling. Powerful American and Foreign Reception. Latest quality features including Electric Push-Button Tuning for 8 stations, Cathedral Speaker, Bass Compensation and Three-point Tone Control. Yours, with a **special, extra liberal trade-in allowance, for as little as $7.50 down !**

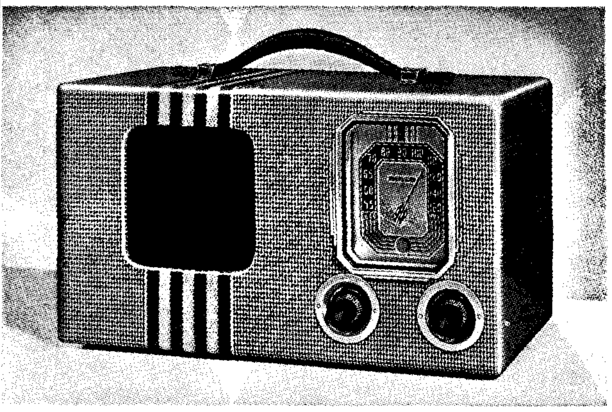


WIRELESS RECORD PLAYER

Imagine! You play records through your present radio *without any wire connection whatever to the set.* Just plug it in wherever you please in your home. It gives new richness and beauty of tone to phonograph records because it reproduces them through the *entire circuit of your radio.* The newest, finest, most convenient way to enjoy your favorite recorded music.

TRANSITONE . . . *Sold and Guaranteed by* PHILCO

New Philco inventions, new tubes, new speaker refinements give you amazingly rich tone and powerful performance never before heard in radios of this compact size. And, for the first time, Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc. approval! No hot wires, SAFE from fire and shock, SAFE for your home and children! The new TH15, illustrated, needs no aerial or ground. Plug it in anywhere. Carry it from room to room, on travels, in hotels. Operates on AC or DC current. **Several other models, $9.95 up, including built-in aerial.** See the complete display at your Philco dealers.



THE PHILCO PAL . . . *"She shall have music wherever she goes!"*

An entirely new kind of radio, invented by Philco engineers . . . the Philco 72T. Portable . . . self-powered . . . needs no aerial, ground or "house-current". Take it with you wherever you go . . . traveling, on trains, in hotels. Use it in camps, cottages, boats, at bathing beaches—anywhere indoors or outdoors. It plays, without "hooking up" to anything!

Philco Also Offers You a complete selection of Battery Radios for Farm Homes, Radio-Phonographs, Philco Auto Radios, Philco High-Efficiency Radio Tubes and the new *vertical* Philco Safety Aerial.

PHILCO

A Musical Instrument of Quality

Collier's The National Weekly for April 1, 1939

Long, narrow eyes seemed to be watching me. They held my gaze hypnotically

The Drums of Fu Manchu

By Sax Rohmer

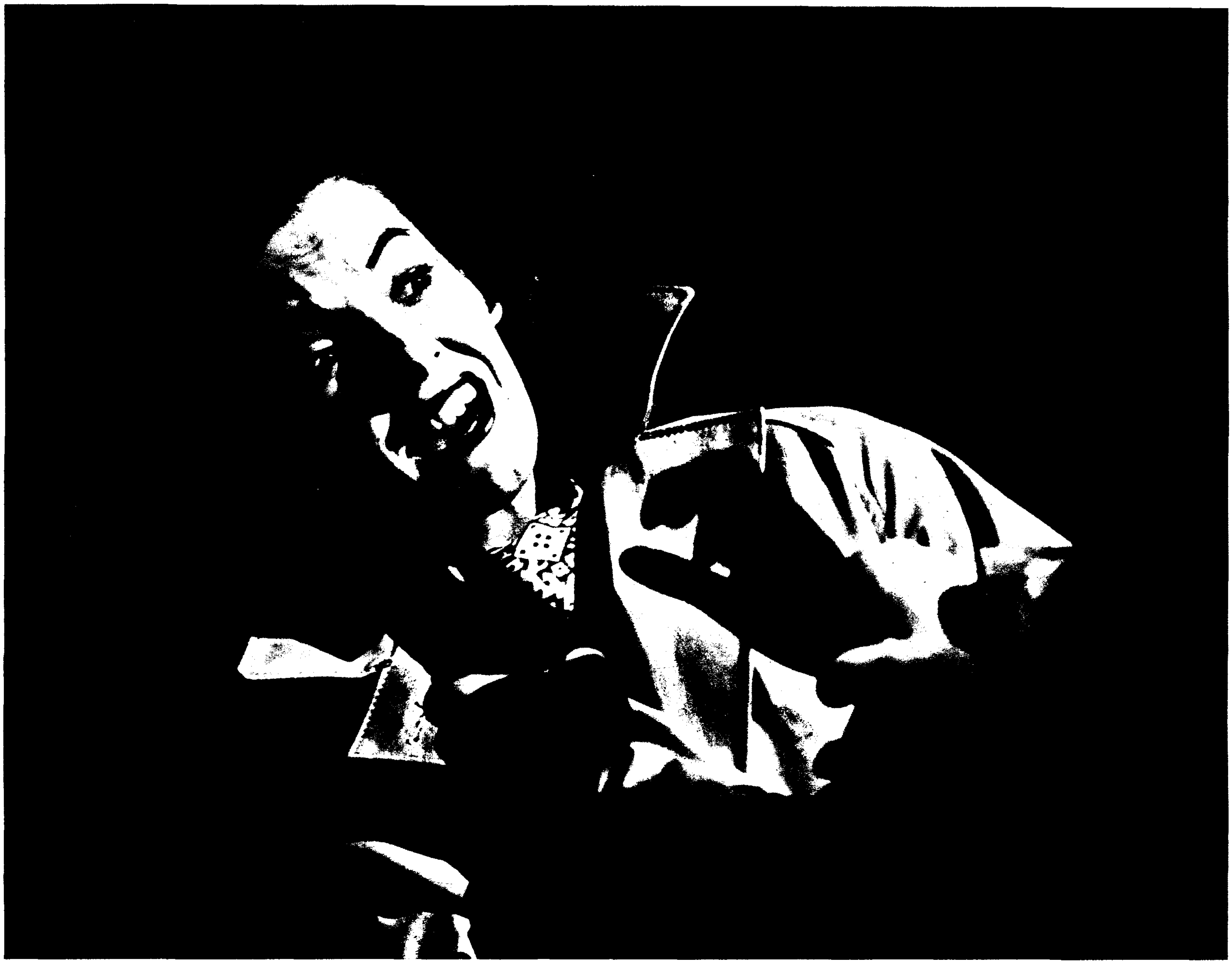
The insidious doctor and his formidable Si-Fan inject a new menace into the tangled affairs of this already troubled world

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM RITTER

"DAMN it! There *is* someone there!" I sprang up irritably, jerked the curtains aside and stared down into Bayswater Road. My bell, "Bart Kerrigan" inscribed above it on a plate outside in the street, was sometimes rung wantonly by late revelers. The bell was out of order and I had tried to ignore its faint tinkling. But now, staring down, I saw someone looking up at me as I stood in the lighted room—a man wearing a burberry and a soft hat, a man who signaled urgently to me.

Shooting the bolt open so that I should not be locked out, I ran downstairs. A light in the glazed arcade that led to the front door refused to function. Groping my way, I threw the door open.

The man in the burberry almost upset me as he leaped in.



She lifted her voice. "Let me go!" she cried. "How dare you! Let me go!"

"Who the devil are *you?*" I said.

The door was closed quietly and the intruder spoke, his back to it as he faced me.

"It's not a holdup," came in coldly incisive tones. "I just *had* to get in. Thanks, Kerrigan, but you were a long time coming down."

"Good heavens!" I stepped forward in the darkness and extended my hand. "Nayland Smith! Can I believe it?"

"Absolutely! I was desperate. Is your bell out of order?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. Don't turn the light on."

"I can't; the fuse is blown."

"Good. I gather that I interrupted you; but I had an excellent reason. Come on."

As we hurried up the semidark staircase, I found my brain in some confusion. And when we entered my flat:

"Leave your dining room in darkness," said Nayland Smith. "I want to look out of the window."

Breathless, between astonishment and the race up the stairs, I stood behind him as he stared out of the dining-room window. Two men were loitering near the front door—and glancing up toward my lighted study.

"Only just in time!" said Nayland Smith. "I tricked them—but you see how wonderfully they are informed. Evidently they know every possible spot in which I might take cover. Unpleasantly close call, Kerrigan."

In the lighted study I gazed at my visitor. Hat removed, Nayland Smith revealed a head of virile curling hair, more gray than black. Stripping off his burberry, he faced me. His clean-cut features, burned by a recent visit to the tropics, looked almost haggardly thin, but the fire in his eyes, the tense nervous vitality of the man, must have struck a spark of animosity or of friendship in any but a dead soul.

He stared at me analytically.

"You look well, Kerrigan. You are lean as a hare, clean-cut and obviously fit as a flea. The last time I saw you was in Addis Ababa. You were sending articles to the Orbit and I was sending reports to the Foreign Office. Well, what is it now?"

HE STARED down at the littered writing desk. I moved toward the dining room.

"Drinks? Good!" he said.

When, presently, I returned with a decanter and siphon:

"Look here," I said, "I was never happier to see a man in my life. But bring me up to date: What's the meaning of all this?"

Nayland Smith dropped a page that he had been reading and began to stuff coarse-cut mixture into his brier.

"You are writing a book about Abyssinia, I see."

"Yes."

"You are not on the staff of the *Orbit*, are you?"

"No. I am in the fortunate position of picking and choosing my jobs. I did the series on Abyssinia for them because I know that part of Africa pretty well. Now, I am doing a book on present conditions."

As I poured out drinks:

"Excuse me," said Nayland Smith; "I just want to make sure."

He walked into the darkened dining room, carefully closing the door behind him. When he returned:

"May I use your phone?"

"Certainly."

I handed him a drink of which he took a sip, then, raising the telephone receiver, he dialed a number rapidly, and:

"Yes!" His speech was curiously staccato. "Put me through to Chief-Inspector Wessex's office. Sir Denis Nayland Smith speaking. Hurry!"

There was an interval. I watched my visitor fascinatedly. In my considerable experience of men, I had never known one who lived at such high pressure.

"Is that Inspector Wessex? . . . Good. I have a job for you, Inspector. Instruct Paddington Police Station to send a party in a fast car. They will find two men—dark-skinned foreigners—hanging about near the corner of Porchester Terrace. They are to arrest them—*never mind the charge*—and lock them up. I will deal with them later. Can I leave this to you?"

PRESUMABLY the invisible chief inspector agreed to take charge of the matter, for Nayland Smith hung up the receiver.

"I have brought you your biggest story, Kerrigan. I know you can afford to await my word before publishing. I may add"—tapping the loose manuscript on the desk—"that you have missed the real truth about Abyssinia . . . but I can rectify that." He began in his restless way to pace up and down the carpet. "Without mentioning any names, a prominent Cabinet Minister resigned recently. Do you recall it?"

"Certainly."

"He was a wise man. Do you know why he retired?"

"There are several versions of the story."

"He has a fine brain—and he retired because he recognized that there was in the world one *first-class* brain. He retired to review his ideas on the immediate destiny of civilization."

"What do you mean?"

"The thing most desired, Kerrigan,

(Continued on page 53)

Moonin' Round the Mountain

By Jesse Stuart

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

Ace Hatfield was just like his pappy—he couldn't leave Toodle Powell's whisky alone

I WAS with Treecy. We's in her parlor. It was August and the moon was high in the sky. We could see it from Treecy's winder. I had my arm around 'er. We watched the moon together from the winder. We watched it pass a white cloud on the August sky. I'd never paid much attention to the moon before. It had never looked as good as it looked now.

"Treecy, honey," I says, "I've been comin' to see you fer fourteen years. We've sparked right in this parlor. I've come to see you every Wednesday night. I've come every Sunday and stayed over Sunday night regular as the clock ticks. We've sparked our lives away. I've ast you to marry me a thousand times. Your answer is always 'no.' I've never seen you as purty as you are tonight. I do want to marry you, honey!"

"Yes, Ace," says Treecy, "the moon is purty tonight. I've never seen it as purty in my life. I'm so lonesome I want to cry. The wind is blowin' so lonesome-like out there in the black-gum leaves. But I can't marry you, Ace. You know the reason why. You won't quit your drinkin'. There's no use to talk about it."

Treecy looked at me with her soft-blue eyes. Tears streamed from them. They shined on her cheeks like silver beads in the moonlight. I just looked at Treecy. She was growin' a little older. She was gettin' purtier all the time. I begin to feel like Treecy. The wind in the trees made me feel lonesome too. The sound of the beetles in the August grass made me want to cry. We heard the love songs of the whippoorwills. I never felt so lonesome in all my life.

"You know I don't love anybody else," says Treecy, "or I wouldn't have courted you all these years. I've loved you, Ace Hatfield. I've thought how nice it would be fer us to marry. We could jine our farms together when we get married. There's just a fence between 'em."

"I've thought of that," I says. "You and your mother livin' over here on Short Branch together. My mother and me livin' over on Duck Puddle. Our farms jinin' at the top of the ridge between Duck Puddle and Short Branch. We could put our mothers under the same roof. I could run the farms. You could run the house."

"I've thought about that too," says Treecy. "I've told you, Ace, I'd never marry you as long as you drink that old rot-gut moonshine. I've told you 'bout it so much I'm ashamed to mention it. I hate the name of moonshine. It got Pap shot. It killed your Pap by degrees. Now it's goin' to get you."

"Treecy," I says, "I've fit agin it hard as any man. I love it better than a cat loves cream. I just can't hep it. I just crave it. I haf to have it. You know I paid that Indian doctor one hundred dollars to cure me. He didn't do it. My poor old Ma has made yarb remedies out'n poplar bark, fern roots, wild-cherry bark, yaller root and the roots of boneset. It didn't do me no good. Ma made me take the remedy a whole year. Honest, the remedy was worse than the cure. Yet I wasn't cured."

"I'll never marry you," says Treecy, "until your breath stops smellin' like a moonshine barrel. You've come to see me twice a week fer fourteen years and not once have you come when I didn't smell old rot-gut moonshine on your breath. I know about moonshine. I've seen too much of it. I don't want to be pestered with it the rest of my days. I've prayed fer something to happen to turn you against moonshine. I pray every night fer it to happen. I believe it will happen too."

"HONEY, you do love me," I says, "but when women start prayin' fer somethin' to happen it usually does. I'm afraid to go home in the dark. It makes me afraid. Remember I have to pass the Short Branch graveyard. You know that I love you. You know I've had chances to marry other girls. But you are the girl of my choosin'. I want you. I'll never love another girl as I love you."

Tears streamed from Treecy's eyes. Tears streamed from my eyes. I had a little 'shine in me but not enough to make me cry. It was Treecy talkin' to me with soft words that made me cry. Treecy prayin' every night fer me. I'll tell you it hurt me. But I couldn't he'p drinkin' moonshine.

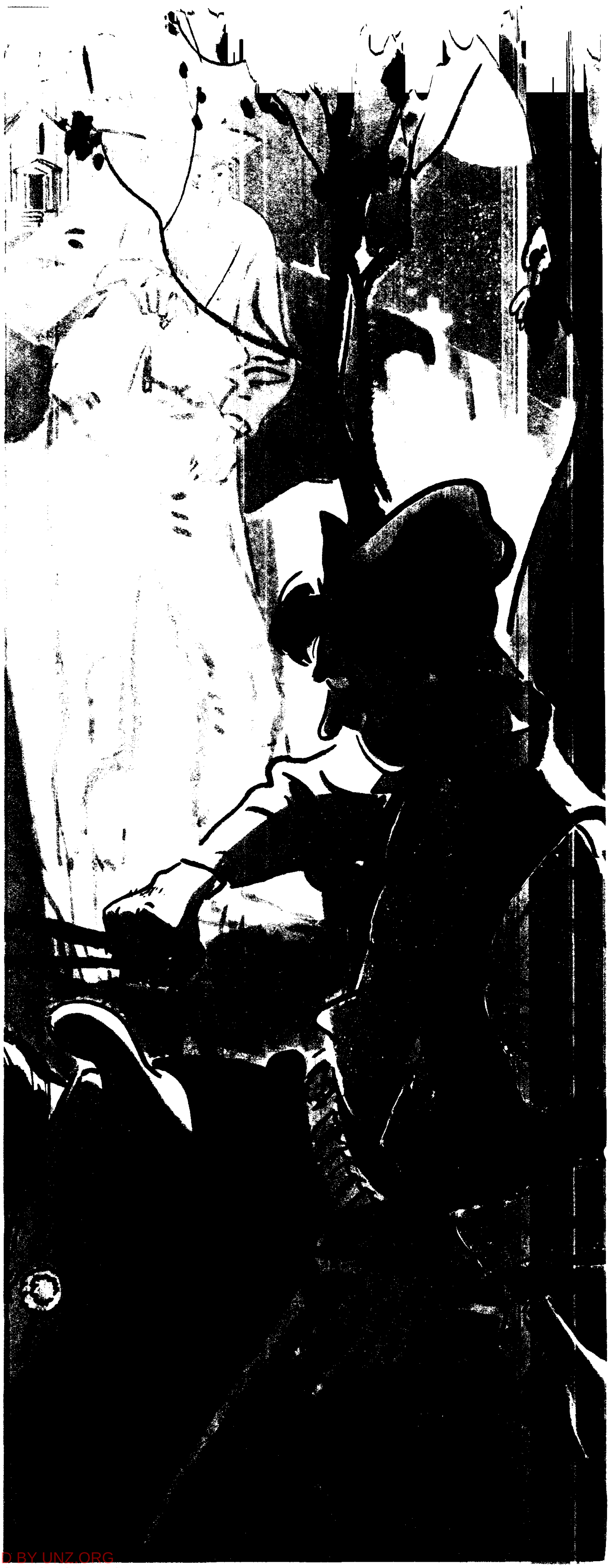
"I just got to go," I says to Treecy. "I can stay here no longer. I got to go home." I pulled Treecy over to me. I held her close. I kissed her wet face. I kissed her lips and kissed them as I'd kissed 'em fer fourteen years.

"Good night, Treecy," I says.

"Good night, Ace," she says.

I walked out under the oak tree. I unhitched Moll's bridle rein from the

(Continued on page 35)

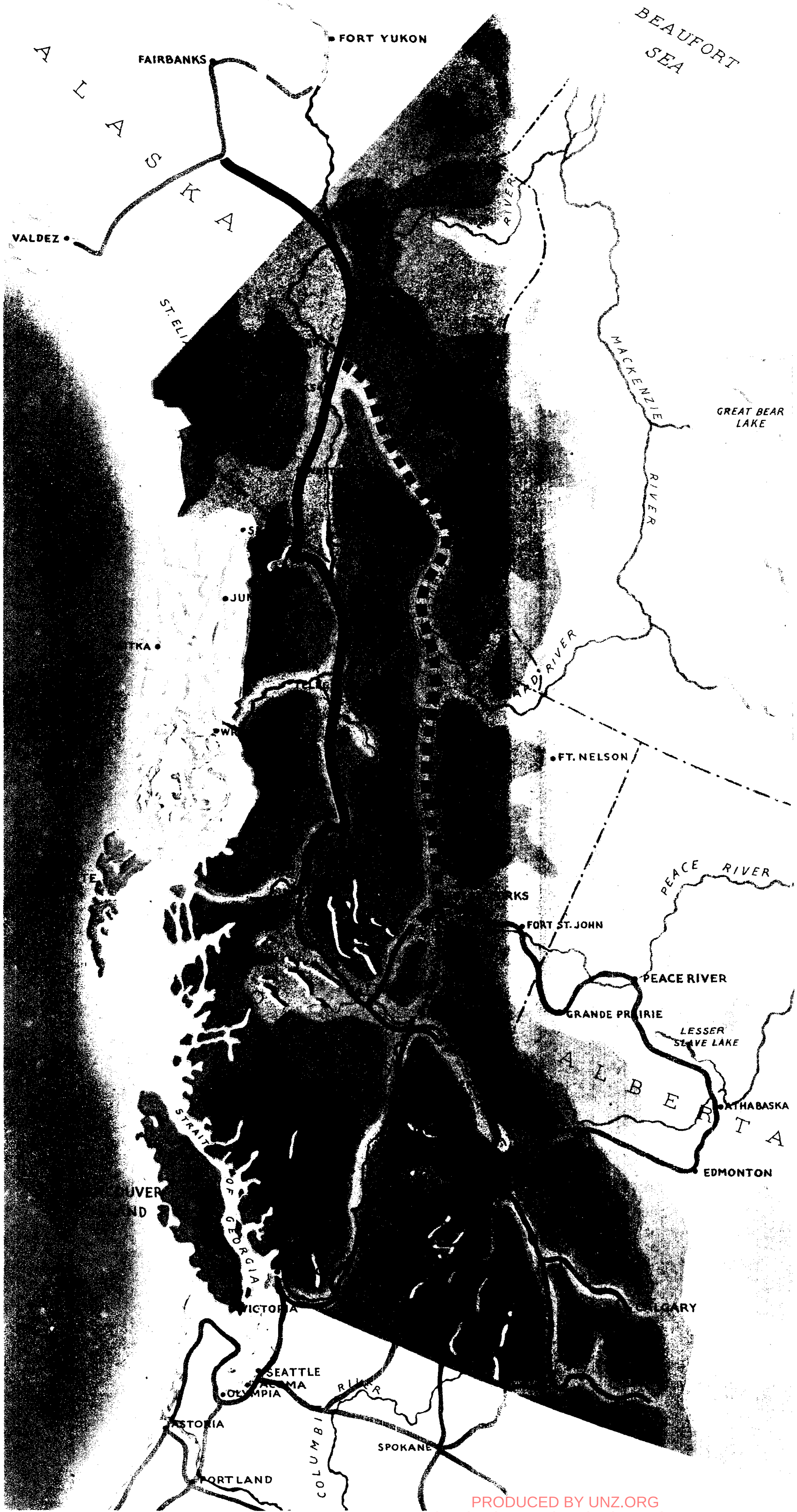


"Ace," Pap says, "you'll be where I am if you don't quit drinkin' Toodle Powell's moonshine. I drunk it fer forty years"

The Great North Road

By Walter Davenport

Someday with the fret of spring upon you you'll take to the Great North Road. Across two thousand lonely miles of sweating tundra, ice that would blind you, snows that seem to boil, they'll have built the up-hill highway from Vancouver to Alaska, through the dark north country that's the same today as when God made it. It will be the last far fling of the road-builder's dream—the Pan-American Highway from Argentina to Alaska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FT. NELSON
PEACE RIVER
RKS
FORT ST. JOHN
PEACE RIVER
GRANDE PRAIRIE
LESSER SLAVE LAKE
ALBERTA
ATHABASKA
EDMONTON
STRAIT OF GEORGIA
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OLYMPIA
RIVER
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COLUMBIA
SPOKANE
PORTLAND

GRANDSIR SEBASTIAN can tell you of British Columbia nights. Grandsir Sebastian is an old, old man who will die one day, defying you to smile your soft, insulting smile of disbelief. It is likely that his voice will still be strong and hoarse from swallowing the arctic winds and roaring them up again to carry his words. And his words—few and harsh and short—will tell you the deeds he lived and what he fiercely believes he lived. Such as, for example, the night he saw the ghost of Colonel Montevan of Queen Victoria's Royal Engineers—Britain's not been Britain since her day, God bless her, says Grandsir Sebastian.

That night? Oh, yes. And mind you, shivering child of a decadent age, it will do you no good to listen to the sneers of them that say that it can't be true because neither Colonel Montevan nor any of Her Majesty's Royal Engineers got north of Quesnel, a mere three hundred and seventy-six miles up the Cariboo Trail from Vancouver. Let them eat their puny lies and burn their timid histories, for Grandsir Sebastian saw the handsome colonel not once but twice calling the world to the Great North Road. Once he saw him marching dry-shod across the cold treachery of the barren muskeg north of Hazelton, leaping the Skeena River with a single swing of his noble legs and then to the frozen turrets of the Stikine Mountains. In the colonel's left hand there was a scroll; in his right, his sword. There was a man, the colonel! He scorns the bundling fur and deadening wool of the north country. Against the pale sky, erect and scornful under the claws of the Great Bear, he wears the unblanketed scarlet, black and silver of Her Majesty.

The second time Grandsir Sebastian saw the ghost was far up the Yukon, between Dawson and Fortymile. And this time the colonel was astride the Arctic Circle, the same sword in his right hand and scroll in his left. So quiet it was, d'ye mind, that you could almost hear the

The last north reach of the great intercontinental highway that will someday span the length of all the Americas will extend from Vancouver, B. C., through a magnificent mountain wilderness to Alaska. The probable route, when negotiations are finished, will be as indicated by the heavy blue line on the map. A proposed alternative route under consideration is shown by the broken line

MAP DRAWN BY ROLF KLEP

colonel speak, although he was a bit aloft for that.

Now about that sky and about that scroll: The sky's got to be right, d'ye mind. Clear and clean like the inside of your granddam's fine, fragile old teacup. Behind the colonel then, the stars will be arranged to spell the word Onward—the word which was the Britain of Her Majesty. The scroll? Well, no one can know for sure, d'ye mind; but where's the proof that it's not the colonel's commission from the gods of the North to write himself that starry shibboleth upon the Arctic sky?

Would you believe that there are British Columbians who do not believe this tale? Poor souls, with their minds as dry as dead cotton bolls, they try to answer Grandsir Sebastian with age-yellowed records that have grown fungus on them like a goat's beard. And they confound themselves when they do it, for what do the records say? Read them aloud that the grandsir may hear—his ancient legs too far gone to carry him and his eyes that dim they can only remember. Read them:

Dead these seventy-five years is Colonel Montevan of Queen Victoria's Royal Engineers. In 1862, with Her Majesty's own command in her own royal hand in his pocket, he arrived with a company of scientific fellows at what today we call the city of Vancouver. To the north, as far as Quesnel and Barkerville, in the swale of the Fraser River, men for whom home had no bonds nor the fireside any warmth had found gold sands and nuggets that would thump the bottoms out of treasure ships.

Her Majesty Gets Her Road

Her Majesty's engineers found ferocious industry and a great disorder, as might be expected of gold-mad men fighting through the wilderness. Her Majesty had sent them to build a road from here to wherever, that the journey might be quicker and less brutalizing; because even then it was known that where there are straight highways there civilization takes up her march, sowing wealth and reason with both her hands.

They had but to follow the beat of the pack trains, a trail well marked with the bodies of murdered miners and the swinging corpses of the bandits that did it. They found weaklings who had fallen with fever and hunger on the way in or had gone mad with terror on their way out. And they found strong men to hate them and fear them because, said they, no good comes when government gets nosy. Tell Her Majesty, God bless her, that we've come this far with neither her help nor her blessing and we'd be obliged if, saving the word, you'd go back to her minding your own business.

Go back that Her Majesty might see how low a man's head can hang with the weight of great shame? It would have been the same had the prospectors bade the tides of the Georgia Straits at their backs begone or cursed the Pacific itself. Colonel Montevan and his men, following the murder trail, spat in their hands and built a road of rock—slab upon slab with grit in the middle—from Yale Landing to Quesnel and Barkerville. Yale Landing was the northern end of the inbound water route to the gold fields. And they did the job well, for Her Majesty abominated impermanence.

Now no engineer is a good engineer if he hasn't dreams. He'll dig a ditch from here to Gehenna and call it a mere beginning. For men like Colonel Montevan, the end is on no man's map nor in any wizard's figure-flinging. The records of British Columbia will tell you (and they're that dry they'd choke you to read them) that the queen's engineers couldn't know that when they'd finished the Cariboo Trail they'd planted the sprig of the Great North Road which will some day be the last far reach of the Pan-American Highway with its foot in Buenos Aires and its head thirteen thousand miles away in Fairbanks, Alaska.

The colonel died at the end of the road he built. They'll try to tell you that he was raving with the fever and offer as proof that as he died he was urging someone onward. Only those with souls of earthworms and the blindness of new kittens could fail, raved he, to see that the Cariboo Trail was but a beginning. Death did not find him plucking feebly at a counterpane, but sitting bolt upright shouting that the road should go on, to the glory and honor of Her Blessed Majesty, until it pierced the ice and fogs and fabled tundra of Russian America, which the Aleuts called Alakhskhak. His ghost carries on.

And for proof we offer you Grandsir Sebastian, who has seen it twice. For seventy-five years the wraith of Montevan has been striding up and down the North, sky-writing his exhortation above the white tors of the Coast Range, the Stikines, the mountains of St. Elias and Mackenzie and the Rockies, up through the frozen Yukon territory. And he's seen it mirrored on the cold still breasts of Kitchener Lake, Telegraph Creek and the ice-shackled reaches of the Babine, Skeena, Dease and Tumagain.

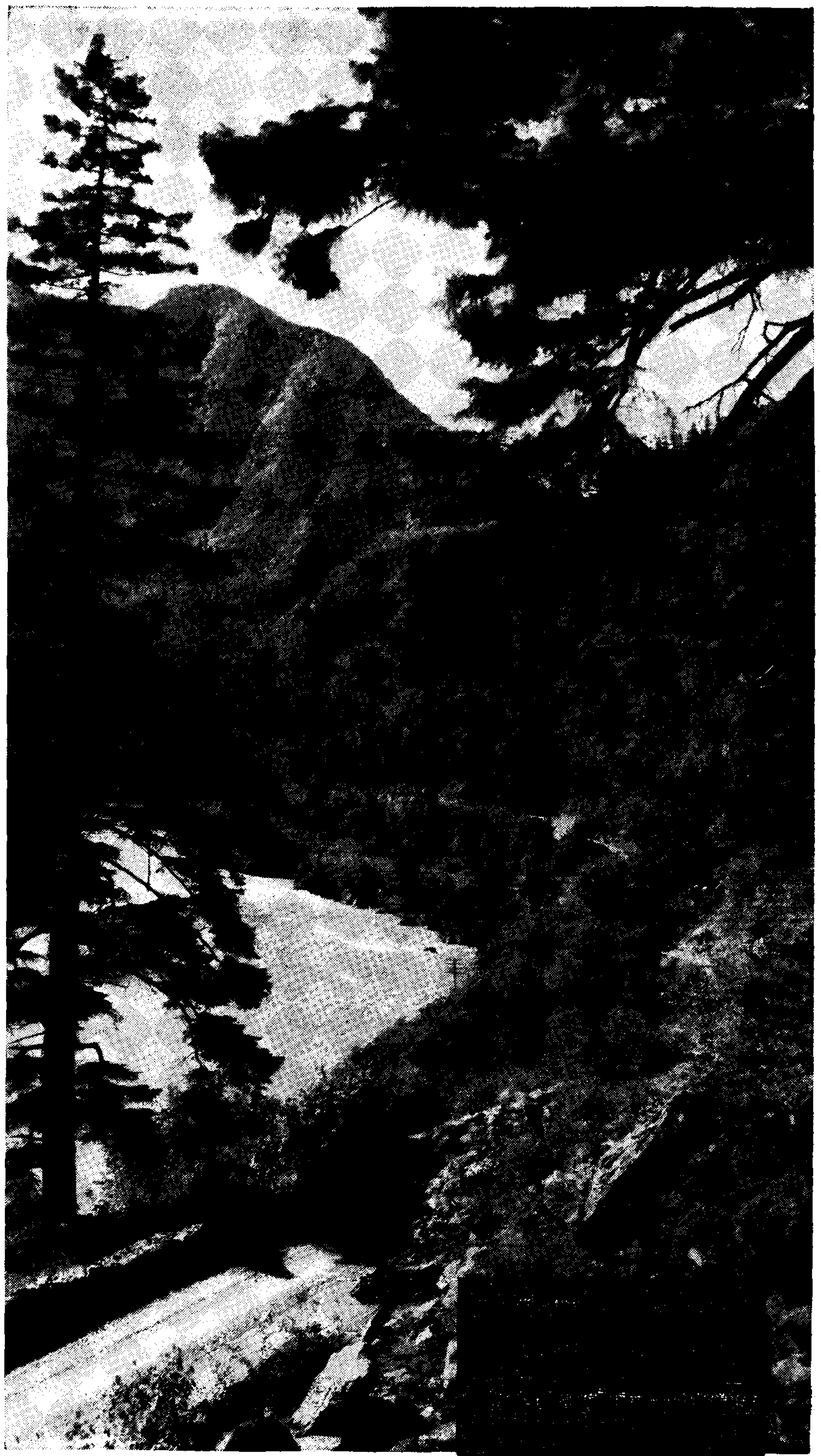
At long last, his call has been heard. Today American and Canadian engineers with maps drawn by guess and measured from the stars are debating the path the Great North Road—the Alaska Highway—shall follow in its twenty-two hundred miles and more from Vancouver to Fairbanks. Montevan's urge was for glory and Her Majesty: They who would obey his beck and call today are spurred by the fear of tomorrow's invader and by a hunger for new frontiers and the wealth that's in them.

We're not at all sure what path it will follow, except that three hundred and seventy-six miles of it will be Montevan's—the old Cariboo Trail along the Fraser River. And no one is certain what it will cost—twenty, forty, fifty million dollars. Nor have they more than a suspicion how much it will take to keep it open through the wilderness where the snows are all but eternal—perhaps a million a year. In the beginning, before the sleep of mankind was destroyed with dreams of onrushing airplanes laden with bombs, the plans for the road were drawn for the tourist, the trader, the markets, the march of mankind. But now they must be redrafted in the name of defense.

There's yet another problem to be solved, and maybe we should have mentioned it first as becomes its importance. Who's going to pay for it? And once built, who's going to own it, control it, police it, collect the peacetime profits from tourists and commerce? British Columbia has that all solved: The United States should pay for it—outright. British Columbia would take control in exchange for permission to build. She will undertake too, to annex the dark Yukon territory—207,000 square miles of God knows what—with only 5,000 people living in all of it, one human being to every forty-two miles—and grant the States a right of way through that. But there are complications there again, not insuperable ones, mind you, but wretched little molehills set up by mud-pie politicians. But we'll go into all that a bit farther on.

There's a road today, if you'd call it that, from Vancouver to Hazelton—eight hundred and thirty narrow miles—some of which is boulder and lots of which is mire. And a part of it is Montevan's. It will lead you to Prince George in British Columbia, where the northern

(Continued on page 50)



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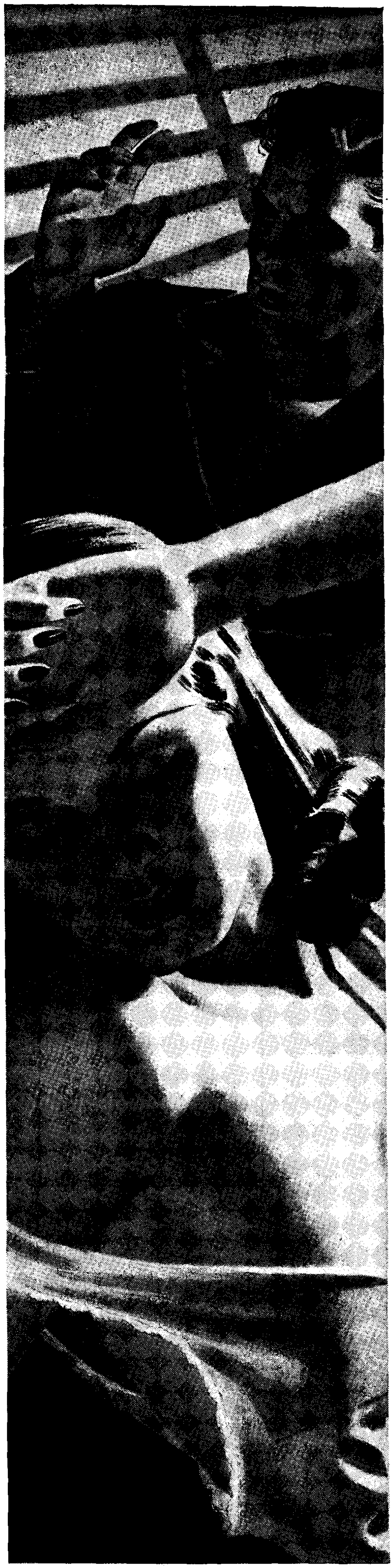


He Wanted Freedom

By Lyon Mearson

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

The story of a man who found out, the hard way, that freedom is something you are and not something to be acquired

IT WAS two-thirty in the morning when Clem Banton entered the lower hall of the walk-up right off lower Fifth Avenue where he lived. He picked up the four letters addressed to him that were lying on top of the radiator, and went upstairs two flights to his own apartment.

He never did this without a sense of exhilaration, of excitement. When he opened the door of his apartment and switched on the lights he stood there for a moment as each individual piece of furniture, each picture, called him by name. He was glad to be there, in his own home. He closed the door and bolted it, saying to himself, I'm home, this is where I live, and no one is going to ask me where I've been and what I've been doing out so late.

Clem, who was thirty-five, had lived alone for some months now, and it was the first time in his life that this was so. When Clem was a boy there were eight children in the family, a father and a mother, and a grandfather and a grandmother. There was very little money, not enough for them to live in a private house, ever. So they had always lived in a large but shabby apartment.

Clem thought about those times. In all his life, up to now, he had never had a room to himself. There was always a brother to share your room with you. You ate with the family at a set time, since there was no maid, and in the morning you knocked impatiently on the door of the one bathroom, where some member of the family was always taking too long.

When Clem left the family it was to get married to Milly, and, since there was not much money at that time, one bedroom had seemed ample. All that had lasted up to a few months ago, when he and Milly had finally separated. It had not been as easy as that to get his freedom, his aloneness. He thought of the chief captain who had said to Paul, "With a great sum obtained I this freedom," and of Paul who had answered, "But I was freeborn."

I never was freeborn. I was born into captivity. I had to fight to get what other people get just by the mere fact of being born. But it's good to have, and it's good to fight for. And now I am thirty-five years old, half my allotted span, and I'm free. I closed my door just now and I was alone in my apartment. I will now open my letters and, though they are probably all advertisements, there will be nobody to ask me who was writing to me and what did they say. Silently I'll throw them into the wastebasket and go on to the next thing a man does when he is alone and free, accountable for his acts to no man and especially to no woman.

When you live with a woman for nearly ten years you may hate her, but at the same time you feel for her. You may quarrel frequently and viciously and destructively, but you find, after a while, that this very thing of tearing down your marriage in some other way that you can hardly explain builds up some almost indestructible thing that both of you have.

During a moment of peace Milly said, "I do love you, Clem. I guess you're about all I have in the world."

It was true. Milly seemed to have no resources that did not depend for their strength on the fact that she loved Clem and was his wife. "Then why do you act that way?" asked Clem.

She put her arms close around his arm and leaned her head on it. "I don't know. I must be crazy, I guess. I know I do all the wrong things, and I make up my mind never to do them again. And then you look in that funny way of yours at some blond wench and I start it all over again."

Clem knew the reason well enough. It was her lack of a feeling of security with him. If she knew she would never lose possession of him to some blond wench she might not be that way. But no woman is ever sure of that. Some harden themselves to it, that's all. So they kept quarreling on the way home after every party they ever went to.

"Oh hell, I was only trying to be polite," said Clem.

"Maybe you were, but she did everything but jump down your throat," said Milly. "It seems to me that when you sit in one corner of the room with a woman for more than an hour and don't notice what's going on around you—"

That's about where Clem usually exploded and the quarrel would become vicious and bitter for hours. It was aggravated by the fact that people were rarely anything but distantly polite to Milly, who was neither a particularly pretty woman nor a particularly interesting one, and who couldn't conduct a conversation very long because her mind and her attention were always wandering to where Clem, in another part of the room, was talking to a blond wench. Or any other color of wench.

It inhibited him when they went to a party together and most of their friends preferred to have him come alone, because then he could be very entertaining and charming and he could liven up a party so that it would seem better than it actually was. As a matter of fact, Marty, who gave such good parties, had the theory that husband and wife should never be invited to the same party because, no matter how understanding and tolerant they were, they inhibited each other. So he would invite people separately. He made many enemies.

MARTY was a bachelor, no longer young. Clem had always envied him, because Marty did as a matter of course the things that no married man could get away with. It was not merely a matter of running around after women; Clem did not particularly go in for that sort of thing. It was the freedom of the ordinary little things such as having a good time at a cocktail party on the way home from the office and deciding to stay there instead of going home, or answering the telephone and conducting a conversation, with no one to ask him who that was and what she wanted at such an hour, anyway, or thousands of other things that the Bill of Rights concedes to man and that woman takes away from him.

When Clem first told her he wanted to be free Milly became hysterical. He took her in his arms and assured her he had not meant it. But he had meant it. There came at last a moment when he could no longer stand it and he told her again. Her grief was so genuine that it melted him all up inside and he no longer knew what he wanted. He took her in his arms.

This went on, and one time they really decided that they would separate, but the date had to be put ahead a week, because Milly's mother was in town and she thought their marriage was a happy one, and Milly could not bear to have her mother think that she was losing her husband.

The period of living together in the same house, knowing that at the end of a week they were to separate, was a ghastly and barbarous time. Clem slept on the couch in the living room, and one night, just

"Clem, darling, don't put me away from you," she said. "I won't know what to do if you put me away from you." He felt trapped

as he dozed off to sleep, he was awakened by someone's sobbing, and it was Milly.

She was kneeling, in her nightgown, next to the couch. She put her arms around him and, in a sudden rage, he pushed her away. She tried it again, and he pushed her away again.

"Clem, darling, don't put me away from you," she said. "I won't know what to do if you put me away from you."

He felt trapped, and it infuriated him. "I have to go away. You smother me. I'm not myself when I'm with you. You consume me with your possessiveness." He went on and told her all that he felt and all that she was.

When he had finished he looked at her, and in the darkness he saw her strained white face and her desperate eyes, and when she spoke he could see that in all this world she knew she had no place to turn if he were not there.

She said, "Dearest, I'm not all those things you say I am. I'm just a miserable girl who doesn't know what to do."

In her agony she had said the one right thing, and she had looked the one right way. A hopeless pity welled up in him, and he felt he could not save himself at the expense of Milly. He took her in his arms and made up his mind to try to give her peace no matter what it did to him.

Peace lasted a week or two, which is pretty long in these times, when you come to think of it, and then it started all over again. Clem felt he was getting older, and that life as he wanted to live it was passing him by, and soon there would be no need for him to get his freedom, for he would have nothing he could do with it when he did get it. And another truth came to him. He would never be able to escape from this woman and this life that hemmed him in unless he did it in a moment of extreme anger. In the heat of a quarrel, when his rage was murderous, he would be able to walk out without yielding to the pity he had for her. But never in cold blood.

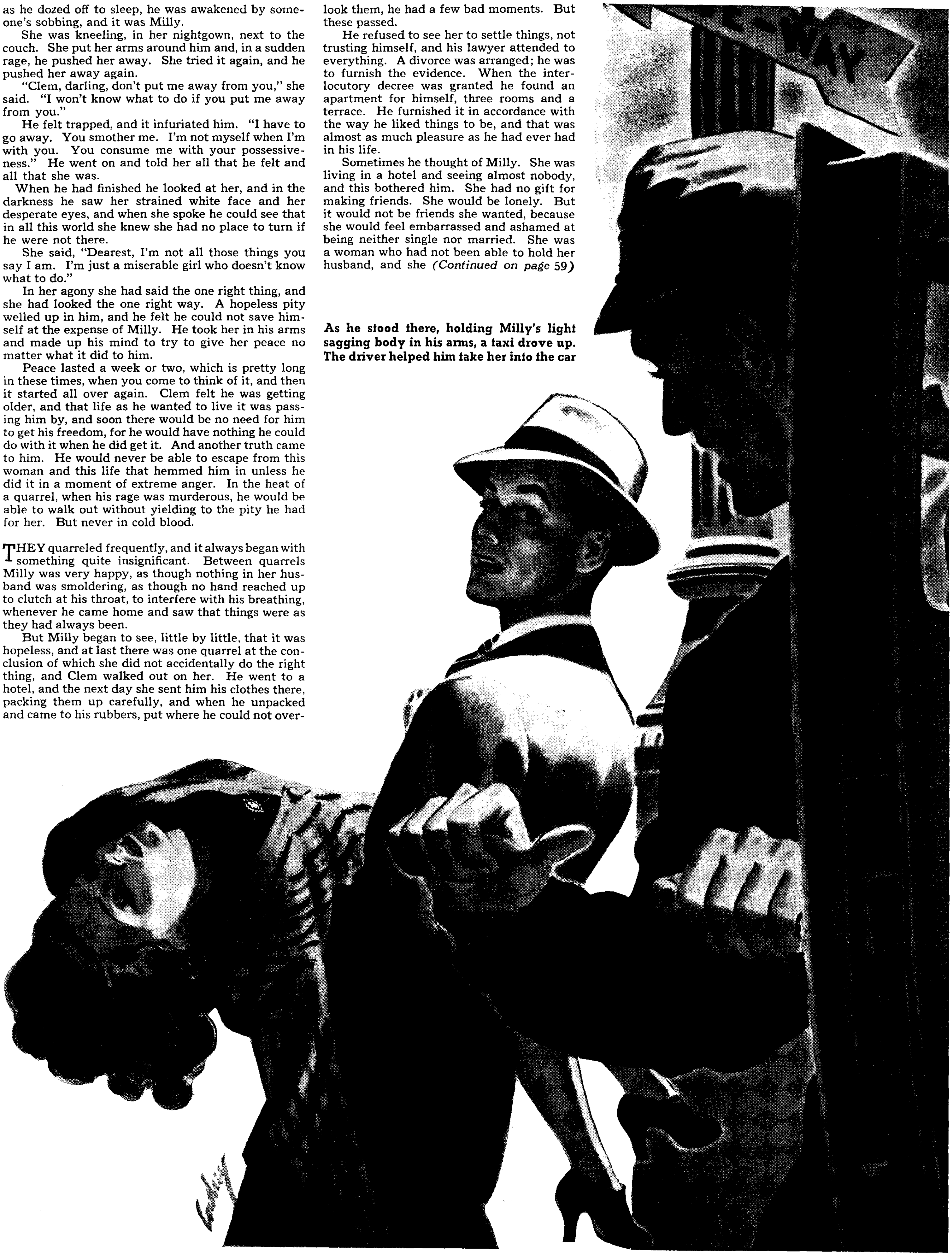
THEY quarreled frequently, and it always began with something quite insignificant. Between quarrels Milly was very happy, as though nothing in her husband was smoldering, as though no hand reached up to clutch at his throat, to interfere with his breathing, whenever he came home and saw that things were as they had always been.

But Milly began to see, little by little, that it was hopeless, and at last there was one quarrel at the conclusion of which she did not accidentally do the right thing, and Clem walked out on her. He went to a hotel, and the next day she sent him his clothes there, packing them up carefully, and when he unpacked and came to his rubbers, put where he could not overlook them, he had a few bad moments. But these passed.

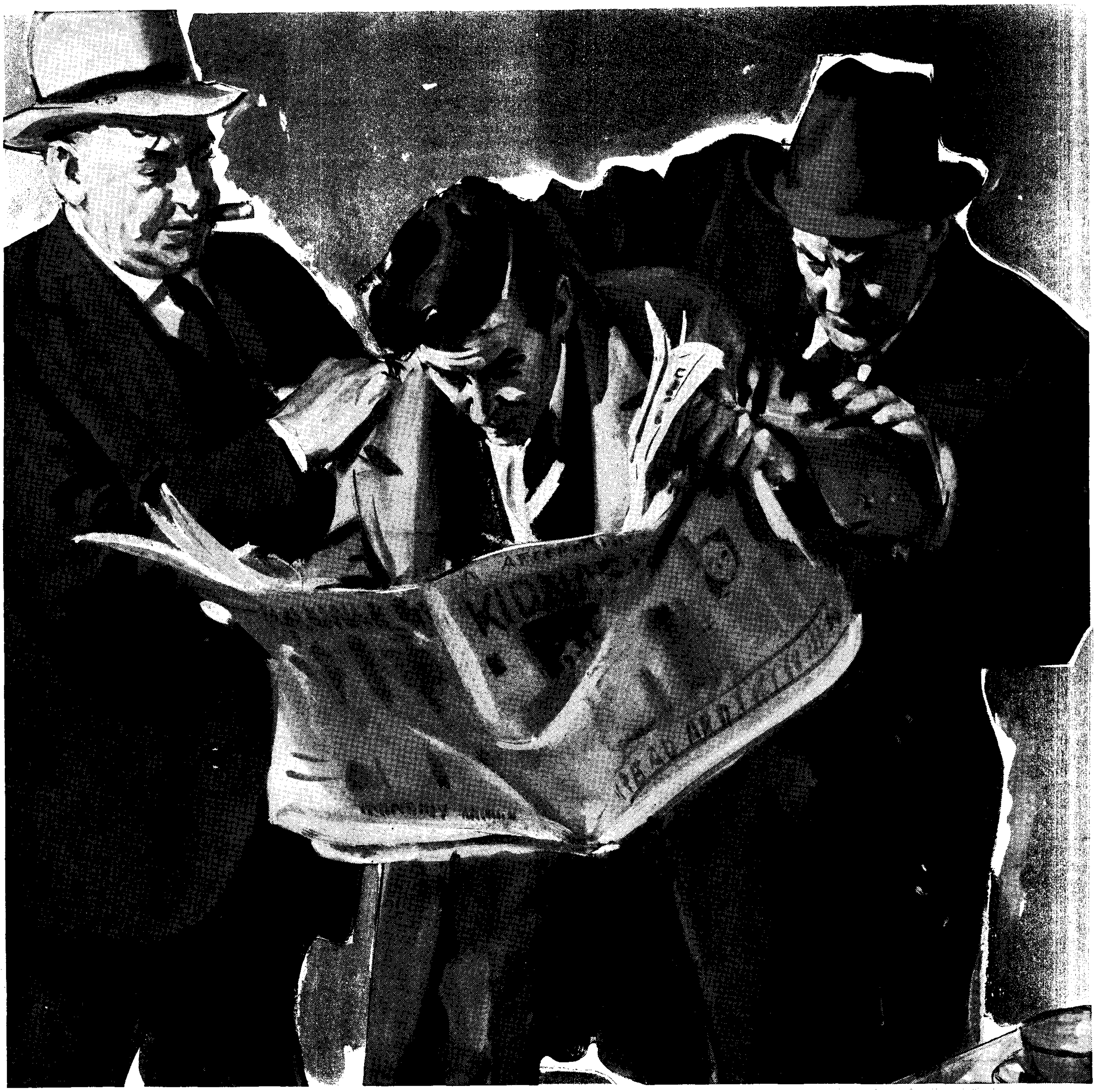
He refused to see her to settle things, not trusting himself, and his lawyer attended to everything. A divorce was arranged; he was to furnish the evidence. When the interlocutory decree was granted he found an apartment for himself, three rooms and a terrace. He furnished it in accordance with the way he liked things to be, and that was almost as much pleasure as he had ever had in his life.

Sometimes he thought of Milly. She was living in a hotel and seeing almost nobody, and this bothered him. She had no gift for making friends. She would be lonely. But it would not be friends she wanted, because she would feel embarrassed and ashamed at being neither single nor married. She was a woman who had not been able to hold her husband, and she

(Continued on page 59)



As he stood there, holding Milly's light sagging body in his arms, a taxi drove up. The driver helped him take her into the car



Memory Test

By Samuel W. Taylor

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM

The penalty that befell a man cursed with a memory that retained every fact, figure or name, once he saw it. One of the strangest stories ever to come out of the underworld

BECAUSE they were keeping his capture quiet, Bill Anderson was lodged in Keenan's hotel room instead of in jail. When they had things arranged to take him back, Anderson went to the airport in a taxi, sitting between Keenan and a fat deputy sheriff named Dornell. As the taxi pulled up, Dornell leaned his fat hulk forward, looking questioningly at Keenan. The investigator turned his blunt face on Anderson.

"Will you be decent," Keenan asked, "or do you want bracelets?"

"What could I do?" Anderson retorted. "Break and run?"

They leaned against the whipping wind, headed for the airport waiting room. Dirty snow was piled up on either side of the path. Huge piles of it were banked at the sides of the runway. Inside, Dornell turned down his overcoat collar, looked at his watch.

"Twenty minutes," the big deputy said. "Time for a bite. I know they serve lunch in the plane," he added defensively, glancing at his bulging belly. "But I don't eat good on planes. I don't feel good off the ground. And it'll be rough, today."

"I'm not hungry," Anderson said, as they went through the propped-open doors of the café adjoining the waiting room. A blond woman was at a booth on the right-hand side, with a baby. Anderson grinned at the baby, and the blond woman smiled in the proud way a woman does. The way Mary used to smile at little Bill and Betty Lou. Anderson was glad they hadn't put handcuffs on him, or the blond woman wouldn't have smiled. His picture had been in the papers, but coarse-screened cuts tend to make everyone look the same. Anderson didn't have anything to mark him; not anything about his brown hair or average face or name. It was what he knew that made the difference, and that didn't show.

HE TOOK a stool at the counter between Keenan and Dornell. A thin man, very drunk, lurched onto the stool at Dornell's left and started talking. Anderson sat with his elbows on the counter, face in his hands. He didn't move until he heard the newsboy yelling about the Wizard, and then he moved fast.

The newsboy had a red sweater pinned tight around his neck. "Wuxtry!" he yelled hoarsely. "Wuxtry! Wizard's wife an' kids disappear! Wuxtry!"

Anderson wheeled around on the revolving stool. Dornell's big hand tried to grab him, but he jerked loose, grabbed a paper from the boy and feverishly turned the pages to the story. Keenan had come behind him like a cat. The investigator gave the boy a nickel, turned to Anderson, saying, "It broke an hour ago. That's why we're taking you by plane. Bacigalupi has caught on we've got you, and he's mak-

The investigator turned to Anderson, saying, "It broke an hour ago. That's why we're taking you by plane. Bacigalupi has caught on we've got you"

ing a squeeze play. But don't worry, Anderson. Not even Bacigalupi can get away with that."

Anderson slumped on the stool and sat with the newspaper before him on the counter. There was a picture of Mary and the kids there, enlarged from the snapshot he'd taken in the park last summer. Mary sitting on the grass with Betty Lou in her lap, little Bill standing behind her, squinting with the sun. The baby had been squirming so the left arm was blurred in the snapshot, but the picture had been retouched.

He read the headlines over and over with a curious detachment. Those black streamers had nothing to do with him. It wasn't his family who had mysteriously disappeared. He wasn't the "Wizard." Things like that happened to other people. To those who didn't mind their business. They didn't happen to a hard-working clerk who was paying on a house and a car and applying a little each month on the doctor bills; not to a man too honest to take the wrong change from a cafeteria cashier.

"We'll find them," Keenan was saying. "Bacigalupi wouldn't do that unless he was desperate. When you testify—"

"Shut up," groaned Anderson. "For God's sake, leave me alone." He sat there reading the headlines over and over. Dornell sipped coffee noisily from his saucer. Keenan toyed with a piece of apple pie. The drunken man next to Dornell was arguing something with the fat deputy, speaking with that careful fuzziness peculiar to those on the edge of passing out.

"Number eighteen to *Wash*ington," he mouthed. "*Wash*-ington, number eighteen. . . ."

Bill Anderson's numbed mind began to get it, then. The drunk's arm was waving vaguely—waving in the direction of the washroom. Anderson met his eyes for a moment, saw them clear and cold. The man was sober. Anderson raised and lowered a finger to show he understood.

"I'd like to go to the washroom," he said to Dornell.

"Sure, in a second," Dornell said. Then to the man acting drunk: "Here, let me see that." He took the crumpled folder from him, spread it open on the counter, then gave vent to a heavy laugh.

"Listen, pardner, this is a railway timetable you've got. You're in the wrong place. You're in the airport!"

The man reeled away. Dornell said, "I'll be with you, Anderson, soon's I finish up this hamburger."

Anderson ducked his head to cover his face with his hat brim. He was no good as an actor. He put his hands in his pockets, squeezing his legs to keep fingers from shaking while he waited. The "drunk" was outside the glass door on the north, swaying in the cold wind, watching through the glass. There was an electric shiver prickling Anderson's hair above the collar. He was number eighteen on Bacigalupi's secret list. Number eighteen to the washroom. . . . Mary and the kids disappearing, climaxing four months of hell when he'd been hiding out. And if he went back and talked to the grand jury, something would happen to Mary and the kids. . . . Eighteen to the washroom.

"All right," Dornell growled from his big chest, coming off the stool. They went into the waiting room. On the east side were two doors, one swinging in, one out, below a sign labeled "Men." Anderson kept his hands in his pockets as he crossed the room. A cold draft came from an opening outside door, and he shuddered.

FOUR men were in the washroom, two wiping their hands with paper towels at the basins, another behind them, combing his hair, the fourth lounging by the door, smoking. They were all alike in being well dressed, immaculate, with jaws shaved smooth and hard. One of them said, "Well, here's somebody might settle it."

Anderson knew that was just to draw Dornell's attention. The man by the door stepped on his cigarette as the deputy asked, "Settle what?" Then Dornell sagged down in a fat heap as the man by the door laid a leather-covered blackjack with expert preciseness behind the deputy's right ear.

"Like a lamp," the thug said, slipping the sap into his inside breast pocket. He tapped a wooden wedge under the crack of the entrance door with the edge of his shoe sole while the other three carted Dornell's limp hulk into one of the lavatory booths.

"Now, listen," the sapper told Anderson, "lam out that window, see? It's little, but you can make it. There's a car outside."

Anderson's shoe soles tapped loudly on the tile floor as he ran to the little window. The other four slid out the exit door. Anderson was squirming his hips through the window when the entrance door behind him groaned against the holding wedge. He sprawled on hands and knees to the cold snow outside. A black car was backed into the entrance of the three-walled court, the double exhaust pipes whispering softly. He glimpsed the backs of two men's heads and shoulders in the front seat as he crawled through the rear door and crouched between the seats. The engine whined. The car made three curves, then straightened out and made speed. The winter air seeped through little cracks like cold knives.

Crouching there, Anderson breathed hard. Freedom! Fugitive freedom, to be sure. But it would keep Mary and the kids from harm. And that's what counted.

"All right," spoke up one of the men in front. "You can sit up now."

Anderson froze there on the floor mat for perhaps eight seconds, then slowly crawled up on the rear seat.

Keenan was driving the car. The investigator's hat was now pushed back on his head. The man beside him had jolted down against the right-hand door until only his head showed. He was the one who had been acting drunk. He was unconscious.

"There's two of us can be wizards," Keenan said impassively. "He don't know it yet, Anderson, but we've got a photostatic copy of Bacigalupi's number list. I knew you were number eighteen. We'll drive around until time for the plane."

Anderson sat staring at the back of the investigator's head. Keenan's black hair was thinned at the temples, but that didn't narrow the appearance of his blunt countenance. In the rear-view mirror Anderson saw the investigator's dark eyes steady on the road ahead.

Keenan wheeled the car around after a few minutes and headed back for the airport. The man beside him came awake, shaking his head groggily. He felt gingerly at a spot on his head, revealing handcuff links holding his wrists together.

He said, "What the devil is this, anyhow? I'm sittin' in my car peaceful as you like and you come slug me. I'll have you know—"

"You shut up, rat," Keenan said without heat. "Attempted abduction of a witness is serious business, especially when the witness is being transported over state lines. I'd put you through for it, too, except my hook is out for bigger fish than two-bit pool-hall toughs. You shut up."

WHEN the car swung into the airport grounds the plane was loading up. Keenan parked, said, "Here, mister, I'll take off the bracelets," and did so after cracking a short left hook to the man's jaw.

"I wish there was an open season on that kind," the investigator said as he and Anderson went through the wind to the waiting room.

Fat Deputy Sheriff Dornell was in a corner waving his arms at two uniformed policemen. The deputy's four chins sagged at sight of Keenan and Anderson walking in. The big man lumbered across the room, bawling questions.

"Let's go," Keenan said shortly, "and talk later."

Anderson figured he had one more chance for a break when the plane refueled at Salt Lake City. But Keenan was cautious after that one experience—or else was a mind reader. "We'll stay in the plane," he said shortly, when they reached Salt Lake.

Passengers loaded the plane to capacity at Salt Lake. A pudgy man sat beside Anderson, a red-faced fellow named Hait, who said he was traveling for a condensed-milk company. Anderson was seated with his back to the nose of the plane, facing Dornell and Keenan. Hait sat beside him, next to the window.

"I'm a little nervous," the pudgy traveling man admitted. "This is my first airplane ride. My wife's having a baby." He grinned a little sheepishly, a little proudly.

Anderson chewed down on his lower lip. Everything was reminding him of Mary and the kids. Across the aisle was the blond woman with the baby he had seen back in the restaurant at the station.

Soon the big engines were shaking the plane in the long climb over the Wasatch Range. Pudgy Hait was getting sick. He kept his nose to the window, looking out into the black night. His red neck overflowing his collar was turning a mottled greenish color.

"Looks bad. It's startin' to snow a little," he said in his high-pitched voice. He called to the hostess: "Toots, is there any danger?"

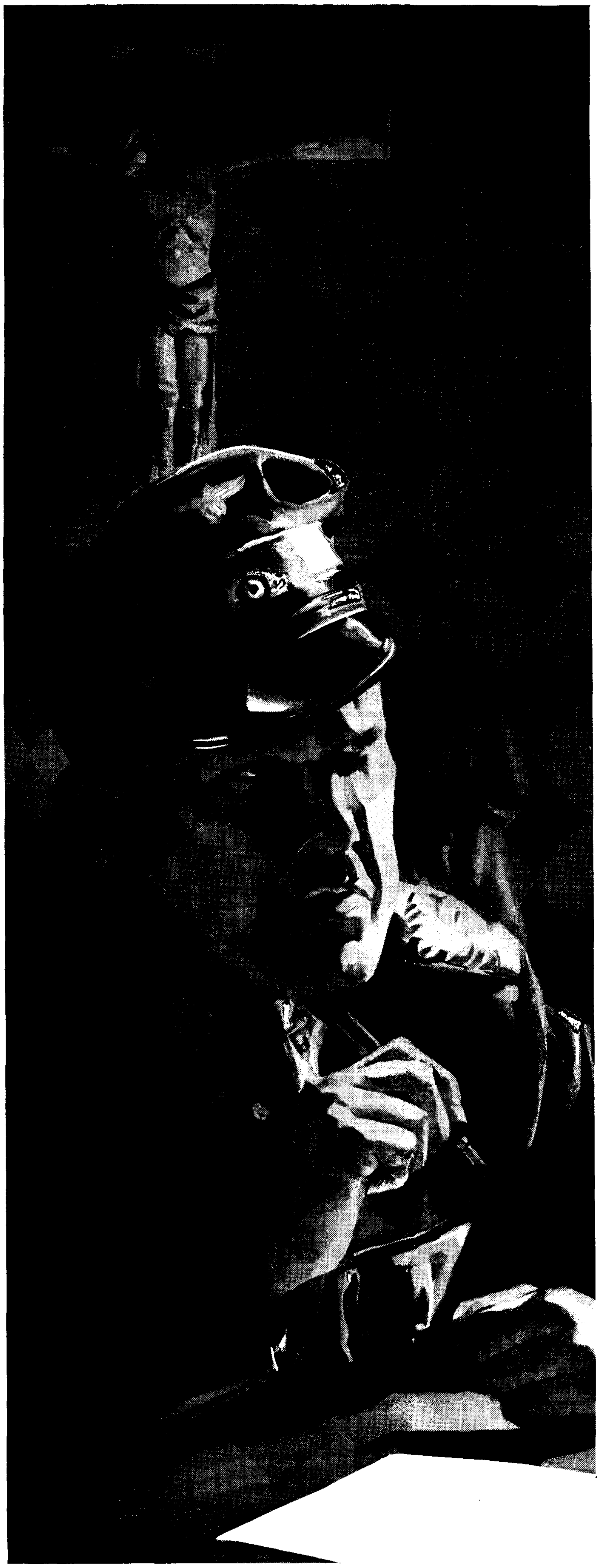
"A little bumpy, but everything is all right." The girl smiled. They always smiled, no matter what. And the lines hired girls whose smiles meant something.

FAT Deputy Dornell dozed, his heavy face wobbling with the movement of the plane. Keenan's dark eyes kept looking at Anderson and through him. As the plane bumped over the rough going, Keenan's knee would swing a bit and touch Anderson's like an insistent prod. Hait began gasping beside Anderson.

"The washroom is right there," Keenan said to Hait, jerking a thumb. Hait lasted a few minutes longer, then the pudgy traveling man bolted for the door, stepping on one of Dornell's big flat feet en route.

The deputy came awake, blinking, saw Hait's greenish face as the pudgy man lurched into the aisle. "There's a story *on* a travelin' salesman," Dornell chuckled, putting his massive feet up beside Anderson where Hait had been. "Instead of *by* one," he explained when neither Anderson nor Keenan smiled.

"Ye-ah, I got it," Keenan drawled. He leaned forward toward Anderson, blunt face impassive, saying: "You know my side of it, mister. Half the young bucks in the country want to be G-men. I quit a job like that to tackle the graft situation *(Continued on page 44)*



"The festival must be forbidden, in my opinion," he wrote

Dangerous Festival

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

THE district commander stamped into his room at the inn. His scowl was in recollection of sullen mutterings among the villagers, and the back of his neck showed angry red streaks where the creases folded above his stiff military collar.

"Stupid cattle," he said aloud, and took off gauntlets and overcoat with quick jerks of his hands. He then kicked a chair around to the central table, seated himself and reached for his leather military dispatch kit. He wrote hastily, in the manner of a soldier who has little time to spare:

To the General Commanding:

Excellency:

In accordance with your orders I accompanied the 117th Brigade to this town. A single company would have sufficed, or none at all, as the local police had the situation well in hand. These people, as you know, are given to a great deal of windy talk but it is all show.

The demonstrations reported by Intelligence did occur, but I am satisfied they were little more than town meetings. Bremmer, the captain of police, assures me that there were no disorders or threats of any kind. The one complaint made to me is, I must say, rather alarming. These people think they should be permitted to prepare for their traditional festival. They advance the following reasons:

1. It is historic, having been observed since the year 1634.
2. It will attract a large number of tourists, estimated at 60,000, with receipts estimated at 1,000,000 Reichsmarks.
3. It is assertedly nonpolitical and respectful of authority.
4. The village has always been well-behaved.
5. It will create favorable propaganda in foreign countries.

No other reasons were advanced by spokesmen of the villagers either sufficiently coherent or cogent enough to be included in this report.

My recommendation is that these people be notified immediately and emphatically in the negative. The festival must be forbidden, in my opinion, and I base that opinion on the following reasons, which are respectfully submitted for your consideration:

I. Airfield Richthofen 16 is only 67 per cent completed at the present time. This village has supplied three hundred and nineteen workers for the construction corps. Preparations for this festival would be an unnecessary and intolerable distraction for all concerned, seriously interfering with a project vital to the national defense.

II. The new high-speed motor road, Doebregen 61, is now but seven or eight miles from this village. The Road Corps informs me that they are changing base to this town within the fortnight. A great many workers must be billeted on the householders here. Captain Muller, engineer in charge, informs me he cannot be held responsible for delays in schedule if the work is interfered with by trivial folk customs.

III. Preparations for the requested festival would be absolutely destructive to the efficiency of army maneuvers in this area. There will be periodic blackouts and frequent high-speed movements through this village. As District Commander I could not tolerate the vexations incidental to such an observance of archaic folk customs as these villagers request.

IV. Quite apart from the military considerations which are, I submit, conclusive, I feel impelled to remind Your Excellency that the requested festival is of itself dangerous and obnoxious. At a time when the lives and fortunes, the hearts and souls of the German people are dedicated to The Leader and his great work for humanity, it would be monstrous to permit any outcropping of the ancient myths and the old, justly despised culture. Our German lads are too busy with the rifle and spade for such stupid cavortings. Our German girls should be home, making babies.

V. In view of my reasons stated above, I respectfully suggest that Your Excellency consider seriously your own report to Berlin. The requested festival in itself is a trifling thing, but it has stirred these noodle-heads here to a great buzzing about. I have stopped their wagging tongues, yet Intelligence will continue to be alarmed until a final quietus is put to the whole idiotic festival business. I respectfully suggest an immediate appeal to our Propaganda Bureau with a view to obtaining from them a final order and an emphatic negative for all time.

My kindest personal regards, sir.
Otto von Kornheim
District Commander

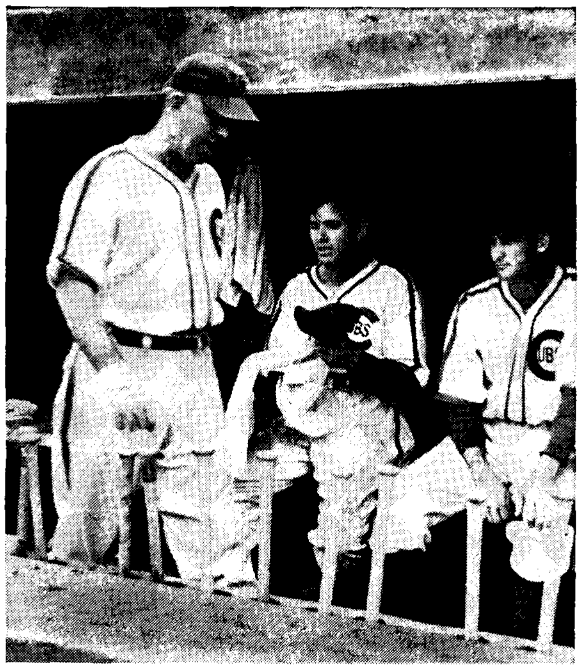
Sweating from his labors, von Kornheim frowned and noticed he had failed to cross the "t" in festival. He crossed it, and then remembered something else. He reached for the first sheet of the report. Gott in Himmel, but he was getting careless! He wrote at the top of the first sheet, above his salutation to the general:

Oberammergau, December 3, 1938.
Subject: The Passion Play.

All Pitched Out

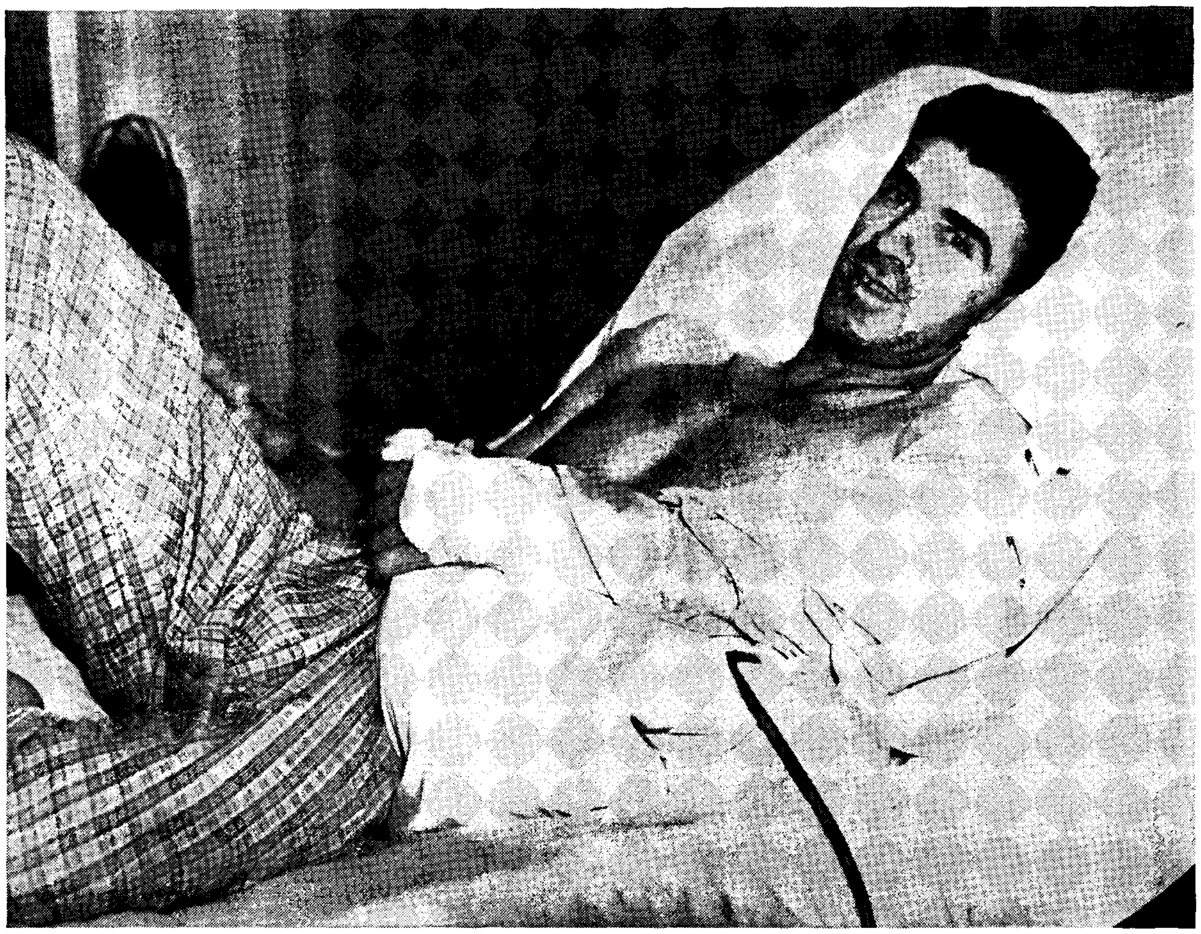
By Kyle Crichton

How are the mighty fallen? Here's how: Overwork and managerial indifference—the twin evils that have brought abrupt ends to so many fine pitching careers. Witness the pathetic and lengthening parade of once-great



WIDE WORLD

Once the terror of his league, Dizzy Dean put in last season largely on the Cubs' bench



ACME

Aptly called "The Meal Ticket," Carl Hubbell has been the mainstay of the Giants for years and has paid for it with an arm that may not come back after his latest operation

BILL LEE won the National League pennant for the Chicago Cubs last year almost single-handed. In the crucial series with Pittsburgh he pitched in three successive games, doing relief work and saving the first two games and winning a complete game on the third day. The day before Chicago entered that series, he had won a full game from St. Louis. In short, Bill Lee appeared in four games in four days. A hero!

And if Bill Lee should happen to finish the present season with Moline in the Three-Eye League, it will be only what has happened to other heroes before him. The plain truth is that the epidemic of sore arms which has ruined some of the finest hurlers in baseball has been brought on by brutal pressure on the part of managers and a childish Horatio Alger attitude on the part of the pitchers themselves. Pitching has been made harder by the lively ball and by taking away all artificial aids from the pitchers, but even with those handicaps hurlers can last for years unless they literally throw their arms away from overwork.

Last season was catastrophic for big-league pitchers. Lynwood Rowe and Paul Dean were sent back to the Texas League; the great Dizzy Dean was a woeful spectacle with almost none of his old stuff left; Carl Hubbell was forced out toward the end of the season, unable to lift his arm any longer; Hal Schumacher finished the year entirely on his nerve and has undergone an operation since; Lee Grissom was almost a total loss from a sore arm; Bob Grove seems done for good; Johnny Allen has undergone an operation which may or may not bring him back to his old effectiveness. Paul Dean returned to St. Louis from Dallas at the end of the season and won a few games but his future is extremely doubtful. Rowe had a fair year with Beaumont and will be in the Detroit training camp again, but Beaumont is not Detroit and only a miracle can restore him to his old form. Experts who saw him in Beaumont say his fast ball is gone forever and that he is only getting by on his head—a thing no pitcher can do for long under the Big Top.

The Great Diz was sold to the Chicago Cubs for $185,000 and spent the greater part of the year on the bench, not even traveling with the team on one Eastern trip. He brought his incomparable courage into play long enough to win an all-important game from Pittsburgh to help win the pennant and then lost a heartbreaker to the Yankees in the World Series, but it was apparent he was only pitching on his nerve. He was no longer the marvelous whiplasher of old, the man with the rubber arm, the giant who fogged them through in the clutch.

Well, those gentlemen were all heroes in their day and if you look at the records you will see that they were also the men who did most of the work. In each one of the cases mentioned, the pitchers had seasons in which they appeared in more than 45 games, which means that they were appearing every third day during the year. That tells nothing about the hours they spent in the bull pen preparing for an emergency that never eventuated. It tells nothing of the extra strain placed on a pitcher who comes in on relief with the bases full, bearing down desperately on every pitch.

Old Diz came up from Houston to the Cardinals in 1931 with the avowed intention of doing all the pitching for the team. In that year he pitched 304 innings in 41 games, winning 26 and losing 10. During the next five years, he appeared successively in 46, 48, 50, 50, 51 games. In 1935, he worked in 324 innings, which is a modern record. He had no sooner got established on his remarkable career when Brother Paul arrived. Between them the Deans appeared in 89 games in 1934, winning 49 and losing 18. Diz pitched 312 innings that year and Paul did 233. In addition to that both Diz and Paul spent hours in the bull pen which were never counted in the records.

In one tough six-game series in New York, Diz pitched two full games, did relief work twice and was in the bull pen during the late innings of the other two games, prepared if they needed him. In other words, during that four-day stay against the Giants, Diz was pitching every day and sometimes twice a day. Whether Diz could have kept that pace up indefinitely will never be known, for in the All-Star game in Washington in 1937 Earl Averill broke a bone in Diz's foot with a line drive through the box. Against his objections, the Cardinal management insisted on Diz pitching before he was ready. The result was a strained arm when Diz tried to protect his injured foot by throwing from a peculiar stance.

But it wasn't an accident in Paul's case. He simply pitched himself into a collapse. He threw his arm out. The usual thing now is to say that Paul was never much good anyhow, but he was good enough to win 28 games in 1934 and 1935, including a no-hitter against Brooklyn, the only one in the big leagues in 1935. He took part in 85 games in those two years at a time when the pressure was on almost constantly. And then, in 1936, he pitched only 92 innings, winning five and losing five games. In three years he was burned out—a warning to other young pitchers who are proud of being gluttons for work.

Carl Hubbell has carried the New York Giants for years. Although he is frail of build, his record for work is second only to that of Dizzy Dean. Hub has had four seasons in which he has pitched more than 300 innings. In 1934 he appeared in 49 games, pitched 313 innings, and won 21 and lost 12. There were periods when he also was in the box almost every day, either starting a game or finishing one. Since the Giants were a weak-hitting *(Continued on page 38)*

Backbones are being worn straight this season by the more smartly dressed women. We got this tip from a window dummy who is always as pert as a poker

ROMANCE is in the air. Fashion writers wax lyrical about our tiny waists, our upswept locks, the new elegance and the new grace. They say we're a new woman. And how do we rise to the occasion? We, ungrateful wretches, don't even stand up straight.

But if we were as knowing as the window dummy, we would—for window dummies are not really dumb, they are very smart. That haughty, fashionable air they affect is justified because they can get away with anything. Take a little $10.95 number, and a window dummy can make it look so chic and elegant you will ride right up in the elevator and buy that one, please.

But don't kid yourself. If that smug dummy in the window should suddenly assume the pose so common among humans on the street, your wishful admiration would turn to raucous laughter. Fully aware of the importance of good posture to clothes, the makers of these creatures have built good posture right into them.

What do we, on the other hand, do upon donning the garment sold us by the guile of the window dummy? Do we wear it with grace, in a north to south position when standing, as she does? If we are the average female, we do not. We list somewhat northeast by southwest and set sail, head and stomach leading, legs stumping along behind. Definitely not the form divine.

Of course this dreadful picture is not you. It is rather a composite of what you do not wish to be. But we must warn you—it's a state that creeps up on one. You've seen small brats sticking out their tummies and their rears. As they grow older they drop this pose and their active, lithe bodies fall into the line Nature intended, head over shoulders over hips over feet. But come the weight of a few years, and the combination of gravity with hurry, high heels and complete avoidance of all exercise not essential to daily existence—and their stomachs and heads will pop out of bounds in front and their hips wag out behind. Left to itself, the torso gradually solidifies in this slanting position till a woman of forty, shame on her, moves all of a clumsy piece and has no more grace and agility than a chunk of wood.

And all this time the effort of dragging her legs behind her was falling on the muscles of her buttocks, developing them mightily and building up her hips faster than she could diet and roll and pummel to reduce them.

The live models in the swankier retail establishments face the same cruel facts you do, and what's more their jobs depend on them. Up to the age of twenty-five a girl can glide across the plushy carpets, displaying gowns to Moddom, and youth will help her to get away with almost anything. But after that magic age all the faults of her figure suddenly call attention to themselves, and the gowns she models just as suddenly lose their customer appeal.

Trusting that you are sufficiently contrite and eager (and you can't catch yourself too young), we ask you to do this to discover the right line-up for your anatomy:

Lie on your back on the floor, knees bent, feet flat to the floor. Slip one hand under the small of your back, place the other one on your abdomen. Now slide your feet down till your legs are straight, and press the backs of your knees hard to the floor. Feel your back arch and your abdomen bulge? Pull your head forward and notice how the arch and the bulge are accentuated. These are all the things you don't want to happen, all the false positions and strains you want to avoid or cure—and these are the positions into which the human form divine has a perverse tendency to fall.

Stand up and try the same thing with your back against the wall, your feet a *(Continued on page 58)*

High as Haman

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY GEOFFREY BIGGS

Captain Barnabas Coffin comes rolling home with the enemy lying in wait to intercept him

CAPTAIN BARNABAS COFFIN of the whaler Lucy—she was homeward bound just now from the Pacific with her casks slopping full—sometimes thought Mat Plaskett was a trial to a man. Mat laughed at the wrong things and at the wrong time. With a smell of war in the air, Captain Barnabas found it no more than simple wisdom to take the Lucy home by unfrequented waters; and he kept the mastheads manned from dawn till dark, avoiding every encounter, but Mat was amused by these precautions, and said so.

"Cat after a rat will watch the rathole," he pointed out. "Any king's ship that wants us will be waiting off Nantucket bar. Nought to bother us here, Cap'n."

He laughed at the sober faces of the men, taut under a constant watchful strain; and when late in June a fast sloop that looked like a New York pilot boat overhauled them, Mat saw the still tension with which they watched her approach and whooped with glee.

"You look like chicks when a hawk's flying," he declared. "Laugh, you longjaws! You'll live full as long."

He was the more amused and derisive when the sloop proved to be no enemy. She was the Jack's Favorite, New York, Captain Johnson; but she had a letter of marque, and there were five guns on her deck, and her captain told them that war, so long dreaded, was at last declared.

"Our Navy's all bottled up, too," he said, his voice ringing with a strong excitement. "But there'll be two or three score of our privateers at sea inside the month. We're about the first out." He added confidently: "With a turn of luck, we'll pick up a prize or two and be home again before this war's dry behind the ears!"

CAPTAIN COFFIN was not surprised. When the Leopard fired into the Chesapeake five years before, it had seemed certain that war would quickly follow; but the embargo on one side and the Orders in Council on the other postponed the issue. When he was tired of staying ashore, Captain Barnabas took the Lucy to sea; but rather than pay twenty per cent for insurance he had risked this voyage without protection, and it was his responsibility to bring the ship safe home.

"Think'ee the king's ships will be around Nantucket?" he asked. "Doubtless thee's wise in such matters. I'd be grateful for thy counsel, friend."

"Why, it's any man's guess," Captain Johnson told him. "Their war cruisers will be coming down from Halifax or up from Jamaica. I'd say stay well offshore till you're up to your latitude; then wait for a no'theaster and rain and fog and run for it." He wiped his mouth with his hand. "Now I'll drink a noggin of rum with you for luck!"

They turned toward the cabin companion; but Mat Plaskett hailed them from the masthead. "Hello the deck," he called in the most casual of tones. "Cap'n, you expecting company?"

Captain Coffin paused and looked up, a dry reprobation in his eyes. "What's thee see, Mat?" he asked briefly.

"Why, a pair of topsails, off t' the south'ard, Cap'n. On the same tack as us, and going our way."

"What's thee make her?"

"Too soon to say, Cap'n. Nought to see but the feathers in her bonnet!"

CAPTAIN JOHNSON said crisply: "I'll have a look." He raced up the mizzen rigging, and Captain Barnabas followed more slowly. Mat called amiably from the main-topgallant crosstrees:

"It just struck me, Cap'n Barnabas, that even if we did have callers aboard it wouldn't do any harm to have a look around."

"Thank'ee, Mat," Captain Coffin assented, without warmth. It irked him to be thus proved remiss by Mat Plaskett; but he was a fair man. "I ought to have kept the mastheads manned." He looked inquiringly at the privateersman.

"I don't like her looks," Captain Johnson said decidedly. "She's a war schooner, I'm thinking. Cap'n, she'll have a long beat to come up to you. Maybe you can dodge her till dark and get away. Sorry I can't help. Good luck! Goodby!"

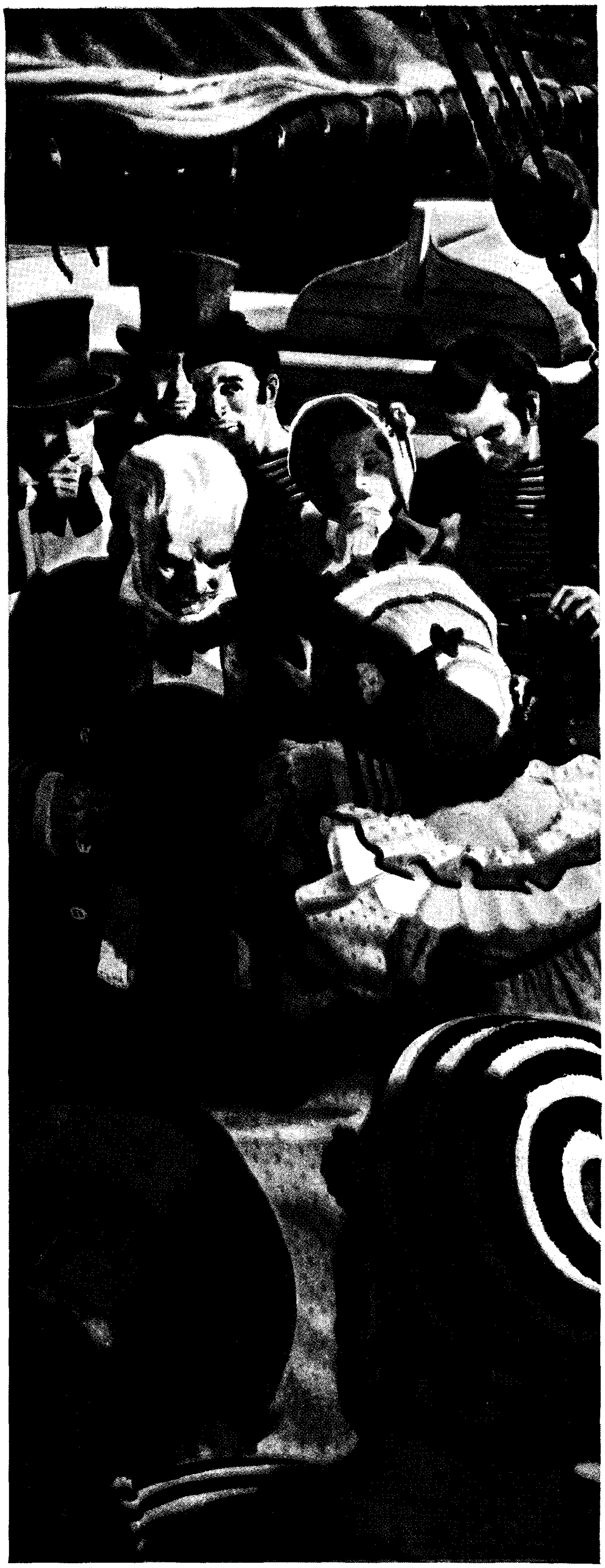
He hooked a leg around the mizzen-topgallant backstay, took a hand grip with his cap to spare his palms, and slid smoothly down to the rail. Mat Plaskett said in a brisk appreciation: "Ho! Cap'n, can ye smell his britches burn?"

Captain Coffin more sedately reached the deck. A quarter hour later the Jack's Favorite was hiking it, bowed to the breeze, close-hauled on the larboard tack; and Captain Barnabas stood with the mate, young Dan Folger, and watched her go. Mat came to relieve the wheel, and he grinned at their doleful frowns.

"Hard doings, Cap'n!" he drawled. "Not a hole to hide in, eight hours till dark, and she'll outfoot us two to one. We'll sleep in her run tonight, with rats nibbling at our toes."

Captain Barnabas spoke sternly: "Thee's a lightpated nitwit, Mat, with a scandalous loose tongue." It was bad enough to face the certain loss of the ship and her full casks of oil, and

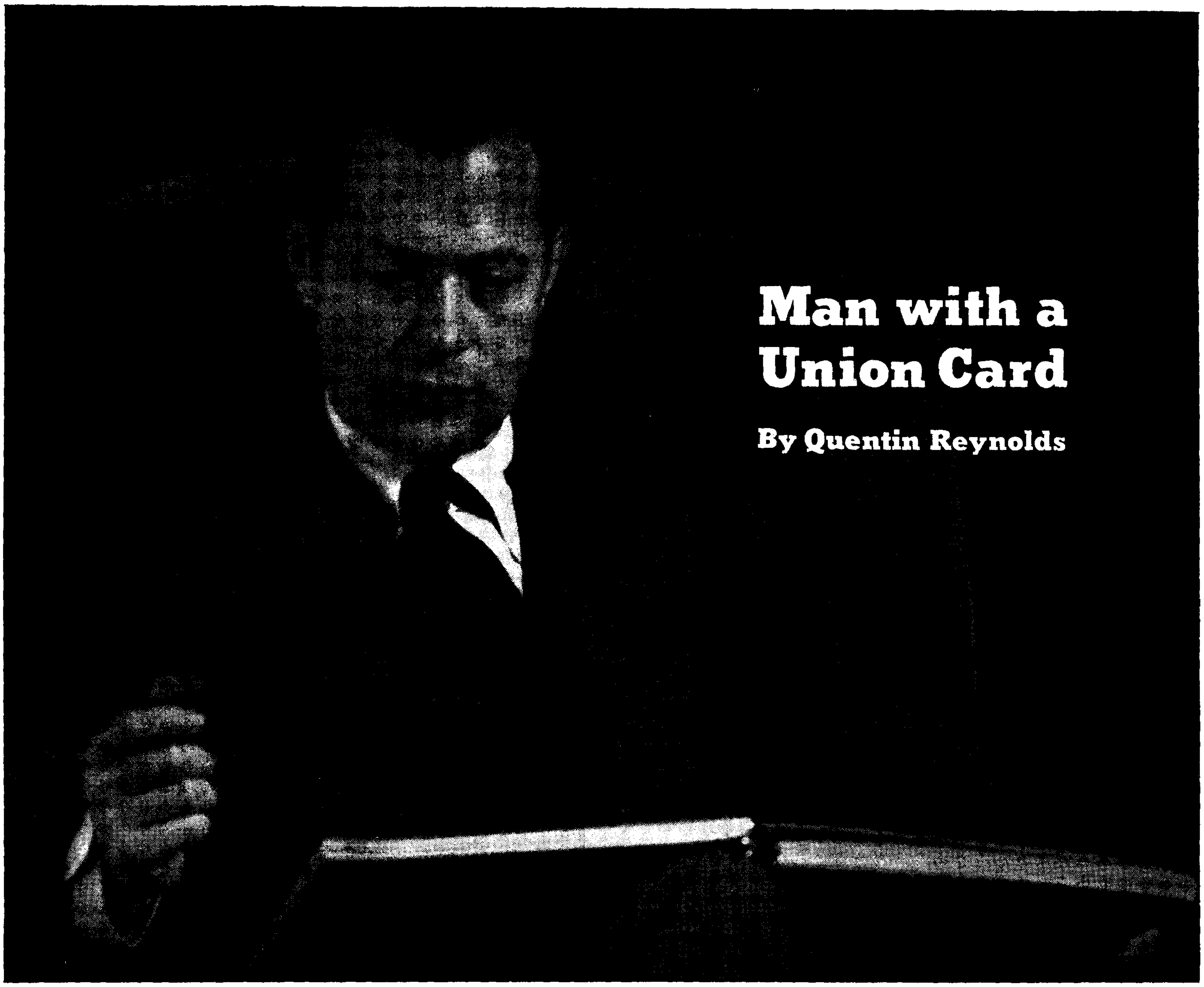
(Continued on page 24)



"I've ill news for you, Mrs. Plaskett," Captain Coffin said reluctantly

Man with a Union Card

By Quentin Reynolds



As one of the screen's brightest stars, Robert Montgomery threw his full influence into promoting better working conditions in Hollywood

WILL CONNELL

Hollywood's underdogs need a champion, and they found one where they least expected it. Robert Montgomery is the man who made the Screen Actors' Guild the potent factor that it is. In addition, he found time to develop himself into a whale of an actor

THE elevated trains roared by every three minutes, and there was a large electric sign across the street that winked persistently all through the night. Sam Janney had plenty of trouble getting to sleep, and, as if that weren't bad enough, there was the staccato bark of the typewriter next door. Sam Janney worked in the theater. Sometimes he played bits; sometimes he acted as stagehand. He always came home late but never late enough to escape the elevated trains, the light from the sign and the noise of the typewriter. He couldn't do anything about the trains or the electric light, but he could do something about the typewriter.

The man destroying all that white paper and mangling all those typewriter ribbons was a pal of Sam's named Bob Montgomery, a youngster with a hundred dollars and a terrific yearning to be a writer. This wasn't extraordinary, because everyone who lived in Greenwich Village then wanted to be a writer. Most of them wanted to be writers because it was one way to earn a living while sitting down. Writing may be a lonely job but it sure is easy on the feet.

Young Montgomery, however, was quite serious about it. He'd been working on the railroad and he'd been digging ditches and scraping rust in the engine rooms of oil tankers for a year and he'd saved enough money to support himself for a few months. During those few months he intended to find out whether he could write salable stories. So far he hadn't had any luck. But he worked; he even worked late at night and a big typewriter can make a lot of noise, especially late at night.

Sam Janney walked in and said, "Bob, I got a great idea. You should give up writing and become an actor."

Montgomery looked up a bit startled and he said, "You're out of your mind."

"Well," Sam said, shrugging his shoulders, "you can make as much acting as you've been making writing."

"That," young Bob Montgomery said, "is exactly nothing."

"Then what can you lose?" Sam said.

And that, so help me, is how Bob Montgomery became an actor. Of course it didn't happen overnight. First Sam Janney got him a job with William Faversham's play, The Mask and the Face. He played seven parts in the play and was given five dollars a part. Now thirty-five dollars a day wasn't tin in those days, especially if you lived in the Village. In addition to that, Bob figured that he'd learn enough about the technique of the drama to be able to write a play. He liked it too, and you couldn't beat the hours.

Everything went along fine for nine performances and then young Mr. Montgomery was presented with a note from William Faversham that said. "The marts of trade are yearning for young fellows like you."

He couldn't believe it, of course. He tried to tell himself that he wished to continue on the stage only to learn the technique of the drama. No, he didn't care about acting, he wanted to write a play. That's why he haunted theatrical agencies, getting a bit here, a walk-on there, making just enough to exist on. It wasn't easy because Bob had been brought up rather well. His family had been in comfortable circumstances. He had been sent to France to learn French and to Germany to learn German and then he had been sent to the Pawling School, a fine preparatory school at Pawling, New York. He was there when the blow fell. His father died when he was sixteen and when the estate was settled it was discovered that there wasn't even enough money left for Bob to finish his course at Pawling. For three years after that he worked in machine shops and on the decks of oil tankers and any place else that he could get a job. Somewhere along the line he had picked up the urge to write, which brings us back to the trouper whose aim was to do a play.

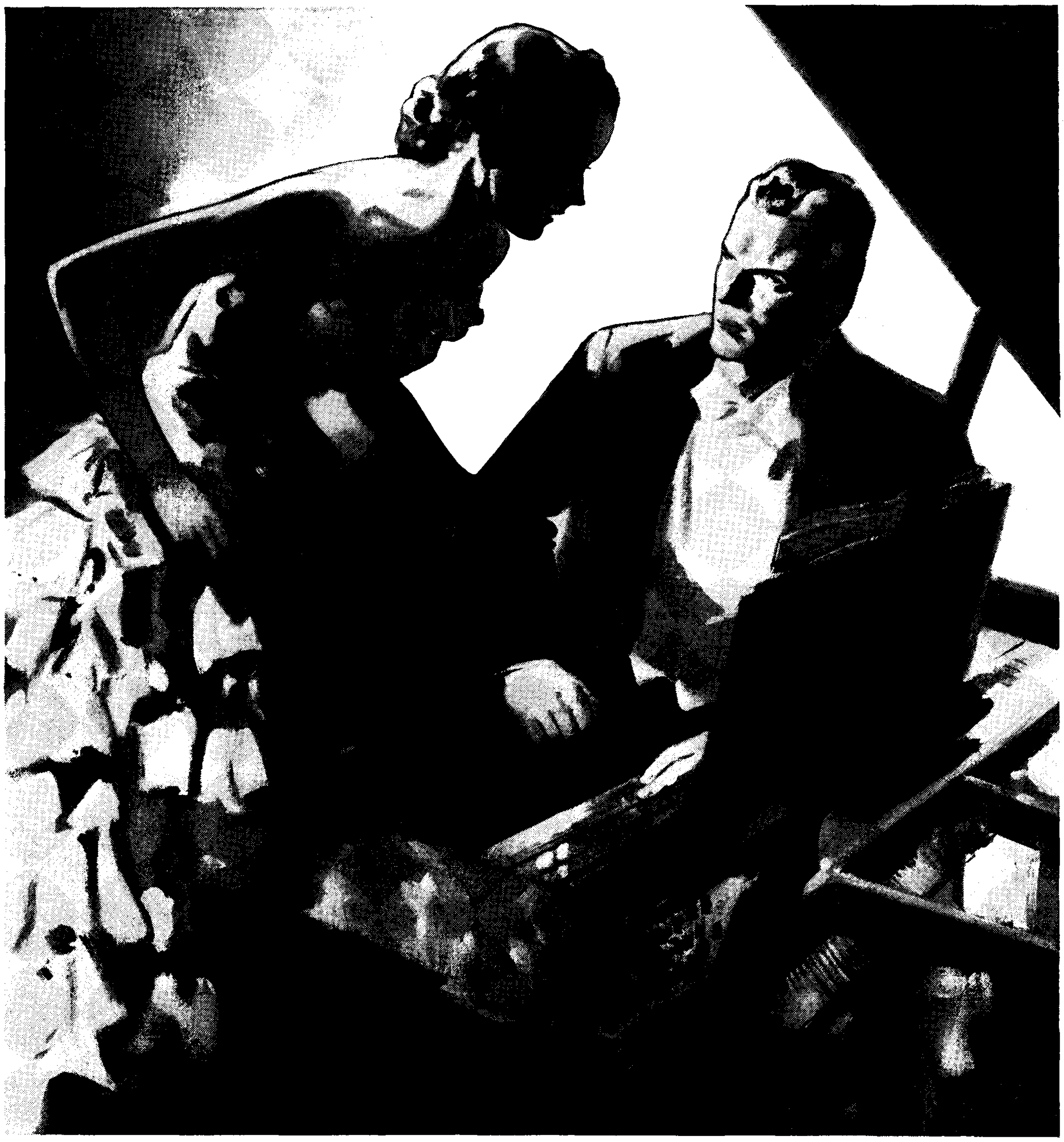
"Of course I was kidding myself," Montgomery says a bit ruefully now. "From the time I stepped on that stage in The Mask and the Face, I wanted to act. I didn't know myself for a long while, but finally I caught on. After that, nothing counted but the stage. I acted anywhere I could get a job. My ambition, of course, was to make the Theatre Guild. Hollywood was just a place out West. I learned something of my trade

(Continued on page 48)

The Green Angel

By George F. Worts

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS



She said breathlessly, "Bill, there's something I've got to tell you about the pistol range"

The Story Thus Far:

WILLIAM BOONE, a young artist, is extremely anxious to gain access to Rodney Barnett's country house, near New York City. He goes out of his way to meet Barnett's stepdaughter, Nancy. He promises to paint her portrait. He becomes a house guest.

At the earliest opportunity, he creeps up into the attic. There, well hidden in a compartment in the floor, is a box of toys. He finds the box—which he does not remove. . . . For years, Barnett and Boone have been enemies. And Boone's valet, Wallace Harmon, is taking money from Barnett to spy on the artist. Now, having shadowed Boone and seen him inspecting the box, he plots with one of the maids, Yvonne, to double cross both Boone and Barnett. He offers to sell the box to Barnett for fifty thousand dollars.

Barnett laughs at him. And a short time later the valet is murdered and the box removed from the attic. The murderer is Rodney Barnett. Unknown to him, Yvonne witnesses the killing, sees Barnett hide the box in a piano. Seizing the first chance that offers, the girl steals the box, secretes it in her room.

Questioned by Inspector Teeple, whom Barnett has summoned, Boone accuses Barnett of the murder. His story is an amazing one: At the age of ten he had accompanied his father, Peter Barnett, and his father's brother, Rodney Barnett, to China. There his father had died, leaving a large fortune. To gain possession of his brother's estate, Rodney Barnett had made it appear that both father and son had died. He had then forced the boy to change his name—Peter Barnett—to Daniel Martin, had sent him to Switzerland and taken over the fortune.

"Boone's" only proof is the box of toys; before going to China he had lived in the house—he feels sure that the toys still hold his fingerprints. But, needless to say, the toys cannot be found. . . . Among those in the house are: Thelma Pond, Barnett's secretary; Suzette Aberdeen, Barnett's fiancée, and Laura Aberdeen, Suzette's mother. Suzette does not love Barnett; she feels sure that Boone has told the truth. . . .

Yvonne has a talk with Barnett. She informs him that she knows everything; she demands two hundred thousand dollars for remaining silent. . . . Meanwhile, Suzette has formed a daring plan. She goes to the door of the pistol range, tries the knob. The door is locked.

VII

SUZETTE felt panicky for a moment, then steadied herself, and went to the door that opened into the garden. She had recalled an opened window in the pistol range when she and Rodney were there. She walked along a path and found an opened window about where the pistol range was. The window was dark and the sill was just level with her chin. She could see nothing but darkness through the window. The window was screened.

Suzette looked about until she found a bench. She dragged it to the window and stood on it. The frame of the screen was held in place by two wing nuts, one on each side of the window frame. She twisted these and lifted the screen out. She pushed the window up as far as it would go and put her head inside. After a moment, she saw, faintly, the reflection of light on a glass surface. If this was the pistol range the glass surface must be one of the pistol cases.

The window proved to be smaller than it had looked. She wriggled through it, taking care not to catch the white ruffles of her gown. Once inside, she backed against a wall, listening and trying to see. She heard voices far away. She was sure she was in the pistol range, but she waited fully a minute until her eyes adjusted themselves to the light that glowed so remotely from the terrace. She dared not turn on the lights. She again caught the gleam of light twice reflected on the glass cases containing the revolvers and pistols.

She thought the voices she had heard were nearer, but the sound of her heart was so loud that she could not be sure. The cases were not locked, but it was not, unfortunately, a simple matter of taking any revolver or pistol she might find by groping. It must be of small caliber, but not too small. A .22 would not do and a .38 would not do. She had noticed a .25-caliber automatic when Rodney had shown her the small arms. She preferred that—if she could find it.

And she dared not grope among them until she found it, for she must not leave her fingerprints. She wrapped her white chiffon handkerchief about her hand and felt about inside the case.

Through the tissuelike layer of chiffon, she expertly identified a Benton and Smith .38 automatic, a Mauser pistol, a French army revolver, World War model, then a Borchardt-Luger. Presently she found the automatic pistol she was looking for. Closing the case, she held the pistol in her left hand, for her fingerprints on this one did not matter. She opened the drawer where the ammunition was kept and groped about, opening several small boxes until she found the toylike, flangeless, center-fire cartridges that fitted the .25 automatic. She loaded the clip expertly and wondered what anyone would say who happened to come in and find her loading an automatic pistol in the dark.

SHE went as she had come, lowering herself to the bench and taking great care not to tear any of the white ruffles. She replaced the screen and put the bench back where she had found it. Then she disposed of the pistol by unzipping her gown at the placket where it was tightly fitted at the waist, and slipped the pistol inside her dress where the skirt billowed out in ruffles from the small tight waistline.

She zipped up the placket, holding the pistol tightly against her body with her hand on the upper row of ruffles. She walked down the path to the game-room door and went in and through the game room and the bar. She went upstairs and returned to Rodney's office. She placed the pistol in the upper left-hand drawer of the gray steel desk, hiding it behind a pile of pads.

Very pale, but with an air of greater confidence, she turned out the light and left the room.

Standing in the hall just outside the music-room door, Miss Pond had heard substantially all of that conversation between Rodney and Yvonne. If she had not been cold sober when she left the bar to follow Rodney, she was cold sober now.

The amazing information that the little French maid had disclosed in the past few minutes did not amaze Miss Pond because she had suspected for years that William Boone was actually Rodney Barnett's nephew. Perhaps she had suspected it only subconsciously and was merely ready to pounce upon the actuality. She had seen Rodney Barnett through any number of his schemes, and this scheme, though it was bolder and a little more hazardous than the others, was so typical that she could accept the truth without having to make much of an adjustment.

His acceptance of Yvonne's accusation of murder did not alarm Miss Pond at all. She had always known that Rodney Barnett was capable of a certain kind of murder—the cool and deliberate kind—and she took it for granted that he had killed William Boone's valet because it was necessary. It sobered her in one sense and, in another, it intoxicated her. It was thrilling information, and she believed she could put all of it to use.

To Miss Pond's cool, clear way of thinking, Yvonne had made many

(Continued on page 28)

High as Haman

Continued from page 21

probably a personal captivity; but it was worse to have Mat Plaskett laugh at their situation. Mat was a man without character; or perhaps he had too much character of the wrong kind. Even his wife had been heard to say he would live to be hanged.

His father before him had been a scamp, and when ten years after the Revolution the Plasketts moved away to Dartmouth, some folks said it was good riddance of bad rubbish. But Mat later reappeared on a homecoming whaler that he had joined in Davis Strait. He married a Nantucket girl, though he never stayed long ashore, returning from one voyage only to ship again on the first vessel outward bound. You could count his homecomings by the little Plasketts; one voyage, one baby. His improvidence was an island scandal; but if anyone admonished him he used to say cheerfully:

"The rest of you can save your money if you're a mind. I'm raising a flock of children to take care of me and Mom in our old age. It's a sight surer, and a heap more fun!"

Captain Barnabas would never have signed Mat for this cruise from choice; but with the risk of war in every mind, foremast hands were at a premium. So Mat sailed for the Pacific aboard the Lucy; but he had been a constant cross to Captain Barnabas, and never more so than now. The schooner, still miles away to leeward, crept up abeam of them, tacked and made a short board till she was abaft their beam, and came about again, keeping the Lucy fixed at the same bearing as though she pinned the whaler there with a vigilant eye. Mat at the wheel said with a lively appreciation:

"Now there's one knows her business, Cap'n. See how she holds us just so all the time. Her skipper knows the shortest way home."

THE Lucy had no recourse but to plod on her way, close-hauled as she would go, and pray the wind might die, or fog come down, or night descend. But at six o'clock the schooner was abeam of them a scant mile away. Captain Barnabas could see her ports, and there could be no doubt she meant to bring them to.

Then Mat Plaskett said suddenly: "Cap'n Barnabas, she has the look of that schooner in Talcahuano!"

"She's not. The Lars carried a little square royal on her main."

"All the same," Mat insisted, "I've been thinking." He was a shrewd, sly man. "Even if she's not, might be she's just back from round Cape Stiff herself, and don't know there's a war any more than we did six hours ago."

"That's idle hoping, Mat. Why would she chase us if she didn't know?"

"Might be she saw the packet speak us, wants to hear the news." Mat's head cocked wisely on one side. "Now if that was the way of it, Cap'n," he suggested, "you could tell her any news you happened to think of at the time!"

"Thee'd have me lie?"

"Ho!" Mat chuckled. "Why not? To save your ship and your hide? Or if you can't twist your tongue a little in a pinch, let Dan talk to him. Or me. I'll play Cap'n Barnabas for you; tell her lies enough to fool a dozen."

"Nay, Mat, I'll not lie—nor ask it of another man."

Dan Folger cried suddenly: "There goes her gun!" They saw the smoke puff, and watched for the shot splash but did not see it. "Not shotted!" Dan exclaimed. "Cap'n, if she knew the war was started, there'd have been a shot in that gun. She doesn't know!"

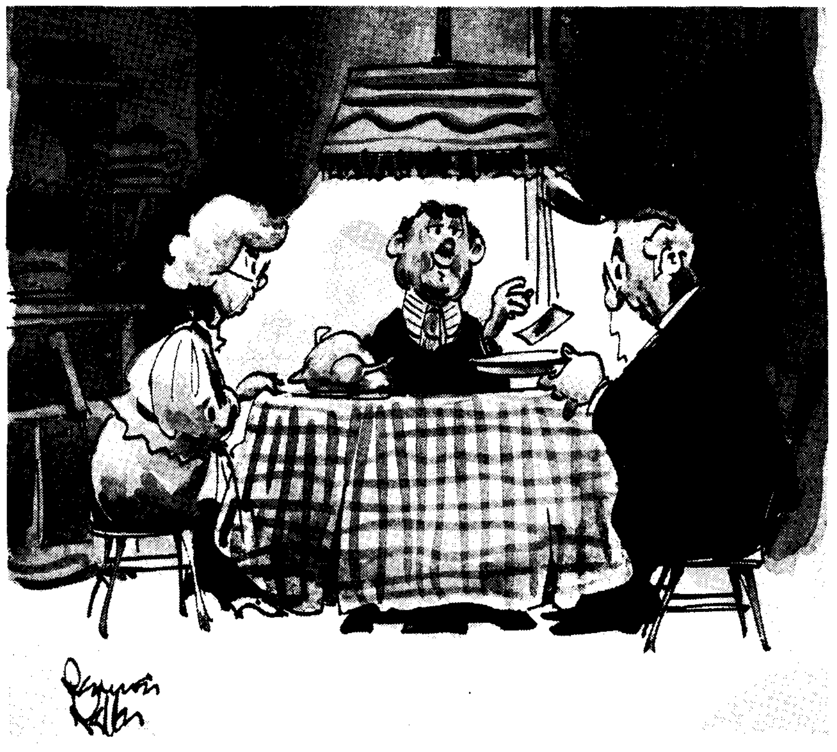
Captain Barnabas spoke resignedly. "Maybe, Dan." He added: "Best back that maintops'l. They'll doubtless wish to send a boat aboard."

So the Lucy lay to, and the schooner came up a pistol shot away and lowered a boat. The Lucy's men watched it dancing smartly toward them, and Mat, leaning on the rail with the others, hailed it. "Evening, Cap'n! Come aboard and have a hake!"

IT WAS a lieutenant and a master's mate who presently climbed briskly to the Lucy's decks; and the lieutenant barked a question: "What's this stinking tub? Where from? Where bound?"

Captain Coffin answered him. "We're the Lucy, Nantucket, full of oil, homeward bound."

"Hah!" The lieutenant's eyes narrowed angrily. "The Lucy? I heard of you in Talcahuano."



"The reverend isn't passing the collection plate, Maxwell—he wants another helping of chicken" KRAMER KELLER

"We were there."

"Damme, man, I know you were! Don't lie to me. I was there a week after you." The lieutenant pulled his lip in a saturnine way, peering under his brows. "Now you spoke a sloop a while ago. Don't deny it. We saw you. Who was she?"

"The Jack's Favorite."

"Where from?"

"Out of New York, for European waters."

"Hah! Then she gave you news of the war."

The Englishman spoke as though he knew war was declared; yet—he might be bluffing. Captain Coffin spoke carefully: "Her captain said he expected to pick up a profitable cargo and make a quick passage home. I think that has no sound of war."

Mat Plaskett coughed loudly and meaningly, and the lieutenant turned to stare at him with a dour eye; but Mat did not blink. Then the Englishman told Captain Coffin harshly:

"You're lying, man! My last news was war was sure!"

"Lying?" This was Mat Plaskett, long of face and very sober. "Ye're wrong there, Englishman! Cap'n Barnabas wouldn't lie to save his skin. It's against his testimonies. Any word from him's a true one." He looked at Captain Coffin with an open admiration. "Aye, true as I'm a bachelor," he declared, with never a twinkle in his eyes.

The lieutenant turned to look at Mat somewhat doubtfully, coloring a little as though he suspected a jest here he did not understand. "Hah!" he exclaimed; and then more narrowly: "You've a cut about you that I like, fellow. I'll lay you're no snuffling Quaker!"

"You're right—for once, Englishman."

"Been a whaler long?"

Mat answered readily enough: "Six voyages on Nantucket ships, and three on an Englishman out of Halifax before that."

The officer's tone suddenly was silky. "Born in Halifax, too, I'll warrant."

Mat too late perceived his danger. "I was not!" he said in a sudden vehemence. "My father went to Dartmouth town from Nantucket in '95; but I was near a man by then."

"No, no," the lieutenant cheerfully insisted. "Don't deny it, man. I thought you had an honest look about you. We need good British seamen aboard the schooner yonder. We'll take you along!"

SO THIS moment that had seemed to Mat a while ago amusing was not funny any more; even Captain Coffin felt a quick anger in him. He urged:

"I can testify, sir, the man is Nantucket born."

"Damn your testimony, Shadbelly!"

The men moved closer, and there was a murmur among them, and the lieutenant paled a little.

Then Mat himself spoke in a cheerful, chuckling tone.

"'Vast, Cap'n Barnabas!" he said. "Back your yards and lay to. I'll go with the Englishman, and glad of the chance."

And in the astonished silence that followed on his word, he went calmly toward the gangway where the schooner's boat lay; he dropped into the boat without a word.

The lieutenant laughed with a deep satisfaction. "So!" he said. He spoke to Captain Coffin in arrogant triumph: "Here's one knows where to pick his service. Shadbelly, if we were at war, I'd teach you a new brand of civility! Good day!"

Captain Coffin spoke to Mat Plaskett. "Mat," he said, "I'm sorry to lose thee."

Their eyes for a moment held; then the boat pulled away.

CAPTAIN BARNABAS decided that the privateersman's advice as to the best chance of avoiding capture was sound. Since war was begun, British cruisers would swarm along the American coast like flies around carrion; so he kept far off shore till they made their latitude. The northeaster they wished for came when they wanted it; and they ran for home, plunging on at the Lucy's best pace, carrying all that she would bear. When she came on soundings—black and white sand in forty-one fathoms—Captain Coffin suspected he was south of Georges Bank. By lead and log he picked his way through the thick. The wind hauled into the southeast and fog shut in around them, and when they shoaled their water to less than twenty fathoms, bits of shell in the sand told him surely where he was.

"We'll make it, Dan'l," he decided, "if the fog holds on."

The fog did hold on till late that afternoon. Then, just after sunset, the breeze brushed the last cobwebs off the bright beauty of the sea, and he knew his hopes of coming home safe were *empty ones.*

For a schooner that looked mightily like the one that had spoken him a week before lay squarely in the Lucy's path, ten or twelve miles northwesterly, jogging idly across the Sound to the westward of Gay Head. He had no sooner discovered her than she hauled her wind and came briskly toward them. Escape was hopeless enough; but he called down to the mate:

"Dan'l, wear ship. There's a British schooner off Gay Head. We'll try for Tuckanuck Channel. Cheerily now!"

There was an instant stir on the decks, a rush to man tacks and braces. When the Lucy was on her new course, Dan Folger came aloft to watch the captain's face while the other peered through the glass at the distant schooner. After a little, Captain Barnabas said gravely:

"Dan'l, she's the same one spoke us a while ago and took Mat Plaskett." And he reflected: "She'll have heard the truth before now. Like as not she's waiting for us. That lieutenant had a vengeful eye."

"We'll dodge her," the mate predicted. "Be dark soon."

"There's a moon near full," Captain Coffin reminded him. "And she'll be close aboard us in an hour or a little more."

"Make her work for it, anyway! If we make it into Tuckanuck Channel she can't follow us. Not without a pilot."

"She has Mat Plaskett, Dan'l," Captain Coffin pointed out. "Mat knows every shoal and current all around No *Mans Land. He'll show them the way.*"

Dan reflected on this for a moment; but then he urged: "Mat will never do it, Cap'n!"

Captain Coffin shook his head. "Mat has no spine in him. He's a light-

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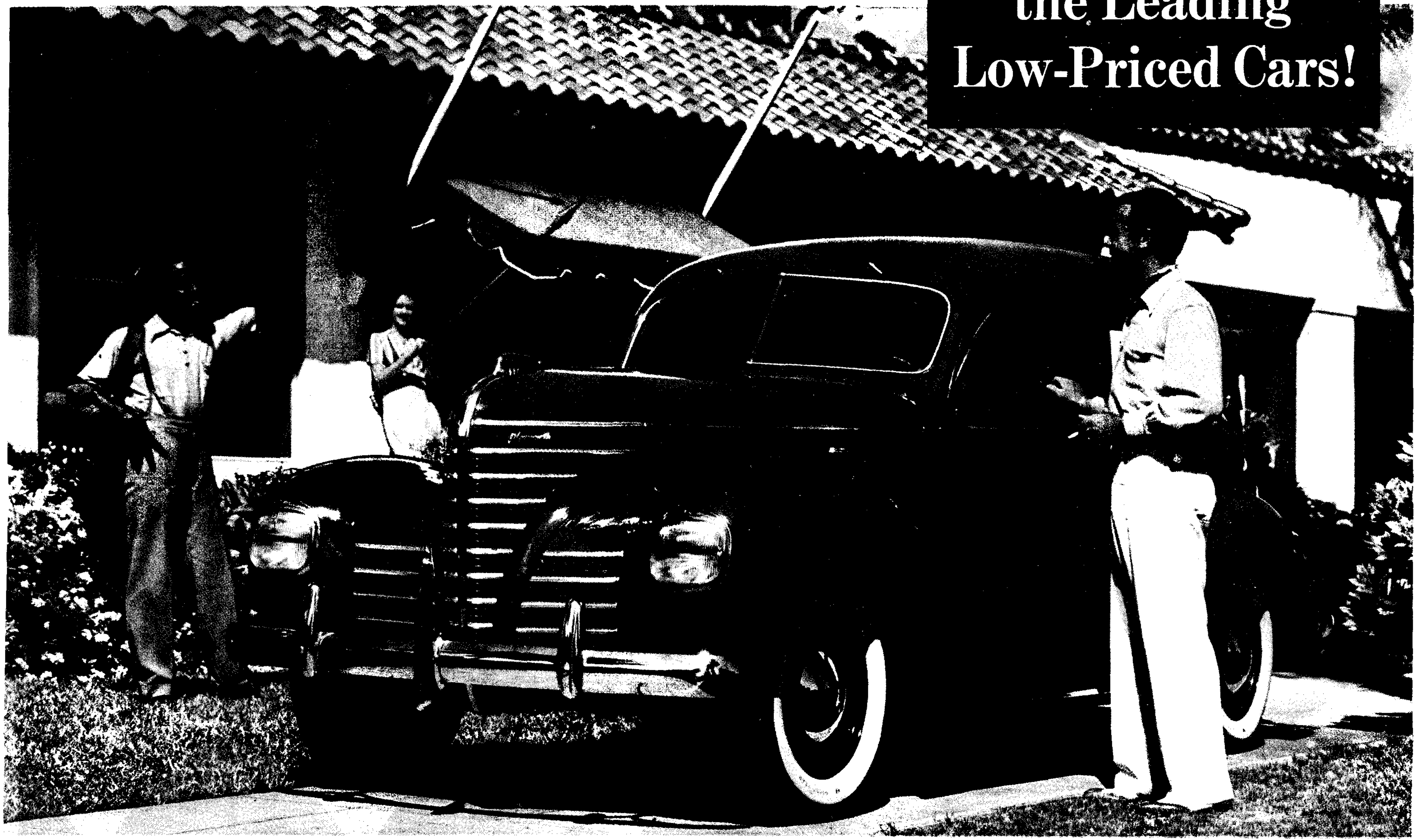

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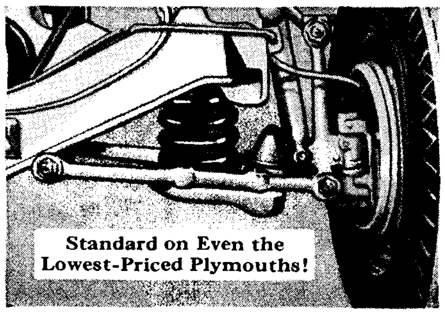
IT'S BIGGER in *size,* in *value*—that's why Plymouth's low price surprises everyone! The tape measure shows Plymouth to be the biggest outside...and the roomiest inside!

Plymouth's big "L-head" engine combines power *with* economy. And no other low-priced car rides so smoothly or handles so easily! In addition, Plymouth has more safety features than any other car in its class!

Your present car will probably represent a large part of Plymouth's low delivered price; balance in low monthly instalments.

NO EXTRA COST!

STANDARD EQUIPMENT on "De Luxe" at no extra cost—Perfected Remote Control shifting with Auto-Mesh Transmission.



NEW AMOLA STEEL COIL SPRINGS, finest design in the industry, give Plymouth its marvelous new riding smoothness.

Low Prices Include: "Detroit delivered prices" include front and rear bumpers, bumper guards, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam with indicator on instrument panel, ash-tray front and rear, sun visor, safety glass and big trunk space (19.6 cubic feet).

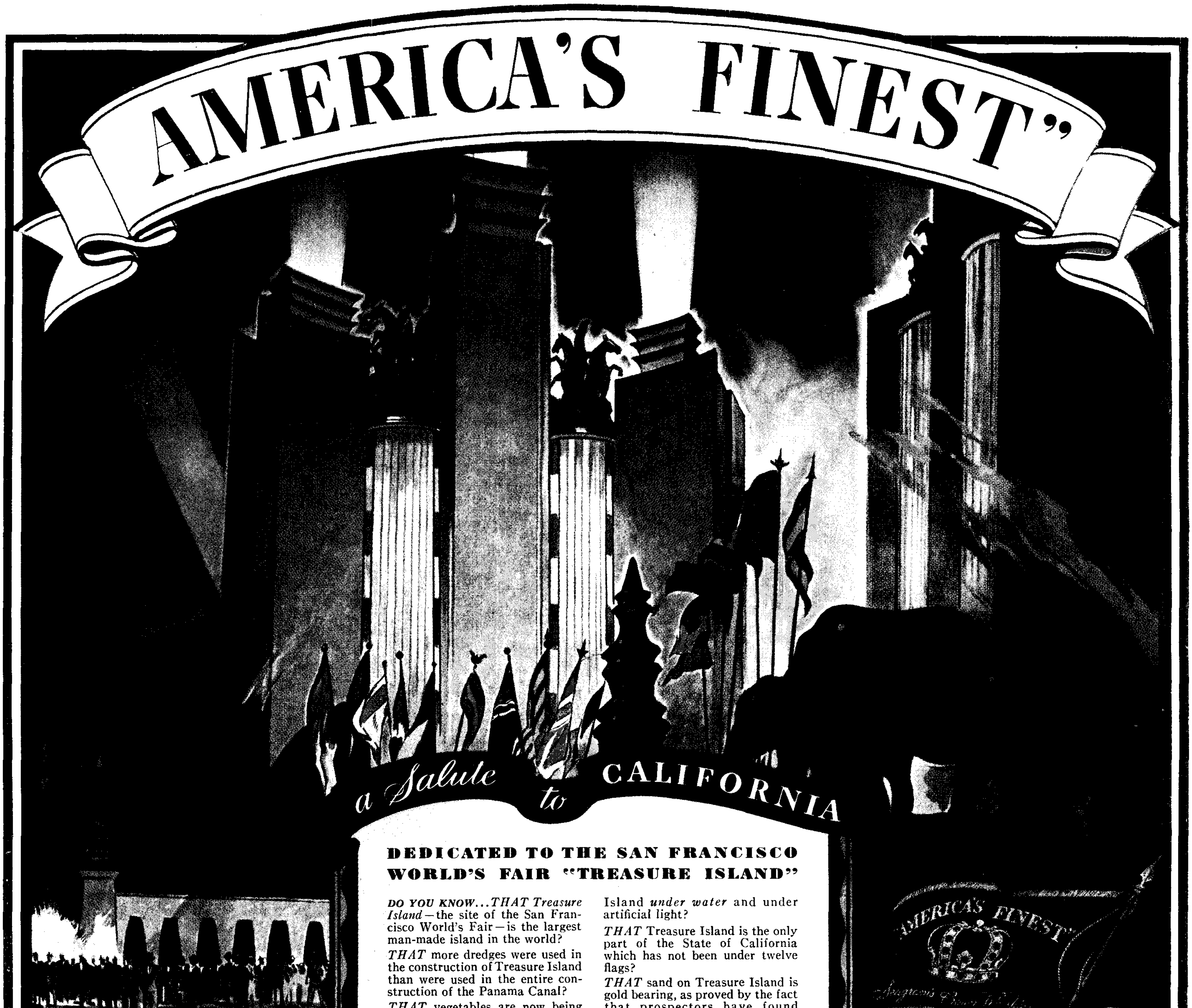
Plymouth "Roadking" models start at $645; "DeLuxe" models slightly higher. Plymouth prices include all federal taxes. Transportation and state, local taxes, if any, not included. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR, C. B. S. NETWORK, THURS., 9-10 P.M., E.S.T.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

NEW "ROADKING"
NEW "DE LUXE"

THIS YEAR PLYMOUTH'S THE CAR


"AMERICA'S FINEST"
a Salute to CALIFORNIA
AMERICA'S FINEST

DEDICATED TO THE SAN FRANCISCO WORLD'S FAIR "TREASURE ISLAND"

DO YOU KNOW...THAT Treasure Island—the site of the San Francisco World's Fair—is the largest man-made island in the world?

THAT more dredges were used in the construction of Treasure Island than were used in the entire construction of the Panama Canal?

THAT vegetables are now being grown at the Fair on Treasure Island *under water* and under artificial light?

THAT Treasure Island is the only part of the State of California which has not been under twelve flags?

THAT sand on Treasure Island is gold bearing, as proved by the fact that prospectors have found "color" after panning?

Watch for other advertisements in this series saluting the 48 states—"America's Finest"

(Above) Magnificent gateway of the Amusement Zone of 1939 San Francisco World's Fair.

From Seagram's "Treasure" Came 7 and 5 Crown – *"America's Finest"*

From the never-ending treasure piled high in Seagram's warehouses, came the famous blends known as Seagram's 7 and 5 Crown.

The richer "7 Crown"... for all its hearty flavor, is still delightfully light—a supreme achievement of Seagram's master blenders. The milder "5 Crown" has a more delicate flavor, a superb fineness of bouquet.

To enjoy a drink from either bottle, is to know the pleasure of "America's Finest."

AT "AMERICA'S FINEST" BARS AND PACKAGE STORES

Seagram's Crown Whiskies

"America's Finest"

Seagram's
Seven Crown
Blended Whiskey
A distinctive whiskey of rare bouquet and full flavor – smooth and mellow
Joseph E. Seagram & Sons Inc.
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S
gram's
5 Crown
Blended Whiskey

90 PROOF

Copr. 1939, Seagram-Distillers Corp., N. Y.

Seagram's Five Crown Blended Whiskey. 72½% neutral spirits distilled from grains. Seagram's Seven Crown Blended Whiskey. 60% neutral spirits distilled from grains.

minded, laughing man, taking the easy way."

"He'd not help them take us!" Dan said stubbornly.

"Why not? Since he must serve them, he's wise to serve them well, and maybe win favor so." Captain Coffin added dryly: "Mat will always butter his bread, Dan'l." He looked toward the pursuing vessel again. "She's coming between No Mans Land and the Vineyard. That will save her distance, so she'll have us, sure."

Dan saw the schooner glide out of sight behind No Mans Land; and he felt an instinctive and unreasonable relief, as though since she could no longer see them they were clear. Along the blue rim of the sea northeasterly there was a line of deeper blue, faint as a dream, where Nantucket and home lay waiting to welcome them. Captain Coffin looked that way, and he said grimly:

"Eh, but it's hard doings to come safe so far and be taken now!"

Dusk dropped like a curtain around them; and then the moonlit night. They watched the northeastern point of No Mans Land where presently the schooner would reappear. When she did, she was a pale phantom in the moon, scarce to be seen at all; and then a cloud shadow hid her.

"I can't see her," Dan said.

"She can us! We're in the moonlight." Captain Coffin raised his glass. "I can make her out. Here, look and see."

DAN took the glass to watch the schooner for a while, and suddenly his heart pounded with hope. "Cap'n Barnabas, you mind that shoal with the rocks on it, the Old Man? It's right in her course, the way she's headed."

"She's not down to it yet, lad." Captain Coffin added: "Mind, Dan'l, they'll have Mat showing them the way."

"Maybe he's going to run her on it so we can get away!"

Captain Coffin shook his head. "He'll not risk his neck. If he tried to trick them, they'd hang him quick as a cat!"

Dan stared at the older man in a cold dismay. "Hang him?" he protested. "Kill him?"

Captain Barnabas looked gently at Dan Folger. "These are war times, Dan," he said. "If the schooner yonder takes us, thee and me may wish for death before it comes."

Dan shook his head in a stubborn disbelief. No one would hang a man like Mat Plaskett, with a cheerful wit in him and a relish for the ludicrous, taking life amiably as it came; yet the thought made Dan feel hollow and empty as a barn in winter with no hay in the mow, when cold winds blow searching through. He leveled the glass again, and he tried to judge the schooner's position. After some minutes, he pressed the glass into the Captain's hand.

"Look yourself, Cap'n," he urged. "She's right on top of the ledge, it looks to me."

He found that without the glass he could see no more than a dim pale blur in the distant night. His heart hit hard against his ribs, and he watched the Captain's face; and for a long time nothing happened. Then suddenly he heard the other whisper sharply:

"Sheer off, Mat! Sheer off, for your neck's sake, man!"

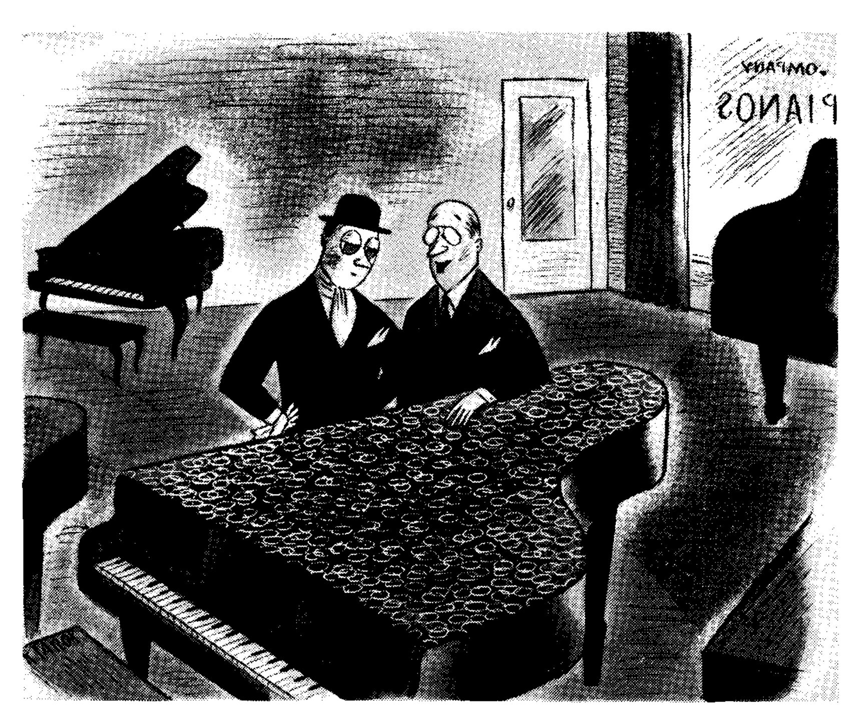
And a moment later, with an abrupt movement, Captain Coffin took down the glass. He said, his calm tones for once shaken: "Dan, she's struck! I saw her fo'm'st go. She's high and dry."

Dan Folger whooped with relief: "Then we're clear!" And with a sudden wonder and pride: "And Mat did it, Cap'n! Cap'n, I said he would!"

"Aye," said Captain Coffin gravely. "Mat did it, Dan'l, to be sure. I was wrong in my judgment. He's a man!" His voice was thick with a passion of strong love and grief commingled. "He's saved us, Dan'l; but they'll be hanging good Mat Plaskett high as Haman now."

WHEN the Lucy, by grace of wind and tide, anchored off Nantucket bar soon after noon next day, they were a sobered lot aboard. Captain Coffin and Dan Folger and Walter Starbuck and most of the others were sure Mat had wrecked the schooner to save them, and that he had been hanged for his pains; and Dan and Captain Coffin discussed what they were to tell Mrs. Plaskett.

"She'll be aboard us as soon as the anchor's down," Captain Barnabas reflected. "She always is, with the newest baby in her arms. Dan, it's a sore thing to have to say Mat's hanged!" And he reflected with an ironic pity: "I've heard there've been times she told him herself he'd live to be hanged; but I doubt this proud way was what she had in mind. That old word will be bitter to her when she knows."



"The top is specially designed—it won't show the marks of cocktail glasses"

R. TAYLOR

"Tell her he was pressed," Dan advised, "and say no more than that."

"The men aboard will tell their wives, so she'll hear in the end."

"They'll only be guessing. It might not be sure."

"There'll be time enough to tell her that, another day," Captain Coffin agreed at last. "With this first ill news to get her used to hurt."

When they dropped anchor off the Bar, the Lucy had already been under convoy for a while. War caught the hundred-odd vessels that were Nantucket's wealth almost all at sea. Every Nantucketer had a stake in the whaling fleet, for oil was the life blood of the island; and, also, most people in the town had relatives afloat, in danger now of capture and the prison ships in which during the Revolution hundreds of Island men had died. So an eager watch was kept for the first glimpse of every returning vessel; and at dawn that day watchers on the cliff had sighted the Lucy.

She came slogging ponderously home, and many a boat went out from town to meet her; skiffs with a man or two in them, or with boys rowing violently; whaleboats well loaded, with strong men at the oars and women in the stern sheets; larger craft of one sort and another. They ranged alongside, shouting to and fro. Captain Coffin saw a small sloop coming up from the westward, and he thought uneasily she might be a tender to some British frigate, racing to cut them off even thus near home; but someone in the shore boats told him she was Charles Hilburn's pilot boat, so he was reassured.

When the anchor was down, there was a rush to board the Lucy, and her decks filled, and Dan Folger caught his own young wife in his arms and forgot other matters till he heard a strong voice behind him:

"Cap'n Barnabas, where's my Mat?"

Dan turned and saw Mrs. Plaskett, with a baby wrapped in her shawl. "Where's my Mat, Cap'n Barnabas?" she asked again, more briskly; and a hush spread suddenly along the Lucy's decks and everyone turned that way. Mrs. Plaskett faced Captain Barnabas, and Dan saw the color drain out of her cheeks, and her lips go white under the impact of the captain's silence. Dan held his own wife close, and Captain Barnabas shook his head, and Mrs. Plaskett cried, in a sudden terrible fear:

"Where is he, man? Don't stand there gawking! Tell me!"

"I've ill news for thee, Mrs. Plaskett," Captain Coffin said reluctantly. Dan swallowed hard, for his lips were dry. Over the heads of the people along the rail behind Mrs. Plaskett, he saw the tip of the sloop's mast, as Hilburn brought her expertly alongside and dropped her sail. "He was pressed by a British schooner, ma'am," said Captain Barnabas.

MRS. PLASKETT'S mouth opened. It kept opening wider and wider, and a strange thin sound began to come out of it; a small, wailing, metallic cry, inhuman and terrible, as though she were choking! Choking? Dan thought suddenly of poor Mat Plaskett dangling by the neck to the yardarm of that schooner pinned on the Old Man, back there by No Mans Land. Mrs. Plaskett wailed in that thin, fearful way; and then there was some stir at the rail behind her as a man swung aboard from Hilburn's sloop. The man burst through the little fringe of people, and caught her in his arms.

It was Mat Plaskett! No doubt of that. Mat Plaskett, safe and sound. Everyone stared for an instant in a gaping silence. Dan blinked to make sure his eyes saw correctly, and Mat kissed his wife resoundingly.

"Well, Mom!" he cried; and he poked a finger at the baby in her arms. "Got this one for me this time, have you? A fine piece of work I call it, too. You never did better. Boy or girl, Mom?"

But she could not speak. She was clinging to him, tugging at him, swept in these brief moments from the heights of welcoming ardor to the depths of dreadful grief, and back to the heights again. Then there were people pressing on Mat to grasp his hand; the men who had been his shipmates slapping his shoulder, too busy crying out their questions to let him answer them. When they would let him speak, he grinned at Captain Coffin.

"That lieutenant was in a rare dither when he found out you'd cheated him, Cap'n. They'd have given me a taste of the cat for not telling them before, but I said you talked with that captain in the cabin, that I heard no word between you." He chuckled. "I'm not a man that sticks to the truth like you, Cap'n. I'll lie out of a licking any time I can."

"No blame to you, Mat."

"So he was bound he'd catch you coming home," Mat went on. "He asked me where to lie and wait for you. I thought you'd come one way, so I made him watch the other; but when we sighted you, her captain—and a bold man he was—was pleased with me. 'We'll have her now,' says he to me. 'Can we slip through between the islands and overhaul her before dark?' And: 'Why not, with me to pilot you?' says I. 'So do,' says he. 'But if you miss,' says he to me, 'we'll try and see will your neck stretch from the deck to yardarm. So make no mistake, my man!' " Mat took the baby from Mrs. Plaskett. "Ho, Mom!" he exclaimed. "Not housebroke yet, this one, it feels to me."

CAPTAIN BARNABAS asked: "Then it was thee wrecked her, Mat?"

"Who else?" Mat added proudly: "And a sharp bit of shooting that was, too, to hit the Old Man on the nose with nought but a cloudy moon to catch my bearings by."

"But then . . . Mat, how got thee clear of that hanging they promised thee?"

"Why, swam clear, to be sure," Mat told him. "D'ye think I'd stay to be hanged when I can swim like a haddock, and nothing to stop me, and Mom here waiting for me at home? I set the schooner on the Old Man, and the minute she hit, with them falling every which way along her decks, over the rail I went." He chuckled mildly. "Oh, they looked for me some with the boats, chasing all about; but a man's head is a small spot to see at night in the water. They thought I'd take the short swim to No Mans Land, and they hunted that way, but I headed for Squibnocket, and made it by and by, and borrowed a horse to carry me to Old Town, and Charles Hilburn was there, and here am I."

There was a shout of approving mirth around him; and Captain Coffin clasped his hand. "Thank'ee, Mat," he said.

"Ho! 'Twas nought!" Mat flushed in mild embarrassment at this unaccustomed praise; and, as though to escape it, he whipped Mrs. Plaskett close with one arm—the baby on the other—and kissed her again.

"Well, Mom," he said, "you're prettier every time I lay an eye on you!" He released her and tossed the baby high. "And you never did a better job than this one," he assured her. The baby gurgled and curds showed on its chuckling lips; and Mrs. Plaskett said briskly:

"That's right, keep a-churning him! Mat Plaskett, you're a bigger fool than ever! You'll live to be hanged! But just the same, I'm glad to have you safe home a while with me."

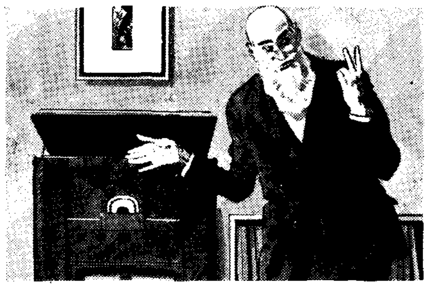
An angel drops in on us . . . dripping wet!

1. One rainy night we're wishing we could afford the opera. We can't, so we start playing our favorite opera records. Suddenly there's a terrific pounding on the door. I open it, and see a bunch of whiskers with a man behind it.

2. "Ze telephone!" he shouts. "I make ze use of him, no?" So, of course, I let him use the telephone. His clothes are soaked, and he's shivering from head to foot.

3. "My car, she is bust," he explains. "I walk here in ze rain to call ze cab." Then my wife said: "We're about to have coffee; it will warm you up." But, "Ah, no!" mourns Whiskers: "Ze coffee, she keep me awake!"

4. "Not this coffee," my wife tells him. "This is Sanka Coffee—97% caffein-free!" "Sure!" I chips in. "But *only* the caffein is taken out—the flavor *stays in!*" Well...Whiskers drank *three cups!*



5. Then he notices the phonograph. "You love ze opera, yes? Well, I am Director of ze opera! If this so delicious Sanka Coffee lets me sleep tonight, I appreciate with two season's passes!"

6. P.S. We got the passes! And it was a sure thing . . . because I just read where the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: "Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden."

REGULAR GRIND
SANKA COFFEE
DRIP GRIND
SANKA COFFEE

SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE . . . 97% CAFFEIN-FREE . . . DRINK IT AND SLEEP

"Drip" or "Regular" Grind. Get a Can at Your Grocer's Today!

TUNE IN "WE, THE PEOPLE" . . . laughs, pathos, thrills, drama, as real people tell true experiences! —Tuesday evening—*Columbia* Network—see your local paper for time and station.

The Green Angel

Continued from page 23

mistakes. Unless she had a confederate who had already left with the toys, she would never get that money. Miss Pond knew Rodney well enough to assume that he would promptly take steps to prevent Yvonne's leaving the house with that precious box of toys. She would be stopped and searched and Rodney would have the toys and Yvonne would never leave this house alive. Of her several mistakes, her greatest was in mentioning that she had seen Rodney kill Harmon. It was obvious to Miss Pond that Yvonne was nothing but a greedy little opportunist and a fool.

Miss Pond waited, listening, until Yvonne said, "Bring the money in an envelope and I'll have the toys there." Then she tiptoed to the stairs and went upstairs to her room. She closed the door and lit a cigarette and began to walk up and down beside a window, checking over her ideas, revising them, questioning them and preparing a definite plan of action.

Taking it all together, here was, Miss Pond decided, a weapon beautifully fashioned to her hand. Thelma Pond did not in the least approve of the way her relationship with Rodney Barnett was ending. It was ending, Rodney had gently told her, tonight. He was giving her a check for fifty thousand dollars, and he was, although he didn't put it that way, discarding her. He was going to marry the Aberdeen girl tomorrow, and he wanted nothing more of Miss Pond.

An ambitious girl, Thelma Pond had had other ideas. She had believed that Rodney had fallen in love with her, and she had been shocked when, shortly after his return from China in the spring, he had informed her that he was going to marry a girl he had met in Shanghai.

It had been a bitter pill for Miss Pond to swallow. Actually, she hadn't swallowed it at all. Being so ambitious, and being so desperately in love with Rodney, she had believed until tonight that something might happen, something magic perhaps, to further her ambitions. She had hoped that Rodney would look at her someday in the office and say, "Thelma! How lovely you are! I can't give you up! I never realized!" But nothing of the kind had happened. He had, little by little, let her see that he wanted their whole relationship to end when he married the Aberdeen girl.

She realized now that if she could secure this immensely valuable box of toys, she could compel him to give up Suzette Aberdeen and marry her. And that was what her dream was. She wanted three things: Rodney Barnett, for himself, because she adored his tall, lean, dark, ruthless attractiveness; she wanted the fun, the prestige of being Mrs. Rodney Barnett, and she wanted to help spend the Barnett millions.

That dream, she believed now, had not been destroyed; it had only been briefly interrupted. Somehow, she could secure the toys from the maid, provided a confederate of Yvonne's had not already left with them. And she would not handle the situation as foolishly as Yvonne was handling it. Thelma Pond was too clever, too experienced, to make the mistakes Yvonne had made.

INSPECTOR TEEPLE, looking slightly tired but still genial, was seated at the desk. The desk had been cleared at one end and a pale, thin young man who looked apologetic and wore tortoise-rimmed glasses was standing there with some paraphernalia that, Suzette supposed, was for taking fingerprints. Another man was standing behind the inspector—a short, stout man of forty with carrot-colored hair and eyes of gentian blue. He had long, thin lips and a square, prominent jaw that gave him a belligerent air.

When Suzette went into the room, the man with gentian eyes seemed to straighten up a little, as if he had been waiting for her to appear and was now suddenly alert and interested. His eyes were insinuating. He looked her over slowly, starting at her hair and working down to her feet, as if he considered every detail of her important. When he looked back at her eyes, Suzette was blushing slightly. She was uneasy and annoyed.

Rodney and William Boone were standing in front of the desk, facing the inspector and the man with gentian-blue eyes. A policeman stood just inside the door.

Inspector Teeple said to the policeman, "All right, Dan. Go outside and don't let anyone in."

WHEN the policeman had gone out and shut the door, the inspector said, "This is Sergeant Dutton, Miss Aberdeen." The man behind him nodded jerkily and stared hard at Suzette without smiling. Suzette looked at him steadily a moment, then looked away. "And this"—the inspector inclined his head toward the pale young man with glasses—"is Mr. Winter, of the fingerprint bureau."

The pale young man with glasses smiled and Suzette smiled, too. Sergeant Dutton began taking small steps toward the end of the desk, keeping his eyes on Suzette.

"We have established that the bullet that killed Mr. Boone's valet was fired from this revolver," Inspector Teeple said. "And we think we have traced the revolver. Its serial number tallies with the serial number of a .32-caliber Benton and Smith in the collection in the pistol range. That particular revolver is missing from the collection."

He was addressing Rodney. Now he glanced at Suzette.

"You were in the range earlier this evening, weren't you, Miss Aberdeen?"

"Yes."

"With Mr. Barnett?"

"Yes."

Sergeant Dutton was staring at her with an expression of the greatest skepticism.

The inspector said, "You fired a .32-caliber Benton and Smith revolver at a target, didn't you, Miss Aberdeen?"

Suzette was beginning to feel rebellious. "Yes."

"Was it this one?"

"I don't know enough about revolvers to say," she answered.

The sergeant said belligerently, "You're a crack shot, aren't you? You know a lot about revolvers, don't you?"

"Just a moment, Sergeant," Rodney interrupted. "I'll vouch for Miss Aberdeen. She doesn't know anything about firearms. As a matter of fact, I gave her her first lesson in shooting tonight in the pistol range."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Barnett," Sergeant Dutton said, "but this is a murder, and we can't let anybody vouch for anybody. This young lady took a revolver and hit a bull's-eye with it, and that doesn't sound like a beginner to me."

"If it will make you any happier," Suzette said demurely, "then I'm really a dead shot."

The inspector smiled and said, "Suppose we skip that for a moment. What we are trying to get at, Miss Aberdeen, is whether this revolver that killed Mr.

Boone's valet is the same one you shot in the pistol range. Mr. Winter has found three distinct sets of fingerprints on this revolver. Mr. Boone's are on it, of course, because, according to his account, he picked it up and examined it when he found Harmon was dead. We have checked his fingerprints with those on the revolver, and we find that they match."

"You mean you want to take my fingerprints," Suzette said.

"Yes, Miss Aberdeen. Yours and Mr. Barnett's. Mr. Barnett loaded the revolver for you, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"Then your fingerprints and Mr. Barnett's should be the other two sets that Mr. Winter found if our guess is correct. Our guess is that after you left the range someone went in there and took this revolver and shot Harmon with it. Do you object to having your fingerprints taken?"

"Not at all," Rodney said.

"No," Suzette said.

RODNEY smiled at her, and she wondered how he could be so serene if he had killed Harmon. He unfolded his arms and went to the end of the table, where Mr. Winter was, and said, indulgently, "Now, just what do we do?"

And Suzette's eyes drifted to Bill Boone. He was looking at her and he wasn't smiling. She wanted to say, "Bill, don't let it get you down. Everything's going to work out." She wanted to comfort him and she was surprised that even here, under all this tension, she felt just as she had from the beginning. And she reflected, "It's absurd to fall in love like this, but there isn't any question about it and there never was. And I've got to help him somehow, because he's a lamb."

"All right, Miss Aberdeen," the inspector said. Rodney moved back as she went to the end of the desk. Sergeant Dutton came and stood beside her with an air of closing in.

Mr. Winter was studying Rodney's fingerprints on a sheet of paper. He said calmly, "Mr. Barnett's prints are on the gun, Inspector. All right, Miss Aberdeen."

Sergeant Dutton crowded in a little closer. When Mr. Winter had taken Suzette's fingerprints, he studied the right thumb print quickly and said in the same calm voice, "And Miss Aberdeen's prints are on the gun."

"Ah!" Sergeant Dutton said in a whisper.

Suzette turned quickly and saw that look in his eyes and said, "Ah!" mockingly.

"What do you say we have a little talk, Miss Aberdeen?"

"I'd adore it," Suzette said.

He took her to the end of the room and, pitching his voice low, said, "How long have you known this fellow Boone?"

Suzette hesitated. This might be important, and it might not.

"Since this afternoon," she said.

Sergeant Dutton slowly shook his head, in the manner of a man whose first law is tolerance. "You might just as well tell the truth, Miss Aberdeen. You see, we have lots of ways of checking up. Fact is, you've been sweet on Boone for a long time. Now, isn't that right?"

She looked at him demurely and said, "You detectives have the most amazing way of finding things out, haven't you?"

"It's our business. You might just as well tell the truth. How long have you known Boone?"

She tilted her head a little and looked at Sergeant Dutton with coquetry. "Since this afternoon."

He shook his head again, with that air of tolerance. "It won't work, Miss Aberdeen. You've been seen coming out of his apartment."

"Not really," Suzette said.

"Yes, Miss Aberdeen. And this fellow, this Harmon, knew what was going on."

"And," Suzette said eagerly, "Harmon was trying to blackmail me because he knew Mr. Barnett would be simply furious if he learned I was having this affair with Mr. Boone, so I lured Harmon up into the attic and shot him. Isn't that what you're getting at, Sergeant?"

Sergeant Dutton looked at her with low-lidded eyes.

"You were sure you'd find my fingerprints on that revolver," Suzette went on. "And when you did, you worked out this perfectly priceless theory that I'd killed Harmon, and then you worked out this motive."

Sergeant Dutton's face was growing red.

"Isn't that about right?" Suzette said.

"You think pretty fast, don't you?" the detective said.

Suzette said modestly, "Oh, not so very. What puzzles me is, while you were checking all these other things up, you didn't find out that I reached New York from Shanghai only this morning, and that's it's the first time I've been away from Shanghai in more than a year."

Sergeant Dutton's face grew redder and she could see a vein beating in his left temple. "Just the same," he said heavily, "you know plenty."

Rodney came down the room and said amiably, "What is it, darling?"

"Sergeant Dutton, I think, is the kind of detective who always shouts *cherchez la femme*, and he seems to have the idea that I was the *femme*. I've just been disillusioning him."

Rodney smiled a little and said, "Hereafter, Dutton, if you have any questions to ask Miss Aberdeen, you'd better consult with me first. I don't approve of this sort of thing."

Sergeant Dutton looked as if he wanted to say something of a blunt nature, but he said nothing.

INSPECTOR TEEPLE looked up from his pad. Bill Boone was bending over the desk, talking to him in a voice too low for Suzette to hear. The inspector looked up past him as Rodney and Suzette came toward the desk, and said, "Now, Mr. Barnett. There's been a question raised."

"By Mr. Boone?" Rodney said amiably.

"Do you mind telling us," the inspector answered, "just where you were between eleven-thirty and twelve?"

"Not at all," Rodney said, and frowned a little, as if he were concentrating. "Shortly before eleven, Miss Aberdeen and I went down to the pistol range. We were there, I should say, until eleven-fifteen. At about that time Foster, one of the footmen, came in and told me that some of my more boisterous guests had thrown him into the pool because there was no more champagne. You might check that time with Foster."

"We have," Sergeant Dutton said grimly. "He said it was eleven-ten."

Rodney smiled at him and said, "I'm glad to know you're so thorough, Sergeant. Very well. It was eleven-ten. Before I could attend to the champagne, half a dozen young men and girls came in and said they wanted to go riding. Miss Aberdeen and I went to the stables, to tell the head groom they could ride if they wished, then we found my butler and told him to bring up more champagne. I suppose that was about eleven-thirty. You might ask the butler."

"I did," Sergeant Dutton said. "It was about eleven-thirty."

Rodney raised his eyebrows. "Thank heaven, I wasn't lying about that. I can see that it never pays to lie to the police."

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"Never," Sergeant Dutton grimly confirmed.

"After we'd seen the butler," Rodney proceeded, "Miss Aberdeen and I went out onto the terrace again and we danced. After we'd danced for a while, we went to the downstairs bar for a drink, and we were having it when Williams, the footman, came in and told me that you wanted to see me here."

The inspector said, "Of course, you can verify all this, Miss Aberdeen?"

Suzette said absently, "What, Mr. Teeple?"

"I said, you verify all this that Mr. Barnett has just said."

"Oh, yes. Of course."

Inspector Teeple lifted his shoulders slowly and slowly let them fall as he looked up at the muralist.

"Well, Mr. Boone; once again it seems to put it pretty squarely up to you."

Bill nodded gravely. "It does, doesn't it?"

The inspector straightened up. "You may all go. And, Mr. Boone, if you please, you're not to leave the house."

Bill glanced again at Suzette and said, "Very well, Inspector."

HE WALKED to the door. As Suzette and Rodney started to leave, the inspector said, "Just a moment, Mr. Barnett—Miss Aberdeen. You can go, Mr. Boone."

When he was gone, Sergeant Dutton said, "About this pistol range, now. I've been checking it up. When you and Miss Aberdeen went there, was the door locked or unlocked?"

"Locked," Rodney said. "I distinctly remember unlocking it."

"Did you lock it when you went out?"

Rodney frowned. "I don't remember. I don't think so."

"It has a spring lock," the sergeant reminded him. "When you went in, you must have set the lock before you shut the door, so it wouldn't lock itself."

Rodney nodded vaguely. "Perhaps I did. I don't remember, Sergeant."

"Was it locked when Foster came to ask you about the champagne?"

"No."

"Was it closed?"

"Yes. He opened it and came in."

Sergeant Dutton was smiling thinly. "Then you must have set the lock when you went in, so that it was unlocked."

"I suppose so."

"Were you the last out?"

"No. Yes, I was."

"Not Foster?"

"No, Sergeant. I was the last to leave."

Sergeant Dutton nodded with satisfaction. "That's what Foster says. He says you were the last out and that he was sure you didn't stop to spring the lock when you closed the door. So that the door must have been unlocked."

"That's rather shrewd reasoning," Suzette said.

Sergeant Dutton glanced at her with dislike. "Well, how about it?" he said bluntly. "You were there. A girl as smart as you are notices things. Was the door unlocked when you left the range or wasn't it?"

"I don't remember. May I go now, Inspector?"

"Yes, Miss Aberdeen. But I may need you again shortly."

"I won't leave the house."

She left the room and looked quickly up and down the hall. The hall was empty. She wanted to find Bill Boone. There were some important things she had to say to Bill Boone, but she did not know where to look for him.

As she hesitated, uncertain, she heard someone at a piano playing the opening notes of Nola very softly and slowly with one finger. She went to the music room. Bill was at the piano. His left elbow was on the music rack. His head, inclined, was resting on the knuckles of his left hand, and with one finger of his right hand he was thoughtfully poking at the keys. His whole attitude was one of deep thought.

She said sharply, "Bill!" And ran across the room to him.

He looked up and around, still so deep in thought that he was hardly aware of her. His eyes slowly cleared and he really saw her. She was still a slim dark girl with a definite air of mystery about her. Her white dress, with its small ruffles all the way to her feet, emphasized her slimness, and the lozenges of water jade at her ears emphasized her mystery. With her clear dark skin and the green little pendants at her ears, she was fascinating. He looked at her thoughtfully, but with appreciation; and he reflected: "How can anyone so lovely be such a little heel?"

She was standing so that she could see the doorway. She said breathlessly, "Bill, there's something I've got to tell you about the pistol range. Ever since I first saw that revolver that killed your valet, I've been trying to remember something that was in my mind and I couldn't quite grasp it. And then when I found out just now in there that it really was the revolver I'd shot in the range, all of a sudden I remembered what I'd been trying to remember."

Looking at her thoughtfully, Bill said, "What is it?"

"Listen." She glanced again at the door. "I don't dare stay here more than a moment. I don't dare be seen talking to you. Will you do something for me? Will you tell Teeple what I'm going to tell you?"

Bill nodded.

"And ask him if he'll treat it as a confidence? I want him to know, but no one else must know about it."

"I can do my best," Bill said. "What is it?"

"The trouble is, I'm not sure. But, Bill—" She stopped. She looked at the doorway again and bent closer to him. "Bill, I think that when Rodney and I left the pistol range, he did not put that revolver back in the case. I could almost swear he put it in his pocket."

Bill's eyes had sharpened and he gave the impression of having abandoned his relaxed, thoughtful attitude, but his answer was leisurely: "But you're not sure."

"No. But I don't think he put it back in the case."

LOOKING at her eyes, which were darker than he had ever seen them, then at her lips, which were parted with excitement, he said gravely, "Why should you be telling me a thing like this?"

She said quickly: "You'll tell Teeple and impress on him that it's in strict confidence—"

"May I mention you?"

"Of course!"

"But—" Bill began, still with that puzzled air.

"You will?"

"Sure! Certainly! But I don't understand—"

She was walking rapidly away from him. She did not hesitate or look back. He watched the lowermost ruffle of that enchanting white gown as it vanished into the hall, then he turned back to the piano, dropped his cheek to his left hand and started poking at the keys again with the forefinger of his right hand.

He was still dazzled by the importance of this if she was right. Against it and any honest motive she might have had for confiding it to him was the fact that she was in love with Rodney and going to marry him, or if she wasn't in love with him, at least she was going to marry him. Why, Bill Boone wondered, summing it all up, was she jeopardizing Rodney by such a dangerous disclosure?

No—not a disclosure. An intimation.

He had believed all along that Rodney had killed Harmon, and now here was an intimation, from the strangest of sources, that his assumption was correct. But why had Suzette taken the risk of telling him, and why, he wondered, was she so frightened?

THE inspector looked up from the pad to the flushed face, the excited blue eyes of the girl who stood before him.

"You see, Miss Barnett," he said gently, "Jim Clover tells me that you were dancing with him, and with other men, all the time between eleven-thirty and midnight."

Nancy's eyes were defiant. Her manner was belligerent. "You mean, you're taking his word against mine?"

He was looking up at her sympathetically. "I want you to look at it this way, Miss Barnett. I know that your sympathies are with Mr. Boone and that they're not with your stepfather. I'll admit there are many things we can't yet explain, but you should know that what you're doing is more harmful to Mr. Boone than otherwise. You wanted to give Mr. Boone an alibi, but what you don't realize is that if he is innocent he is better off with no alibi than with a false one, because if you were lying, we can prove it without much trouble. You want to help Mr. Boone, don't you?"

His expression was benevolent. Nancy, still staring at him with defiance, said, "Yes, because he's innocent."

"Very well. If he's innocent, we'll find out about it."

"Not," Nancy said bitterly, "with my stepfather using every trick in the bag to prove him guilty!"

Inspector Teeple sighed and sat back in his chair. "That's our job, Miss Barnett. And you'll make it much easier for us if you don't complicate things with any more lies."

Nancy said scornfully, "All right, Inspector. I'll be a good little girl and sit tight and hope that the truth will prevail and murder will out."

"Thank you, Miss Barnett."

Bill gripped the edge of the desk with both hands. His eyebrows were a flat dark stroke above his eyes, and his eyes were squeezed half shut and bright with the intensity of his thinking. Inspector Teeple sat in his familiar attitude, drawing lines and arrows and cobwebs on a pad, not looking at him but giving what he was saying his closest attention.

"I'll express it as clearly as I can," Bill said. "I've been absolutely convinced from the beginning that Rodney Barnett killed my valet. And now things are complicated by three sets of fingerprints being found on the revolver—mine, his and Miss Aberdeen's."

"Yes, Mr. Boone," the inspector said mildly. "So what?"

"I know when I left my prints on that gun," Bill went on, "because there was only one time when I saw that gun and handled it. Rodney and Suzette, according to their own testimony and the footman's, made theirs in the pistol range."

"Yes, Mr. Boone. Again—so what?"

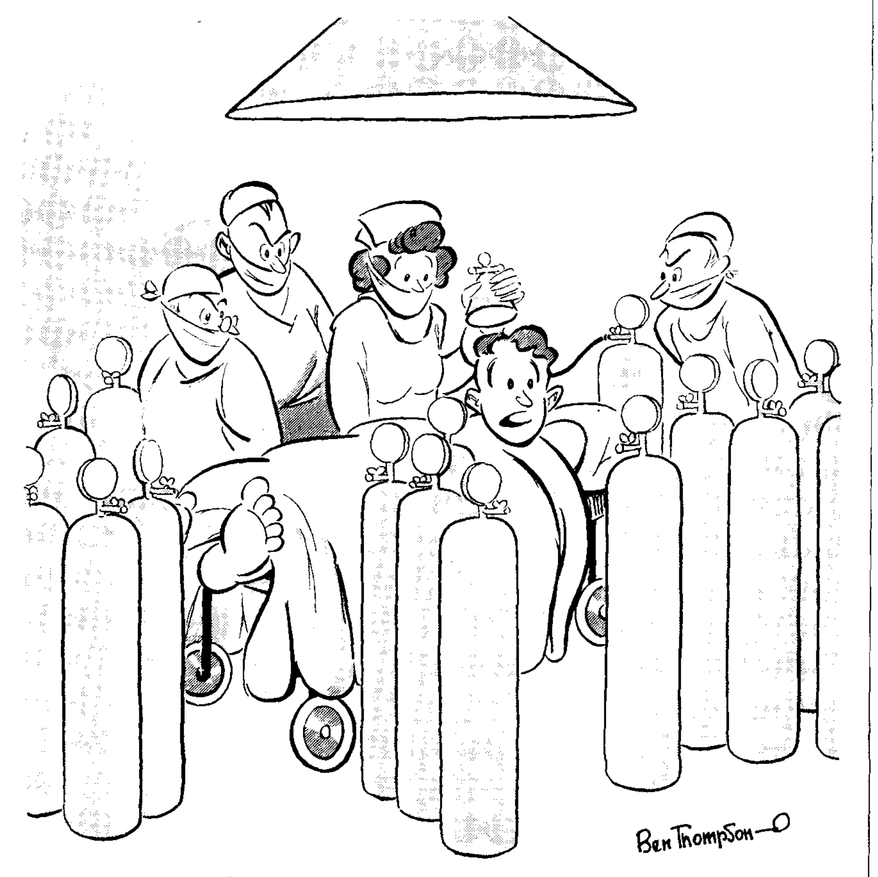
"This, Inspector. I realize that I am the only person who really knows that I handled that revolver innocently when I found it beside my valet. Rodney's and Suzette's fingerprints were innocently present on the revolver at that time because they had handled it earlier in the pistol range. Now, I believe that Rodney used that revolver to kill Harmon and thereby left more fingerprints on it, and these fingerprints, as far as you are concerned, were the prints he left on it in the pistol range."

"That would be hard to prove," Inspector Teeple said.

"Just a moment," Bill said. "Now assuming that I can make you believe that my own fingerprints on the gun are innocent, would it have been possible for a hypothetical fourth person to have stolen that revolver from the range—that is, to have handled it between the time Rodney and Suzette had it and the time I picked it up?"

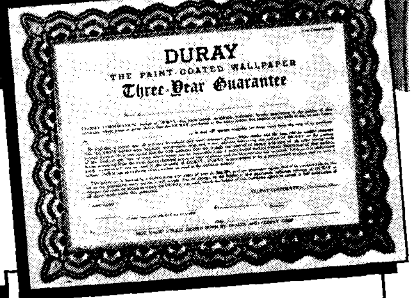
"If you wish," the inspector said, "we'll assume that. Go on, Mr. Boone."

With that air of frowning intensity, Bill said: "I mean, a hypothetical fourth person might have used the gun and not wiped it clean, because Rodney's and Suzette's fingerprints were on it. Is it possible for that person to have handled the gun with gloves without smudging the fingerprints already there?"



"It's my cold—I can't smell a thing"

BEN THOMPSON



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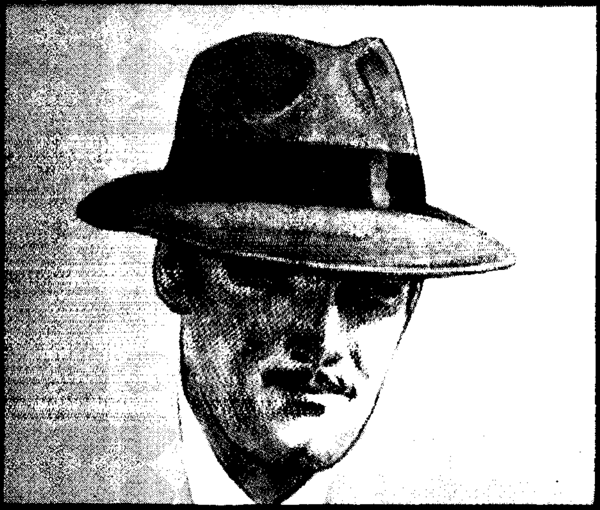

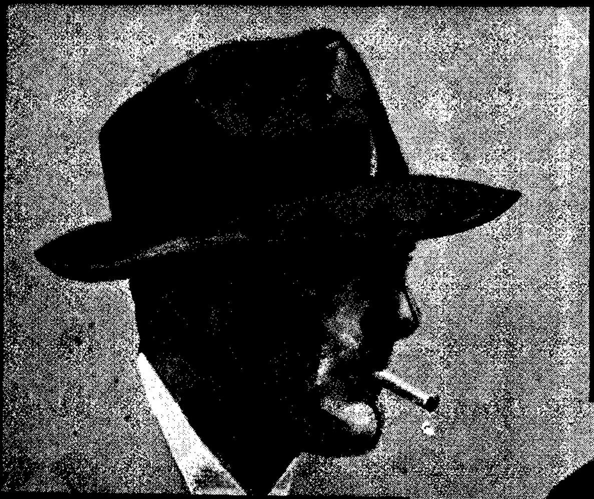

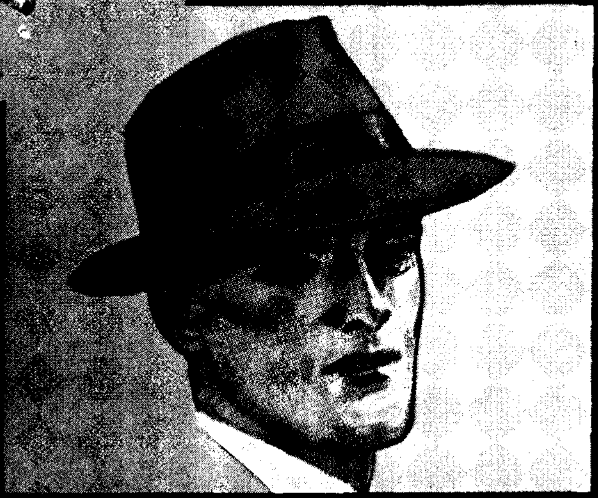

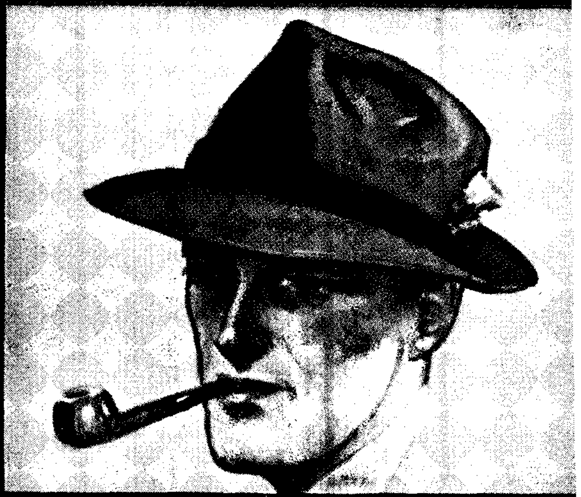

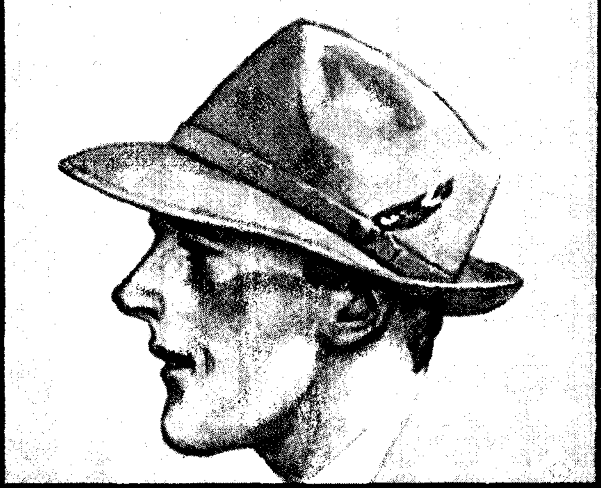

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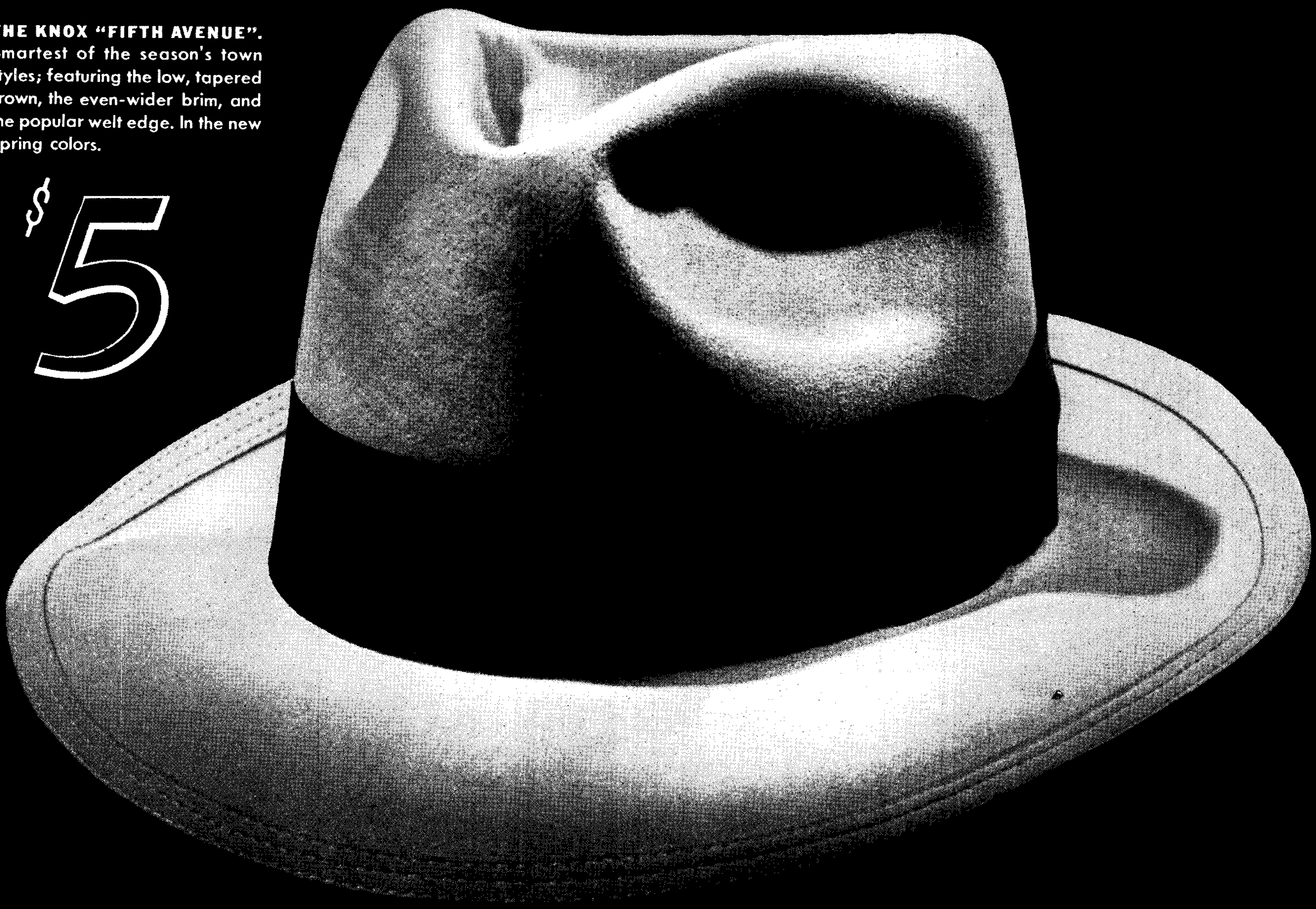

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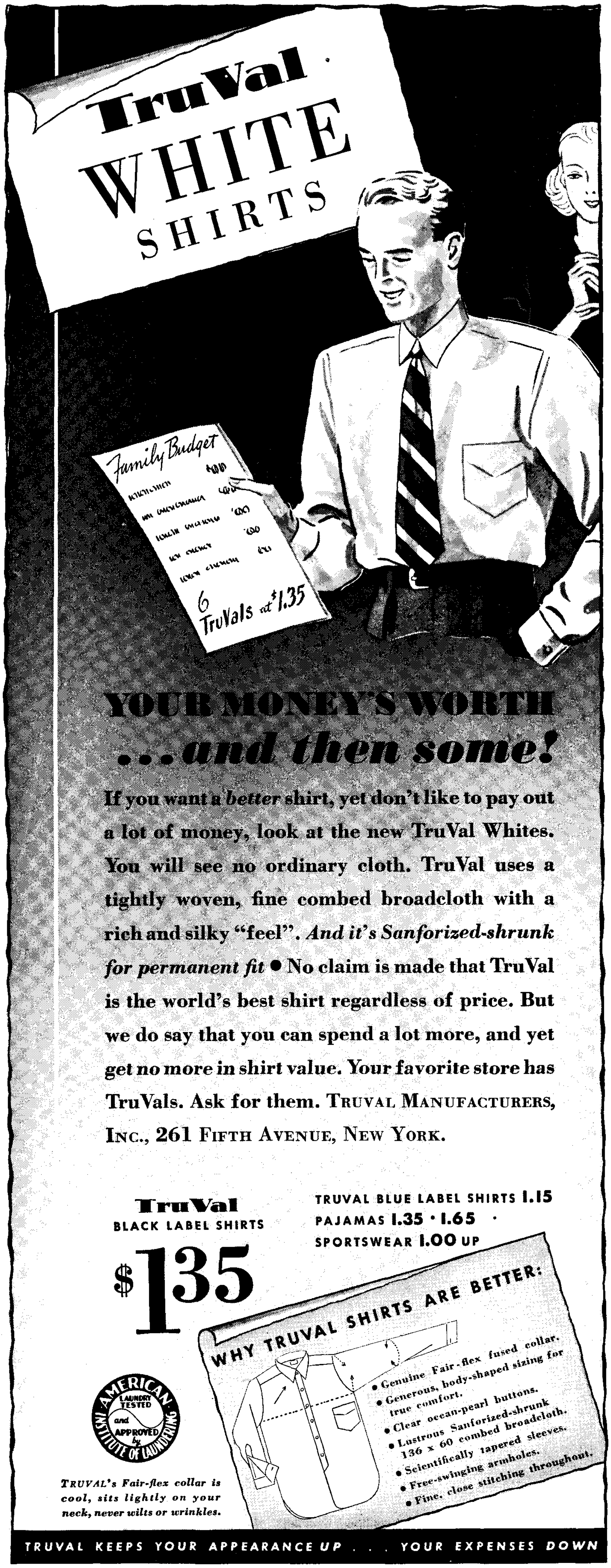

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The inspector looked up quickly. "That's a nice point, Mr. Boone, but it won't help. Yes, it would have been possible for a person with gloves to have handled the gun without smudging Mr. Barnett's and Miss Aberdeen's fingerprints."

"All right, then," Bill said. "I'm sorry. I'd have liked to have proved by that that nobody could have handled it between the time it was handled in the range and when I picked it up."

"Why?" the inspector said. "Because that narrows it right down to you."

"No, it doesn't," Bill disagreed. "It narrows it down to this point: I killed him, or either of the two people who handled it previously killed him. You can't tell, can you, when they made those prints—I mean, in what order all those prints were made on that gun?"

"No, Mr. Boone."

BILL said with satisfaction: "That's what I'm getting at. Suzette and Rodney made fingerprints on this revolver when they handled it in the pistol range. If either one of them handled it afterward, in the attic, the fingerprints they left then would be, as far as you are concerned, the innocent fingerprints they made in the pistol range."

The inspector nodded. "Yes, Mr. Boone. Although this may not be plausible, it certainly is possible."

"Now," Bill said, with the air of a man clinching a point, "I don't believe for a moment that Miss Aberdeen killed my valet. And I know I didn't kill him."

"Oh, of course, you're back to your contention that Mr. Barnett did."

"I've never been away from it," Bill said. "I've just had a rather surprising talk with Miss Aberdeen. What she told me was very interesting. Why she told me was even more interesting—something I'll probably never know. She was very excited and didn't want to be seen with me, but she wanted me to tell you and to specify that it is in the strictest confidence."

Inspector Teeple was looking up at him. "Why didn't she come to me?"

Bill shrugged. "You'll have to ask her that. I don't know anything about it except what she told me, which is this: She says she is almost sure that when she and Rodney left the pistol range, he did not put that revolver back into the case but into his pocket."

The inspector got up. He placed his hands palm down on the desk and looked at Bill's mouth. He was biting his upper lip. He was weighing what Bill had said, doubting it, distrusting it, considering it.

Bill said rapidly: "Ever since she saw that gun on the desk here, she's been convinced it was the one she had used in the range. She was trying to remember something about it all this time and that's what it was. She finally remembered."

"But she wasn't sure," the inspector said sharply.

"No. She wasn't sure. But it does one thing. It certainly casts a doubt on Rodney's accounting of himself."

"Now just a moment," the inspector said. He sat down again and looked up at Bill. "She told me here—while you were here—that she was with Mr. Barnett every minute from eleven until after twelve."

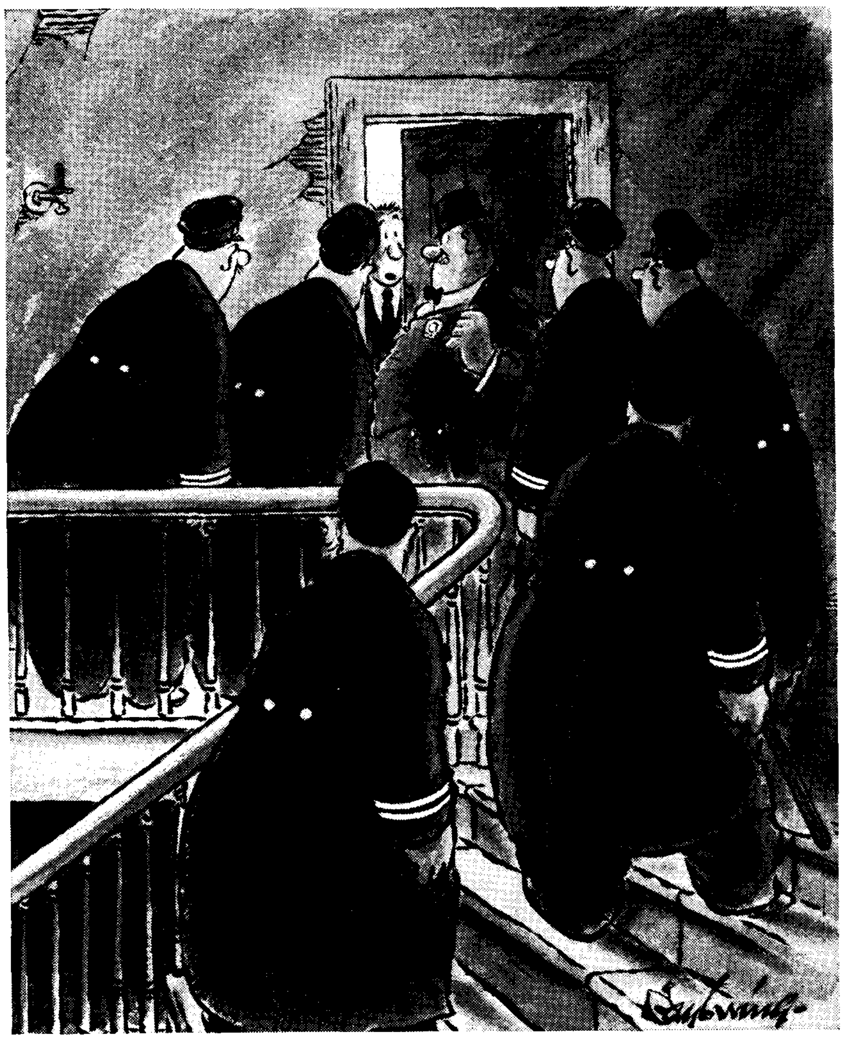
Bill nodded. "Yes. I thought of that, too—naturally. That part of it is up to you."

"But she's contradicting herself, Mr. Boone."

"Yes," Bill agreed, "but you'll notice that she's not contradicting herself in front of Mr. Barnett. There must be some reason why she wants this to be confidential."

The inspector picked up his pencil again. He murmured, "Just what are you indicating?"

(To be continued next week)



"We're the police"

JAY IRVING

Moonin' Round the Mountain

Continued from page 11

low limb on the blackjack saplin' that stood in Treecy's yard. Moll was a-prancin' under the tree. She'd tramped a circle under the saplin' just the length of the bridle rein.

"Whoa, Moll," I says. "You're wantin' to go home, ain't you, gal?" I jumped in the saddle. I thought about the Short Branch graveyard. I thought about the Hatfield graves there. Grandpa and Pap buried side by side under the oak trees. Moonshine got Pap. Moonshine got Grandpa. Moonshine would get me. It had already got me. I couldn't get the gal I loved. Moonshine stood between us.

I rode down the path from Treecy's log house on the Short Branch hill. I rode toward the county road that leads over the hill past the graveyard. I'll tell you I felt funny. I felt lonesome. I couldn't keep from cryin'.

"I can't stand it, Moll," I says. I pulled a horse-quart o' moonshine from my saddlebags. I took a big swig. Then I took another. I hadn't rid to the county road until I took another swig. I took another and another. I killed the whole bottle. "Let's go home, Moll," I says. "Let's go past the Short Branch graveyard."

THE trees reeled past me. The ground came up and met me. One hand on my bridle rein and one on my .44—I went up Short Branch toward the graveyard. When I got right below the church house, I began to feel funny. I heard a voice. I kept my hand on the .44 in my left holster.

"Ace, oh, Ace," I heard someone say—it sounded like Pap—"Ace, my boy, you are goin' to the dogs. You are on the road to hell and damnation. I'm your Pap—Ace—look over here—I can't leave! I'm bounded by the ground plane. I'm tied to this old world. I'm a spirit."

"You didn't do so well, Pap," I says. "It was from your bottle that I learned to drink—"

"Don't talk to me like that," says Pap—Moll began to prance. She was afraid of Pap's spirit. We had to ride past it. It was under the oak tree just ahead of us—right by Pap's grave—I could see him just as plain as I ever saw him in life. He was standin' there in the black suit we buried him in. His white beard came halfway down the front of his coat. When he talked his chin worked—and his beard moved back and forth.

"Pap, I don't want to shoot at your spirit," I says, "but I will if you don't shet your mouth. I'll let you have six hot bullets right between the eyes—"

"Do better, Ace, my boy," Pap says. "You'll be where I am if you don't quit drinkin' Toodle Powell's moonshine. I drunk it fer forty years. Look where it has put me. You'll never get Treecy until you do better!"

Moll stopped. She nearly bucked me over her head. She snorted. She stood on her hind feet. "You're scarin' my horse, Pap," I says. "Clear out. Git back in th' grave!"

"Son—your Ma—" Pap started—I couldn't stand it any longer. I pulled my .44 from my left holster. I emptied it right at Pap's white beard. He throwed up his hands. He hollered—I didn't take any chances. I pulled my .38 from my right holster. I started pumpin' the hot lead at Pap's spirit with my .38. He went back in the grave. I spurred Moll in the ribs. "Let's go, Moll," I says. . . .

I don't remember how I got home. I woke up the next mornin' in bed. I thought it was a dream about shootin' at Pap. But both of my pistols were emptied. I had an awful headache. I never told Ma at the breakfast table what had happened. It would have worried Ma. Alf Jackson came down after breakfast. He said he heard a regular gun battle up on the hill at the graveyard last night. Said pistols blazed and men hollered. He ast Ma if she heard 'em. Ma said she didn't.

I went to the barn to feed Moll. She was in her stall. The bridle was on her manger where I always put it. The saddle was in the corncrib where I always left it. I had to ride over on the fur hill and get the terbacker barn ready fer the terbacker. After Moll et, I saddled her. I rid toward the terbacker barn. I had told Elmer Adkins and Flint Woods to be there to help me on Monday mornin'. I didn't feel like work. But I went to work anyway.

Elmer and Flint were there. It took two to hold the crossbars while one drove spikes in them to hold them fer the heavy terbacker sticks. August would soon be gone. I'd haf to cut my terbacker before frost. It was colorin' now. Lord, I felt tough. I had to work. I dreaded it.

"Have a little snort, Ace," says Elmer. "This will liven your spirits." Elmer pulled out a horse-quart.

"It just saves me," I says, "I'm feelin' tough this mornin'."

Elmer took a swig. Flint took a swig.

"Not too much, boys," I says, "we've got a lot of climbin' to do in the barn today."

Elmer could climb like a gray squirrel—a little thin man with big feet and big hands and a round pair of owlish-gray eyes. His black hair stood up like feathers on his head. Flint was a short man like I am—thick through the shoulders with a bull neck and red saw-brier beard on a hard iron-lookin' face. He would drink his horse-quart of moonshine and do as big a day's work as any man. I could drink 365 horse-quarts of old Toodle Powell's moonshine in a year and farm more land than any of the ten men livin' on Duck Puddle.

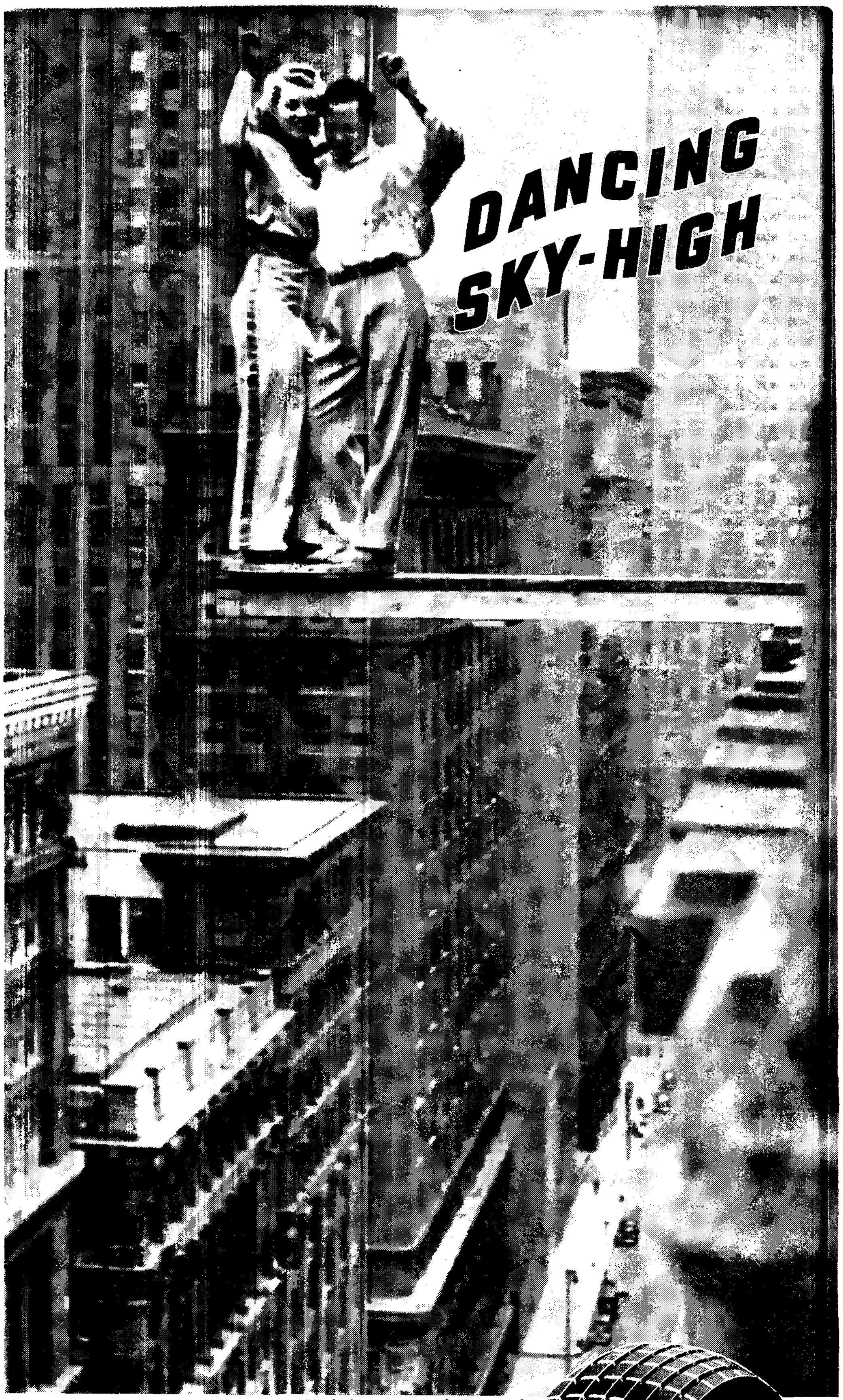
I WAS standin' on some loose boards purt nigh at the comb of the terbacker barn. I was lookin' up at the roof. I had my hammer in my hand. I saw somethin' like a black clod of dirt—just 'peared like it leaped at my throat like a bullet. I struck at it with my hammer. I missed it. It dabbed me in the Adam's apple. It socked me like a wasp. I felt the sting. I knocked it off on a plank. I set my foot on it. I smashed it. It was a funny-looking spider.

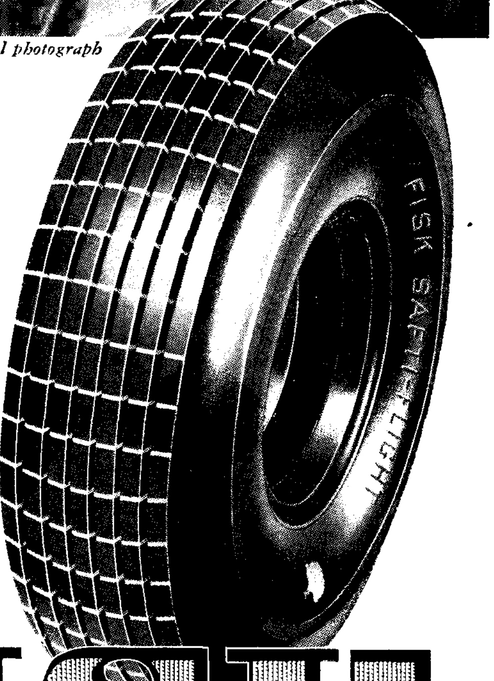
"I'm hurt, Elmer," I says. "A funny-lookin' spider dove out'n th' comb of the barn and socked me on the Adam's apple. It stung me like a wasp. I feel sick already. Come here—you and Flint." The last I remembered Flint and Elmer were lettin' me down out'n the barn loft with a block and tackle. It just seemed like I went to sleep.

When I waked up I was at the house. The room was filled with people. Treecy was there. She was wipin' tears out'n her purty blue eyes with th' corner o' her apron. Ma was cryin'. Elmer was standin' at the foot of my bed and smokin' his pipe. Flint was standin' beside of him.

"He's opened his eyes," says Treecy. "He's comin' to—Ace is comin' to!"

"He ain't done it!" says old Doc. He was standin' at the side of my bed with a pill bag in his hand. "I'd like to think Ace is comin' to. It's been seven days since that spider bit him. It bit him in a bad place. It's pizened his whole system." Old Doc begin to cry. "Old Ace





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A little goes a longer way

is a goner, I'm afraid. He's in the same fix as a lot of men I've doctored in my time. He's just come to, to say a few words before he passes on to the Great Beyond."

"You're drunk, Doc," says Flint. "You're on a cryin' drunk! Do somethin' fer Ace. He's revived. Look at his glassy eyes."

"I've revived him, ain't I?" says Doc. "Whose patient is Ace—mine or yours? Who's got this case, young man? My body may look old but my heart is still young. I'm still th' doctor here, I'll have you to know."

I couldn't talk. I tried to speak. Just seemed like I couldn't get the words out. Seemed like my face was bloated and my neck was big as a bull's neck.

Doc sat down in the rockin' chair. He lit a big cigar. Doc's big stummick stuck out in front of him. He was gettin' his breath hard. I could hear him get his wind like a wind-broken horse.

"Can't you pull 'im through, Doc?" says Treecy.

"One chance out'n 999," says Doc. "He's come to that revivin' spell men have before death. He'll speak in the minute. I'm an old doctor. I've doctored fer 61 years among these hills. I've seen this so many times before. It's somethin' us doctors don't *have* any jurisdictions over. God Almighty intended this revivin' period fer man before he dies so he can make his will, his confessions and speak to his loved ones."

"Do somethin'," says Treecy. "Don't *talk like that! Do somethin'. I want* Ace to live. I love Ace."

"I can't he'p that," says Doc. "I've seen other women's loved ones die. Death comes to all of us. It's not bad. Take it easy. Just to tell you the truth, I'm sittin' here and waitin' fer death myself. I wouldn't take a bit of my own medicine to stave death off. Ace is a goner."

DOC puffed his cigar. Ma cried like her heart would break. Ma's hair is white as cotton. She looked out at my terbacker field on the hill above the house. "What will Ma do if I do die?" I think—"and who will Treecy marry? —I can't die—I haf to live—"

I tried to speak. I tried to say: "Spider bit me." I tried to say: "Have I been in this bed seven days? It just seems like one long night to me. I ain't been in this bed seven days."

"He's tryin' to talk now," says Flint. "Ace wants to say something."

"He wants to speak to his loved ones," says Doc. "Just as I've been tellin' you. Maybe he's got a confession to make!"

"Spiders and snakes," I say—"spiders and snakes—damn 'em to hell—nohow—terbacker—moonshine—spiders and snakes—Pap."

"He's talkin'," says Flint. "He's got snakes in his boots. Spiders in his boots. I know—I've had 'em—"

"I have too," says old Doc—"and I can handle Ace from now on too. I've *had snakes in my boots many a time.* He's got a chance. One chance out'n 99 now."

"Yes," says Elmer, "I've had snakes in my boots. I've had birds to come down out'n the air and pluck hairs out'n my head to line their nests with when I's gettin' over a big toot."

"Get some moonshine quick, Elmer," says Doc. "Heat it just as hot as Ace can stand to have it poured down 'im. Heat a quart—do it quick as you can. Old Ace may pull through yet. Seven days ain't the turnin' point in a man's life nohow. It's nine days—then he turns fer the better or fer the worse."

I watched Elmer run out'n the house. Treecy watched me. When Treecy looked at me, I looked at her. I just wanted to pull her down on the bed and love her. I wanted to kiss her but I couldn't. It just seemed like I was a piece of lead. I was heavy. I couldn't move.

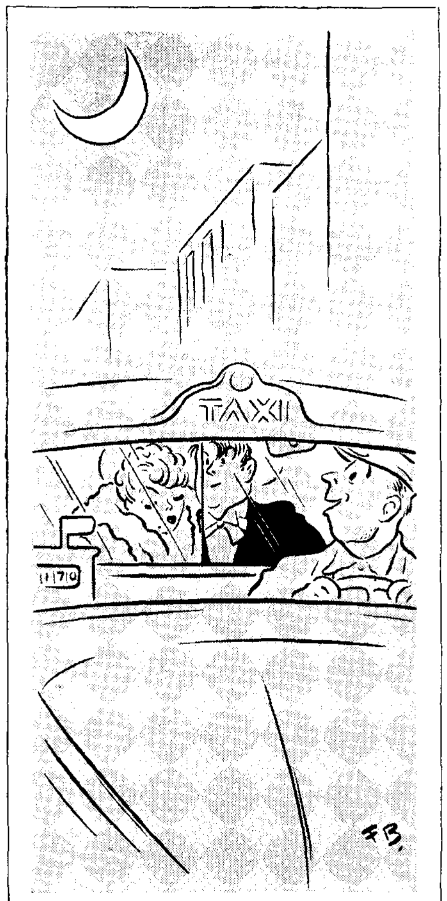
"My poor Ace," says Treecy—"just to think a little spider put him in the bed. Strong as Ace is. A spider got 'im. Maybe he'll be planted beside his Pa and Grandpa among the tombstones in the Short Branch graveyard."

"A spider would get an iron man," says old Doc. "You let a devilish spider or a copperhead bite you and you're a gone goslin. I've doctored too many copperhead bites in these terbacker fields around here. If one was to bite you, you'd be planted among the tombstones too!"

Elmer run in the house. "I got a horse-quart, Doc," he says, "of Toodle Powell's moonshine—it's the brand that Ace drinks."

"Roast it, Treecy," says Doc, "hot as we can get it down Ace and in two days he'll be a dead man or a well man."

Treecy takes the horse-quart of moonshine in the kitchen. I couldn't see Treecy come out'n the kitchen fer the smoke. Doc filled the room with big blue clouds of smoke. Elmer smoked his pipe. Flint smoked a cigar with Doc. It looked good to see the boys smokin' again. It hurt me because I couldn't smoke with them. I remember what Pap told me on his deathbed about wantin' a cigar and some licker. I thought about shootin' at Pap's spirit now. I hated that I'd done it. I thought I might die and hurt Pap. I had all kinds of wild thoughts. They just came in my head. I'd try to stop them but I couldn't. Thoughts are something that you can't stop. They come uninvited to your head. They knock on the door of your skull. They open the door and walk in. You've got to let them stay until they get tired and move out.



"Wow! That kiss cost you ninety cents by the meter!"

FRANK BEAVEN

"It's ready," says Treecy.

"Did you heat it all?" says Doc.

"Yes," says Treecy, "th' whole quart."

"Pour it all down 'im," says Doc. "Give it to 'im fast as he can take it. If he won't open his mouth—pry it open and give him the whole quart. Hurry now! Follow my orders."

When I waked it was mornin'. The English sparers were chirrupin' in the vines around the house.

"Ma," I says, "ain't it breakfast time?"

"Ace," says Ma, "Ace—is that you?"

"Yes—it is, Ma," I says.

"How do you feel, Ace?" says Ma.

"Fit as a fiddle, Ma," I says. "I'm a new man."

"We thought you's a goner, Ace," says Ma. . . . "We've had a time here. We give you up fer dead—"

"I'm a livin' man," I says.

"A whole crowd set up here with you until three o'clock this mornin'," says Ma. "Elmer said you took a change fer the better. Treecy's in the bed asleep now. She's been here the whole nine days. She's been here waitin' on you, Ace! Poor girl's nearly cried her eyes out."

"Poor Treecy," I says. "She's th' purtiest woman in the world. If I could just quit moonshine."

"She is that and more, Ace," Ma says. "She's a woman fer a livin'. She's a good housekeeper and a good cook. I'll get you some breakfast, Ace."

Ma went into the kitchen. I got out'n the bed—put on my clothes. I went to the dresser and looked in the glass at myself. I wanted to see if I looked bad. I wanted to see if I looked pale. I couldn't tell. The beard was out an inch long on my face. There was just a little spot on my Adam's apple where the spider socked me.

"*Is that you, Ace?*" says Treecy. She came runnin' into the room. Her bright blue eyes looked dim and faded.

"Yes, it's old Ace," I says. "What's left of him!"

"Ace, is it you or is it your spirit?" says Treecy, throwin' her arms around my back and puttin' her clean soft face against my beard.

"Go in my room," I says, "and look in my bed. You'll see that it is empty. Ma is in the kitchen gettin' my breakfast. I'm a well man. Moonshine cured me."

There was a knock on the door. I heard Doc talkin' to Elmer and Flint.

"I'll open the door, honey," says Treecy.

TREECY unbuttoned the door. There stood Doc with his pill bag. Elmer and Flint were with him.

"Come in, boys," I says.

"Now, Elmer," says Doc. "I told you moonshine could put you in the grave or it could bring you out'n it! Look at Ace! Look at 'im, won't you! A dead man yesterday! Took a turn fer life last night—well today—ready to cut terbacker!"

"Can't be his spirit," says Elmer, "*with all that beard on his face*—"

"Spirits don't hang around th' lookin' glasses," says Flint.

"How are you fellers?" I says.

"Can't complain," says Doc.

"Brought you a quart as a token o' old times," says Elmer. "Here, boy! Put your nostrils above th' bottle neck!"

I took the horse-quart. I took the stopper out. I smelled of it.

"Whew," I says. "Lord deliver me! I can't stand th' smell o' it. Oh, never—never again!"

"Oh, Ace," says Treecy—"oh, my Ace!"

"My Treecy," I says. She jumped into my arms.

"You can't drink it?" she says.

"No," I says.

"My prayers," she says.

"The spider," says Doc.

"A preacher," I says.

"A sixteen-gallon keg at th' bellin'," says Elmer.

"When?" says Flint.

"Tonight," says Treecy.

"Atta boy," says Doc. "He's a well man. Th' Hatfields live on!"

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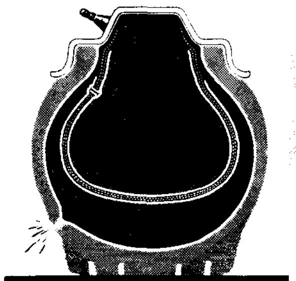
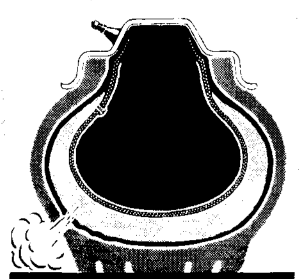
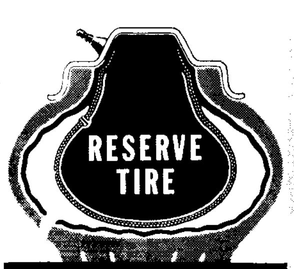


CASING FAILS!



TUBE BLOWS!



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B-239

All Pitched Out

Continued from page 19

club, he never had more than a run or two as a margin. He has won dozens of games by one run and he was always the crisis pitcher for the team. He could be counted on to win the tough ones, where every pitch counted and when he had to be bearing down on every hitter.

As for Schumacher, it was always cruel to watch him pitch late in the season. His pitching style took a lot out of him because he had an overhand motion which seemed to jerk his arm loose from the socket, and his strength waned as the year progressed. He kept on pitching last year in an effort to keep the Giants in the race and may pay for his courage with a ruined career. The operation on his arm during the winter is expected to bring him back to form but nothing ever replaces elasticity in the arm that is lost through abuse.

The only challenge to the supremacy of the New York Yankees in recent years has come from Detroit and that was due almost entirely to Schoolboy Rowe. He beat the Yankees nine times in 1935 and eight times in 1936, a superhuman feat against that opposition. As an indication of his greatness, one need only point to his record in 1936 when the Yanks came into Detroit after murdering the opposition in St. Louis and Chicago. He stopped them dead in the first game of the Detroit series, beating them 6-1, and giving one of the greatest exhibitions of pitching ever seen by the New York sports writers. Next day the Yanks resumed their brutality and shellacked Bridges by something like 16-2; on the third day they literally blasted Auker out of the park by another overwhelming score—and then Rowe came back on the fourth day and beat them again. It was magnificent pitching and it was disaster for Rowe. Nobody can defeat the Yankees twice in a four-game series without being affected by it—particularly when they are on one of their murderous streaks.

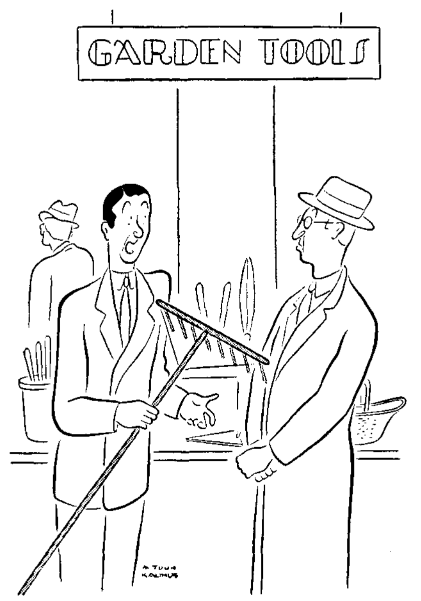
Figures Tell the Story

In 1936 Rowe was in 41 games, pitched 245 innings, and won 19 and lost 10. He played Horatius at the Bridge and halted the Yanks at a time when Detroit was hopelessly out of the race and his victories could do no more than postpone the inevitable. Next year he was done, winning one and losing four. With their usual ungratefulness, the sycophants of baseball are now saying that Rowe should never have been a pitcher since he had the wrong set of muscles, developed as a track star, basketball and football player. That comes a little late in the day, that explanation. In his first full year in the league, he won sixteen straight. The years following showed him to be the best pitcher in the American League and positively the only man who could check the Yankee bombers. Now he is through, another victim of bad advice and managerial pressure.

It is undeniably true that pitchers could last longer in the old days when they had the dead ball and were allowed to do anything to a ball but hack it with a file. They used the spitball, the emery ball, the shine ball. Old Cy Young and Jack Quinn lasted until they were over fifty; Grover Cleveland Alexander won thirty games a year so often it became commonplace.

But it is just as true that pitchers can have a long career today if they are not killed off by manhandling. Jim Turner and Lou Fette are old men as baseball goes, both being over thirty, and they are among the good pitchers of the National League. They had been batting around the minors for years before the Boston Bees took a chance with them. They pitch regularly and they win steadily and they don't come up with sore arms and subject themselves to operations to snip a bone or two out of the elbow. How is it done? It's done because they have a manager who pitches them in turn and regularly—and doesn't ask them for miracles.

Joe McCarthy, manager of the New York Yankees, is the best of all in handling his pitchers. The regular starters last year were Charlie Ruffing, Lefty Gomez, Hal Pearson, Spud Chandler and Bump Hadley. When there was relief work to be done, Johnny Murphy, Steve Sundra or Ivy Andrews came in. Several years ago they occasionally used Gomez for relief purposes but he invariably got his ears pinned back for his pains. Since then the regular staff has never been asked to do relief work or to pitch out of turn. The practice has even been maintained in the World Series. The five principal men have started, and when they got bumped around, the reserves galloped up. The result is that the Yanks only rarely have ruined-arm pitchers on the staff. Spud Chandler has had trouble ever since coming on the staff but that is attributed to a former football injury. By contrast the Yanks have had great work out of Hadley after he had been given up as hopeless by the St. Louis Browns and Washington, proving what sensible treatment can do with a pitcher. The success is even more marked in the case of Charlie Ruffing. He is a big man and strong and his fast ball and curve are not bettered in baseball—and yet he is never called on for relief. In 1936 Ruffing appeared in 33 games, pitching 271 innings, and winning 20 and losing 12.



"There is no rake, sir, which will not, under certain conditions, hit you from behind"

A. JOHN KAUNUS

The easiest thing in the world for McCarthy to do with Ruffing would be to throw him in as a relief pitcher late in a game that needed saving. Any dumb manager can do that; it takes brains to protect a great pitcher. Gomez has been equally well protected and the results are seen both in his effectiveness and in the absence of the arm trouble which is ruining other hurlers.

No better instance of overwork is needed than that of Lee Grissom of Cincinnati. After fooling around for two years getting started, the fine left-hander struck his stride in 1937. Not only did he strike it but he rode it to the finish in one season. He was in 50 games that first full season in the big time, pitched 224 innings, won 12 and lost 7—and then was a total loss last year. There are indications that he may be coming back and Cincinnati is banking heavily on him for this season but if they let him pitch in fifty games again they may have a permanent wreck on their hands. With the lively ball requiring the pitcher to bear down almost constantly for fear somebody will pop one into the bleachers, there is no man made who can stand the gaff of working every third day through a hard season.

Why Vance Stayed Around

According to old-timers, the only sensible pitcher of modern times was Dazzy Vance. He didn't really get started with Brooklyn until he was thirty, having been bumped around the minors promiscuously for years, but he soon became the highest-paid hurler in baseball, drawing down $25,000 a year at a time when nobody was getting within thousands of that figure. He was strikeout king of the majors and he was also a wise man. Mr. Vance worked every fourth day and between times his arm was broken. If Wilbert Robinson suggested that Mr. Vance might be used for relief purposes, Mr. Vance made a gruesome effort to lift his arm, showing quite plainly that it was falling apart at the wrist. It mattered not how crucial the moment might be; Mr. Vance was sorely injured unless it happened to be the fourth day and his turn to pitch. He showed no slightest inclination to throw his arm off just to show how courageous he could be in a pinch. His philosophy prolonged his career for many years.

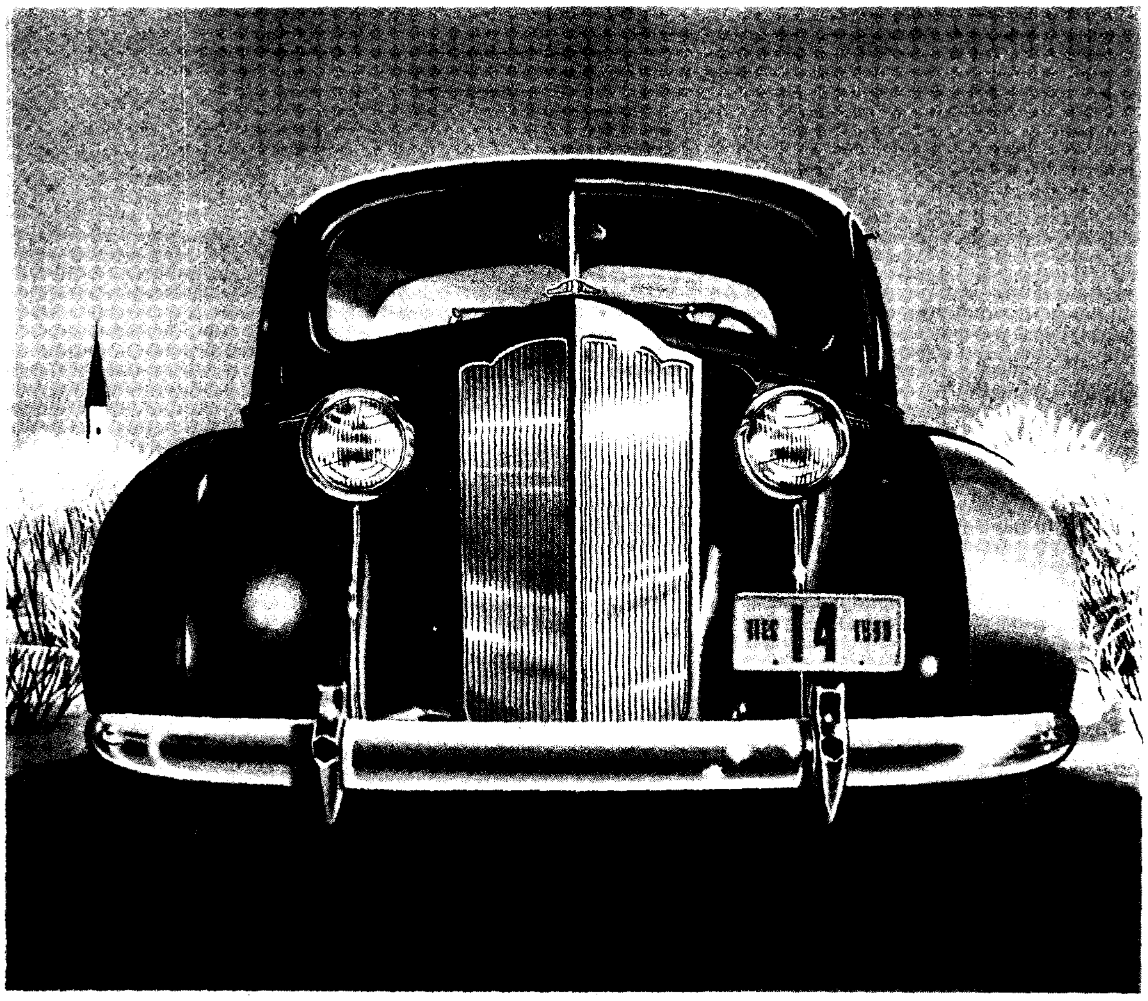
It used to be a thrilling sight to see Carl Hubbell trudging in from the bull pen at the Polo Grounds to save another game for the Giants. He looked like a younger Abe Lincoln, did old Hub, with his glove dangling from his wrist, his sweater thrown over one shoulder and pants hanging soggily around his thin shanks. He turned back the enemy in many a tight spot—and he finally threw his arm away. For the last two years, every pitch has been agony for him. The doctors diagnosed it as a calcium growth and it has now been removed, but nobody expects to see the old wizard again at his former effectiveness. He was a hero and he will soon be a memory.

Herb Pennock, another wizard, equally frail of figure and sensitive of nature, lasted twenty years in the big leagues. But he seldom pitched out of turn and did virtually no relief work until his later years when he was exclusively a relief pitcher. Age got him but never strange growths and that dull, helpless feeling that means the whip is no longer able to function.

Cleveland is handling Bob Feller sensibly and carefully. It may be a temptation for Oscar Vitt to send the kid in late in the game to mow the enemy down with that thunderbolt, but he resists. There are experts who say that Feller will ruin his arm by his faulty pitching motion, but that is a matter for the future to settle. If he can keep from being ruined by overwork and by the stupidity and ruthlessness of his managers, that will be luck enough for him. It would be luck enough for any pitcher, young or old. Not enough of them have it.

The Washington Monument

The Statue of Liberty



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That is why *no man* with a year-old Packard is in the uncomfortable position of driving an out-of-style car. That is why every "man who owns one" has a modern car that *still* looks like a Packard.

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When you drive a Packard, the whole world knows it's a Packard

Treat 'em Rough

By Frank J. Taylor

PHOTOGRAPH BY WILL CONNELL

Lester Rowntree discovered what makes the wild flower wild—to be treated as a sissy. Hence these tips for you spring gardeners

YOU can blame it on the coachman. He said, "Plant a cowslip upside down and it comes up double." But it didn't. And Lester, a small girl with an insatiable curiosity, asked, "Why?" Nobody knew why. So she had to find out for herself why wild flowers behave as they do.

That was forty years ago. Today, Lester Rowntree's is just about the last word on wild flowers. From the far corners, gardeners wishing to brush up on their wild-flower lore have beaten a well-worn path to her door on the steep hillside above the pines and the shimmering Pacific at Carmel Highlands, California.

Every year, with her car or only a pair of burros for companionship, Mrs. Rowntree journeys ten thousand miles, braving deserts, climbing mountains, camping in forests or meadows or on seaside cliffs, gathering the seeds of four hundred kinds of wild flowers. They go to gardeners everywhere—in England, France, Africa and in this country too, where wild-flower gardening is steadily becoming more popular, especially throughout the East.

It calls for an entirely new gardening technique. That's why Lester Rowntree's four decades of holding hands with these temperamental denizens of the wilderness mean much to people indulging in this fascinating out-of-doors hobby. It's all right to coddle your ordinary posies, but if you're going to grow wild flowers, you have to treat 'em rough. So Lester Rowntree has discovered.

The crucial cowslip episode occurred back on the ancestral estate in the Lake District, north of England. There were eight flower gardens on the place, one for each member of the family. Seven were prim and formal. Lester's was invariably a hodgepodge of plants from the surrounding meadows and woods, anything a tousle-headed tomboy could transplant from the countryside.

While she was a schoolgirl, her family migrated to southern California. There she tackled wild-flower gardening anew in a region abounding in a gorgeous array of native flowers. Somehow, until this English girl showed them how to do it, it had never occurred to the Californians to grow them in the garden.

Lester's family decided that in spite of her green thumb, sure sign of a born gardener, she must be brought up like a lady. They sent her to a finishing school in Pennsylvania, much against her will. That might have stifled the gardening urge in some girls but not in this lassie. After that first trip across the country to school, she had trainmen and station agents from Los Angeles to Philadelphia picking wild-flower seeds for her as they ripened by the railroad right of way.

In time she graduated into a lady, and shortly married an engineer whose business was in New York. They lived in northern New Jersey, where Lester Rowntree, much to her neighbors' amusement, planted a California wild-flower garden. The natives roundabout just knew it couldn't be done. But to everyone's astonishment the wild flowers blossomed as profusely as their forebears had in their natural habitats. People came from miles around to see "The Rowntree Myth,"

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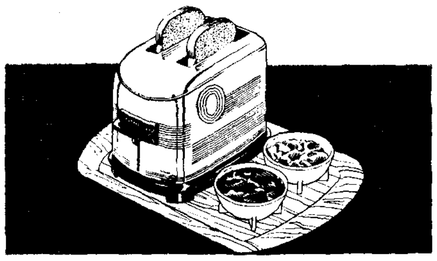

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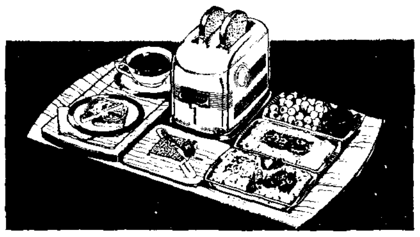

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as the garden was known. It is still something of a show place. After all these years of neglect, the hardy Californians she planted still thrive.

That's one thing about wild flowers. The more enthusiastically you neglect them, once they are established, the better they like it. Nurse them and they turn up their toes. Provide the right environment and they will thrive in almost any garden.

Having learned these fundamentals from her New Jersey experiment, Lester Rowntree decided to make a career of seed hunting. She'd supply gardeners everywhere with American wild-flower seed stock.

Six years ago she bade goodby to society, built her little cabin on a steep hillside at Carmel, removed everything but the driver's seat from inside her sedan, packed her bed roll, shovel, pick, food and a stack of paper bags in the car and set out in search of wild-flower seeds. Beginning in February in the Arizona and southern California deserts, she worked northward and upward across the valleys and up the mountain slopes to timber line, winding up her seed hunt in southern Oregon. Returning to her hillside, after ten months and ten thousand miles, she hung in the little redwood drying shed below her cabin over four hundred bags of seeds, representing that many species of wild flowers. Each year since then she has duplicated the trek.

Most of the seeds find their way to the British Isles, a good many go to the Atlantic states, fewer yet to the Middle West and only a small percentage to the West, which gives you an idea of the way wild-flower growing is spreading.

"I've seen more American wild flowers at the Chelsea Flower Show than any other one place," exclaimed Mrs. Rowntree. "But we can grow wild flowers in this country as well as they do in England, if gardeners would only choose their flowers and give them the right environment."

Don't Baby a Wild Flower

That's the big catch in this wild-flower gardening game. They can't stand the luxury of the ordinary garden. It's too civilized. Life is too soft and easy. There's too much moisture or too rich soil. If you're going to grow wild flowers, you have to set aside a place where you can make life hard for them. More wild flowers are killed by being babied than by neglect.

The first step in planning a wild-flower garden is to find a slope. You need the slope to get the drainage, which is just about the principal requisite for healthy wild flowers. That makes it a little tough for the gardeners who work on flat city lots. It's up to them to build a slope. It doesn't have to be a big one.

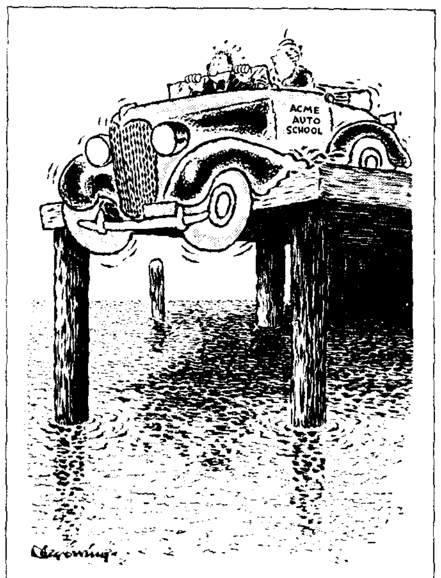
Mrs. Rowntree says she would start with the rubbish heap. That unsightly pile of rocks, broken bricks and flowerpots over in the corner is just the thing. Cover it with some loose, sandy soil and build your own hill. Let some of the larger rocks stick out the way they do up in the mountains or along the banks where the choicest wild flowers grow in their natural state. A portion of your homemade hill ought to be in partial shade, the rest out in the hot sun.

As for people who live where there's a natural slope, a gully or a pit on their property, they're just plain lucky and don't know it. To many gardeners, a gully may be an unsightly eyesore, but to the wild-flower grower it is a scene of potential lasting beauty.

Take Lester Rowntree's place, for instance. The land slopes up steeply from the winding hillside road to her cabin. With her own hands, with prodigious labor, she has buried rocks hit or miss all the way up the hillside. When you ask her why she did that, she says it was because the wild flowers liked it that way. They love to cling perilously above the rocks, dangling their blossoms downhill. They shoot their roots for yards in the loose soil beneath the rocks.

Over at the edge of her place is a young Grand Canyon carved by the rains. Its walls are almost perpendicular. This would be wasteland for an ordinary gardener. But it is one of Mrs. Rowntree's choicest spots for the reason that somewhere in this miniature chasm she can find a shaded north or east slope, or a good hot south or west wall. The trick about growing wild flowers is to study them in their native environment, then provide similar conditions in their new home.

Where a lot of beginners go wrong, she says, is in trying to transplant wild flowers in full bloom. This is just plain murder for the reason that practically all wild flowers have learned through centuries of roughing it to send taproots down deep. By the time they are in full blossom, the roots that bring them nourishment may be over a yard long. They can't possibly be taken up with the soil that feeds them.



"Now do I go in reverse?"

JAY IRVING

On the other hand, the young plants can be transplanted in the spring. They move grudgingly, but they will revive. Mrs. Rowntree waters them for a week or so, then lets them shift for themselves, except in periods of drought when all wild flowers need artificial moisture.

The best start is with seeds. And there's another place to go wrong. You don't dig trenches and bury wild-flower seeds in rows. Nature scatters them and lets the wind and rain pull a light cover of topsoil over them. When Lester Rowntree plants a wild-flower garden she breaks up the soil to kill the weeds and grass already there and broadcasts the seeds, then uses her rake for the cover-up job ordinarily done by the elements. She usually mixes grass seeds with the wild-flower seeds to provide a protective growth. If the grass and the flowers are planted at the same time, the flowers can shift for themselves. But they can't compete with grass already growing, nor can they compete with your home-town weeds.

"There's a good reason for that," according to Lester Rowntree. "In their native heaths the wild flowers were there first and they can take care of any invaders, but in your garden they are the invaders and they're at a disadvantage."

The obstinacy of some wild flowers extends even to the seeds. They often balk at germinating until they get good and ready. The reason is that nature covers the seeds of most wild species with a protective coating of resin. In the sandy and rocky soil of the mountains, the resin is scraped off by sharp edges as the seeds are blown or washed about. In your garden the seeds may take longer to germinate. A few varieties refuse to grow until they have been frozen. Lester Rowntree sometimes treats them to a freeze in the refrigerator before she plants them. That stimulates germination.

In her own garden, she plants both annuals and perennials. The first year the annuals help the perennials get started. After that the latter offer protection to the young annuals each spring as they come up.

Start with the Native Plants

One of the questions that pops up right away is, "What wild flowers shall I start with?" That's a hard one to answer. In her annual seed hunt in the Western states, Lester Rowntree gathers the seeds of about four hundred different varieties. Some will grow in anybody's garden—California poppies, lupines, pentstemons, gilias, coreopsis, clarkias, for example. Others are finicky and resent migration. Yet practically all California's species thrive in the gardens of England and Lester Rowntree induced most of them to grow in New Jersey.

Lester Rowntree thinks that beginners in this wild-flower game should start with the native plants that grow in the neighborhood. Watch the hillsides around your home and see what flowers flourish there. If you happen to be a New Yorker and find fern leaf foxglove, golden hyssop, Virginia cowslip, moss pink and blue gentians in your neighborhood, try them first. Treat them as rough as nature does and when you get the feel of the wild-flower game, try some hardy Californians, the seeds of which are more readily available than those of wild flowers from other parts of the country.

Before you've talked with Lester Rowntree many minutes, you find yourself catching her enthusiasm for this wild-flower game. It looks like the sporty end of gardening all right, and anyway, you've been looking all these years for something you could plant that wouldn't make you a slave to the hoe and the hose.

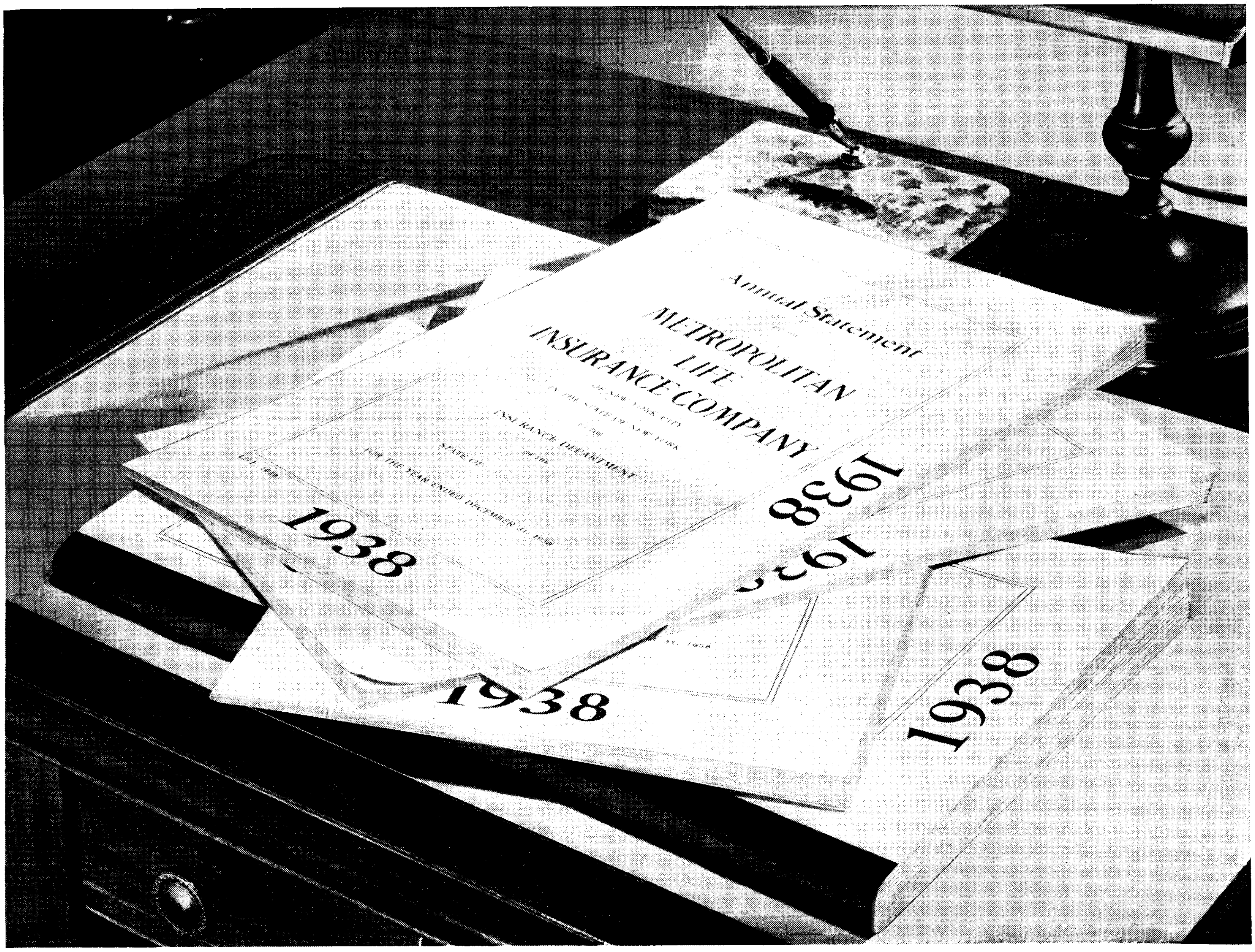
"I'd like to plant some seeds this spring," I told her. "What should I start with?"

"But how can I tell you what will do well if I don't know where you're going to plant them?" she wanted to know. "In the shade or in the sun? Or where?"

I had to admit I hadn't thought about that, or planned my wild-flower plantings yet. But I had several little spots of ground where I could put them.

Looking over my place from the wild-flower angle, I discovered things I had never appreciated before—a small steep bank below a terrace that caught the first rays of the sun, a shaded slope on the north side of the house, a bank on the west side, shaded all morning but hot in the afternoon. I reported these to Mrs. Rowntree. Back came the wild-flower lists, three of them.

And it was then I discovered that to play the wild-flower game I'd have to hit the books. Wild flowers go by their scientific names because their common names are largely local. Bluebells in New York and bluebells in Louisiana may be entirely different species. Hence, the wild-flower crowd sticks to the descriptive scientific Latin names. There's always some kind of catch in all good things. I may evade some drudgery by going wild in my garden, but I'm going to have to do my homework faithfully.



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Memory Test

Continued from page 17

in my old home city. I've spent seventy-five thousand dollars of the people's money in the investigation. I've turned over a few rotten logs and let the grubs squirm in the sunlight. A number of gents have tried to explain to the grand jury how come they could consistently bank much more than their total legitimate income over a period of years. But you know I haven't broken the ring, and I won't until I get Bacigalupi and the big boys close to him.

"And you can help me get them.

"That's my side, Anderson. Regardless of everything else, it means the difference to me between a great future career and a life of trying to live down a terrific failure. I'd make you talk, even if it put a rope around your neck, because I've got to have what you know.

"But it won't hurt you to talk. I know that. I know you were only a stooge. There will be no trouble about those notes of yours that Bacigalupi holds."

"HOW do you know about them?" Anderson asked quickly, then tried to cover: "What notes?"

"I know everything you've done for years back," the investigator continued. "Every bill you've paid, what you owe, where you spend spare time, how much you make and what the neighbors think of you. I have complete reports on every relative of you and your wife. And I know that the only reason you're alive this minute is because you've got a memory. The newspapers call you the 'Wizard'."

"You can't bluff me," Anderson said. A dry throat made his voice high.

"Sure, Bacigalupi will take care of you. But why? And for how long? Because what you know means money to him, is why. But when he gets that out of you—and he will—then it won't be safe for you to be alive. And if things get too tough, he'll kill you and take the loss rather than risk what you could spill. Think that over, Anderson."

Anderson wanted to say: "What do you think I've been thinking about for four months?" The investigator's dark eyes were close, boring through him. Anderson put out his cigarette and lighted another. The plane was due in the city in a few hours. He'd either talk or go to prison for contempt of the grand jury. Would he be safe in prison? Bacigalupi would kill to cover up. And if Anderson talked, what would happen to Mary and the kids? Anderson felt those dark eyes burning from the blunt face. What was a man to do, a family man who wanted nothing more than a living and a home and security for his family? He looked across at the sleeping baby in the arms of the blond woman. . . .

Bacigalupi had a dingy place, conveniently close to the city hall. The first time Anderson had gone there, he'd passed by the cracked little sign hanging at the foot of the steps, come back and finally found it.

G. BACIGALUPI
Loans

Then up the narrow wooden steps and into the murky waiting room where two rows of straight chairs were screwed to the floor. He told his business to the clerk, and didn't at the time think it unusual that he should be ushered into Bacigalupi's private office.

The loan king was a kindly-looking man, distinguished, with white hair and pince-nez.

Anderson was painfully honest. Bacigalupi listened, tapping his pince-nez against his left palm, then said: "Nobody comes to me unless he can't get money anywhere else in town. You say you can't have your wife sign the note with you. All right, now tell the truth if you want me to help you." Bacigalupi had a very soft voice.

Anderson blurted it out: "I met a rich man named James at the tennis club, and he took a liking to me. So one day James told me to bet on a certain horse, but I didn't, because what with Mary, she's my wife, her being sick so long after Little Bill was born, and paying on a house, and all . . . Anyhow, I noticed the horse won, and then the next one that James tipped me to. So the third time I bet two dollars. I made a little along for a month or so, and then James let me into a sure thing. A killing."

"So you took money from the company where you work, and the horse also ran," murmured Bacigalupi softly. "How much?"

"A hundred dollars. But I can't let Mary know. And every cent I make is budgeted in advance. If they find out and I lose my job—"

"Or go to prison," murmured the loan king.

"I could save streetcar fare by walking, and go without lunch," Anderson gulped. "Pay you a little each week. . . ."

Bacigalupi thought it over awhile, tapping his pince-nez against his palm. Finally he shoved a fat telephone book across the desk, saying, "I saw you give a demonstration at the Ark Club dinner last winter. Were you faking?"

Anderson smiled a bit proudly. "No. It's easy for me. I pick up a little extra money that way."

Bacigalupi opened the telephone book at random. Anderson studied the double-page spread a few minutes, then nodded. Bacigalupi tilted the book so Anderson couldn't see. Anderson recited the names in order on both pages, then the telephone numbers backward, then the addresses in order. Bacigalupi asked for the sixteenth name down, the address of the fifth to last name. Then Anderson gave every third name and number on the two pages.

"Could you memorize it so you'd never forget?"

"Of course, if it was any use. Now, about that money—"

Bacigalupi said, "You're making twenty-eight a week. I'll give you forty to work for me, and you can sign an unsecured note for the hundred you embezzled."

EVERYBODY had heard whispers about Bacigalupi. But what else was there to do? That word—"embezzled." And forty a week sounded big. He could get a little used car. He wouldn't have to be crooked, just because Bacigalupi was.

Later, he learned that James was connected with Bacigalupi. Bacigalupi had engineered the horse-betting stuff. He liked to do things that way, instead of just asking Anderson to work for him. By long habit Bacigalupi's route between two given points was a twisting path.

Gradually, Anderson became what the newspapers called, after the blowoff, the "Wizard." Bacigalupi would say, "Bill, we gave number twelve-six a hundred dollars today," or, "Number seventeen-eleven gave us a thousand." Or he would ask, "What are the transactions with number hundred-and-two for the past six months?" and Anderson would reel them off from memory.

Anderson never set pen to paper. He kept his accounts in his head. A bookkeeper kept the regular account of the loan business. Anderson gathered that the books he kept in his head were something that Bacigalupi would never want down on paper.

One day Bacigalupi was sick enough to leave his milled key in the steel safe-drawer of his desk when he went to see a doctor. Out of curiosity Anderson opened the safe drawer, took a good look at a sheet of paper having a row of numbers with a name opposite each. Then he had the key to his mental books. Big names were there, and obscure ones. All involved with Bacigalupi. Anderson began watching the papers—comparing, for instance, Bacigalupi saying, "Bill, number seventy-seven paid in six thousand dollars," with a notice in the paper that the city had awarded a contract for building a new high school. After a time he knew more about the inside graft situation in the city than anybody in the world except Bacigalupi himself.

He wanted to get out of the mess. He didn't want any part of it. But by then he was in too deep, because his memory had tripped him up—it was too perfect.

THE incident occurred when Bacigalupi, still sick, made a mistake in the number of an account and Anderson, who'd read in the morning papers of a supplies purchase, and knew whom the kickback should come from and what palms should be salved, corrected him.

Bacigalupi swung around in his chair, and Anderson wished he could bite his tongue off.

"Oh," said the loan king. "So you're a bright young man."

And then Anderson lived in fear.

About a month later, Bacigalupi said, "Bill, we paid number two-thirteen a thousand dollars today. Do you know why?"

"No."

"He did a job for me. And you can forget about number eighteen. His account is closed. He talked too much, Bill."

Anderson got it, then. Number eighteen was a race-track tout. There had been a paragraph in the papers that morning about his body being found in the river.

"No," said Bacigalupi, tapping his pince-nez against his palm reflectively, and smiling in that gentle way, "we won't close out that number. I'm giving it to you. You're number eighteen, Bill."

Bacigalupi liked that sort of joke.

Bill kept wanting to pay a little on that hundred-dollar note. But Bacigalupi wouldn't take the money.

He couldn't get loose.

When the blowoff came with Keenan's secret investigation, Bacigalupi told Bill Anderson to get off the earth for a while, until the beef was over.

But Keenan had done a good job. He'd tapped Bacigalupi's telephone line for months, got a girl operator in the office as stenog. Keenan knew about the books Anderson kept in his head. He needed Anderson to give names and dates and amounts before the grand jury.

And now the plane was throbbing through the bumpy air, and Anderson was going back.

And headlines screamed about his wife and children having disappeared. That was Bacigalupi's fine hand showing. The loan king was making sure that Anderson wouldn't talk.

Keenan's dark eyes were boring steadily at him from the opposite seat. Anderson rubbed a hand over his face. It felt like wood. The lurching of the plane was getting him. Pudgy Hait reeled out of the washroom, edged between Anderson's and Keenan's knees. He sat down and put his green face against the black glass, looking out into the night.

"It's snowin'," he said huskily. "Does that mean we're in for it?"

Looking at Hait, smelling the sourness that clung to him, didn't help Anderson's nausea any. He twisted his head the other way. The hostess came out of the pilots' compartment up front. She was smiling, of course, but Anderson fancied it was a strained smile. She asked: "Everybody happy?" in rather a high voice. She came down the aisle, stopping a moment to look at the baby of the blond woman across the aisle, went back into the pilots' compartment.

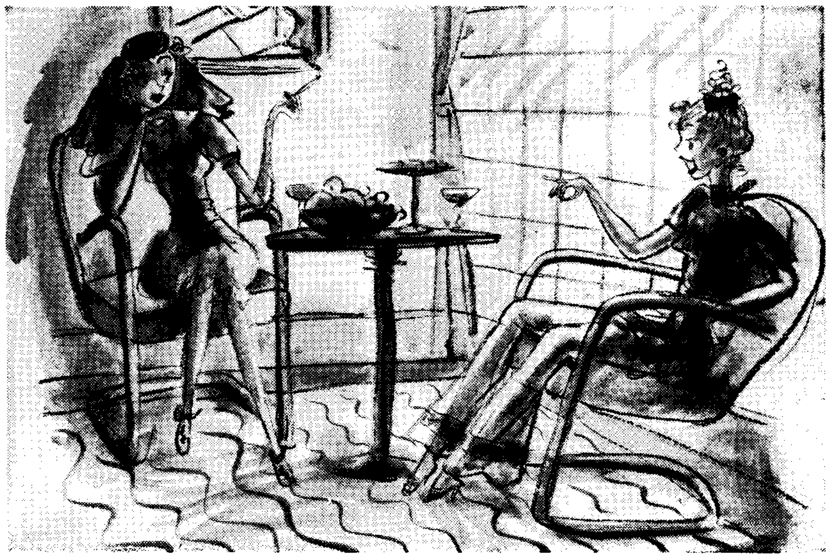
Anderson knew by then, maybe because he had so much trouble of his own that he could vibrate sympathetically to the very aura of it in others. He knew something was wrong. Something was going wrong with the plane.

It was almost a relief. Yes, it was actually a relief. In the broken fastness of the winter Rockies. Plane down in the storm. Oblivion. That would settle everything. Bacigalupi wouldn't harm Mary and the kids, if Anderson died.

"Wait a minute!" Hait blurted in an abrupt bellow. "Hey, Toots!" he screamed at the hostess, who was coming out of the front compartment. "Toots! The plane is turnin' around! I can tell by this white peak below us! And we hadn't ought to be that close to them mountains! They're turnin' us back!"

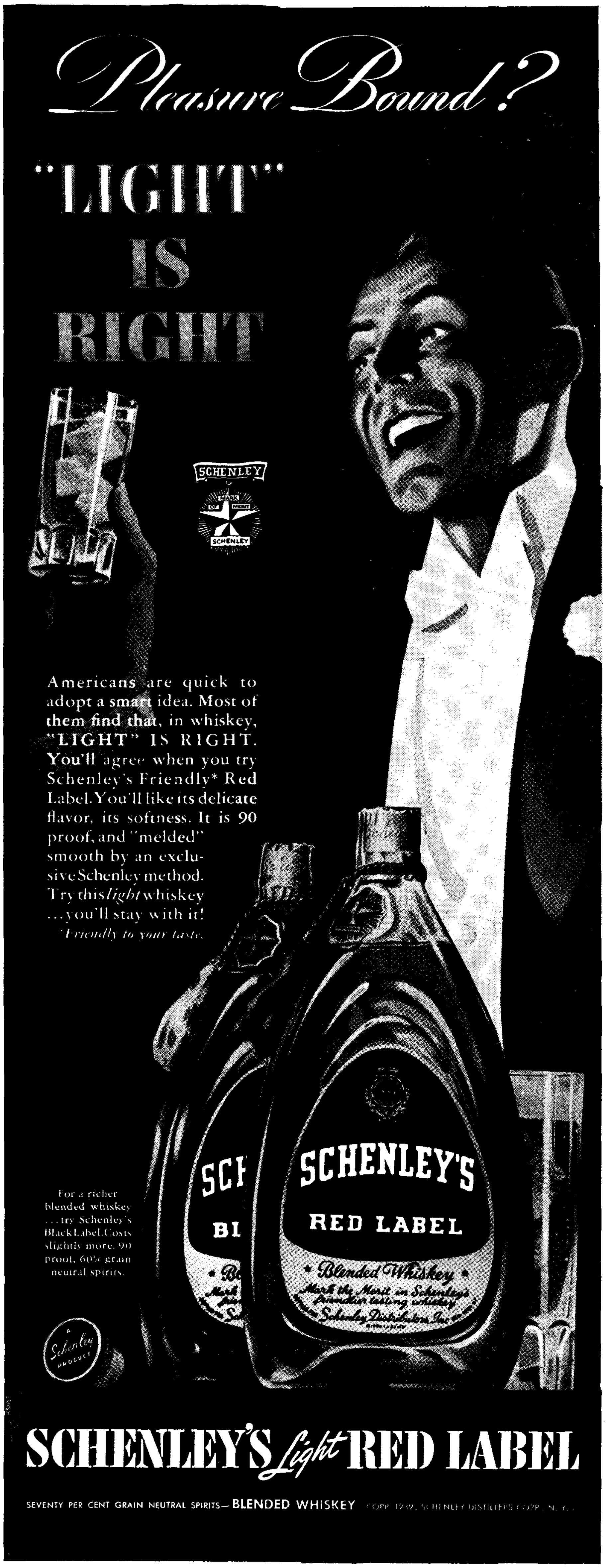
The hostess was beside him, smiling that eternal smile.

"We won't try to get through in the storm. We're turning back."



"And those tear stains on his letters, I found out later, he put there with an eye-dropper"

B. SHERMUND



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Perfection of Blended SCOTCH WHISKY

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SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co.
NEW YORK CITY · IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

The blond woman's baby across the aisle woke up and began bawling. Fat Dornell rubbed a massive fist at his eyes. The plane jerked into a shaky bank, throwing Anderson against the side of the seat. Then pudgy Hait was scrambling over his legs, gurgling huskily, "I'm gettin' out of this!"

Sudden silence almost hurt the ears as the motors cut out. Hait was scrambling along the aisle, the only animate one among faces shocked and blank.

"Put on your safety belts, please," the hostess said calmly, smiling with lips thin against her teeth. "We're making a landing, I believe. Keep cool."

The lights blinked out, and then the peaks could be seen, cold and hard outside the windows. Anderson unfastened his safety belt, got up and lurched along the aisle. The ship bogged soggily, a lifeless thing, clumsy and impotent. Anderson fumbled at the door.

"Anderson!" It was Keenan's voice, breaking the dead silence.

Then everybody began yelling.

A sudden scream of metal, and Anderson knew he was floundering through space.

ANDERSON'S first waking impression was a weary sort of amazement. He was lying deep in cold stuff that was white and yet somehow black. He didn't try to move for a while. He just wondered if he was alive, if he was Bill Anderson, hard-working clerk with a wife and two kids, buying a house and a used car and trying to get out from under the doctor bills. This one more thing—a crashing plane—was almost too much; it bordered on sheer fantasy. Sure, planes went down in the mountains. But they went over the mountains safely, also, thousands of times. Why did this particular one have to crash, when he was riding it? He was behind the eight ball. That was all. To hell with trying any longer. He could hear the wind snarling, but it didn't touch him.

The moan of the wind changed until it sounded like a baby crying. It *was* a baby crying. Bill Anderson began squirming in the snow. His left arm shot fire through his body. He quit trying to move that arm. When his face came out of the drift the wind blew something like cold flint into his eyes. The sky was clear now except for a few cloud patches, and it was cold. Anderson was in deep drifted snow on the steep side of a canyon wall.

With every lull of the wind came the sound of the baby crying. Anderson rolled over and over, his left arm giving him hell, until he got out of the drift. He started climbing.

He climbed over a rocky hump and came upon the plane. What was left of the plane. The plane had been following the canyon, and in the storm had followed the blind alley ending in this hollow. It had sheared a swath through the aspens like some giant lawn mower, and come to rest against a bluff.

A fire was going in the lee of a boulder by the plane. A blanket made a black square between the fire and the big rock. Five swathed figures were lying side by side on the blanket—six, counting the little bundle of the crying baby. The hostess was kneeling by the fire, putting sticks on it.

"Hello," she said, without surprise, to Anderson. She still was trying to smile, with lips puffed and nose big and purple.

"Here, let me tend that fire. You tend the baby."

She crawled through the snow to the blanket, her feet trailing at crazy angles. Anderson broke dead limbs from the aspens and built the fire up, then went over to look at the still figures lying on the blanket. Keenan was there, his blunt face lax. There was the co-pilot, three men passengers.

"The others were beyond help," the girl said. "I suppose you and the chubby little traveling man were lucky. Hait is out now, looking for your body. Let me do something for that arm."

There was calm courage in her battered face. She had Anderson's arm in a sling made from one of the baby's spare diapers when pudgy Hait waded into view around the rock.

"Well, hello!" he cried. "I've sure been lookin' for you!"

His plump face was cut and his overcoat hung in shreds. He squatted by the fire, gingerly feeling his bloody face.

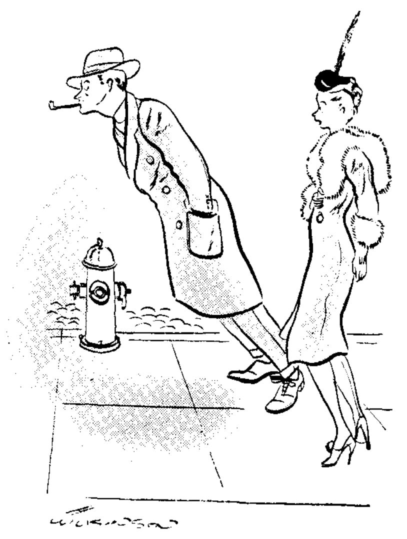
"And so what?" he asked.

Anderson said, "We can't try to stick it out until help comes, because chances are it won't come. With the trees and all, it's a safe bet nobody would spot us. And the plane was off its course. But there's a stream in the bottom of this canyon, and there will have to be a few little farms here and there along it. We'll pile up some wood, then head down that way."

Anderson spoke with a casual calmness he didn't feel. His blood was racing hot. When he and Hait were scaling down the canyon slope through brush and snow, Anderson was panting, but not entirely from exertion.

Here was his chance to get rid of all his troubles.

It was not the sort of idea Bill Anderson had thought he'd ever entertain. But when a man is kicked headlong into trouble and beaten down and down and down, he changes. "Early to bed and early to rise" . . . "A penny saved is a penny earned" . . . "Honesty is the best policy" . . . . He had obeyed all the old maxims. All he ever asked from life were those little things a little man gets out of living. A home and something like a chance for his kids.



"The wind's stopped blowing, dear!"

FRITZ WILKINSON

THE two of them were crawling around a steep shoulder of the mountain on a cliff ledge, Hait a rod in the lead. The pudgy man stopped, croaking a yell. Anderson got abreast him, and then could see beyond the shoulder of the rock to where the canyon widened out a mile to the south. And on the plateau there were the cold shining bulbs indicating a town. The moon outlined snow-covered roofs, black trees.

Hait relaxed on the ledge, shaking from shock and exertion and relief. He broke off a twig and tossed it over the lip of the cliff.

Anderson crouched by him, breathing hard. The wind had whipped the ledge clean here but for a slick film over the rocks. His idea flooded over him. It wouldn't be hard. A lunge, a shove, and Hait would go over the cliff. That was all. And then Bill Anderson would be free. Not a chance in a million of the ones up by the plane living to tell. Who would suspect he was alive? Somebody was always missing after such a crash. He could take a train out of that town. Assume a new name, get a job, then in a few months contact Mary and she would come with the kids. And sometime he'd have another house and another car and a couple more annuities for the kids to go to college on.

What was Hait's life compared to his own? Brutal circumstance shoved Anderson where he was. Well, circumstance put Hait there, also.

Bill Anderson crouched on the ledge beside the little man, realizing for the first time just how easy the thought of murder comes to one. He tightened his muscles, shuffled his feet against projecting rocks for an anchor. Hait was looking at those lights of the town. Anderson was shaking, so that his broken arm sent hot knives of pain with the motion. He tilted his body weight forward on braced legs. One shove. . . .

And then Bill Anderson knew why he'd always be a little man. He was too soft. He relaxed on the rocky ledge. You had to be hard, like Bacigalupi, to get along. He wasn't hard. He couldn't do it. There were those people up in the hollow. There'd be a father to that baby. Keenan had a family. Hait had said something about his wife's being in the hospital, going to have a baby.

"Let's be going," Anderson said.

And then in a brief second he regretted he hadn't shoved Hait over. The pudgy man stood up, turning with his right elbow clamped against his ribs and a blue automatic clutched in his fist.

"I guess I won't need your help no more," Hait said.

CROUCHING there, Anderson looked at the bloody smear of the pudgy face in the moonlight.

"Bacigalupi?"

Hait nodded. "The cops found your wife and kids. I'll tell you that so's you can die happy, Bill Anderson. So Bacigalupi can't afford for you to see that grand jury. The tip come through just before the plane landed in Salt Lake, and he phoned me to hop it and do what I could. I'm sorry, Anderson, but it means ten grand to me, this job."

"But what about the baby up there? What about the girl? And the others?"

"I said I was sorry, didn't I?"

This time it was easy for Bill Anderson to make that lunge. Hait's automatic coughed a numbing slug through the broken left arm near the shoulder, exploded again as the pudgy man slithered off the lip of the cliff, and then, seconds later, coughed a last time, far below.

Flash bulbs put blue spots in Anderson's vision as he got off the train next morning. A kid was crying papers on the station platform. Mary seemed a mirage until her lips pressed his, convincingly real. Over the imitation badger collar of her coat he glimpsed headlines of the kid's paper:

KIDNAPERS CONFESS;
INVOLVE BACIGALUPI

VICE CZAR JAILED;
GRAFT RING BROKEN,
SAYS POLICE CHIEF

Little Bill was jumping up and down by his mother, holding one hand of Betty Lou's.

"Why, the baby—Betty Lou is *walking!*" Anderson cried.

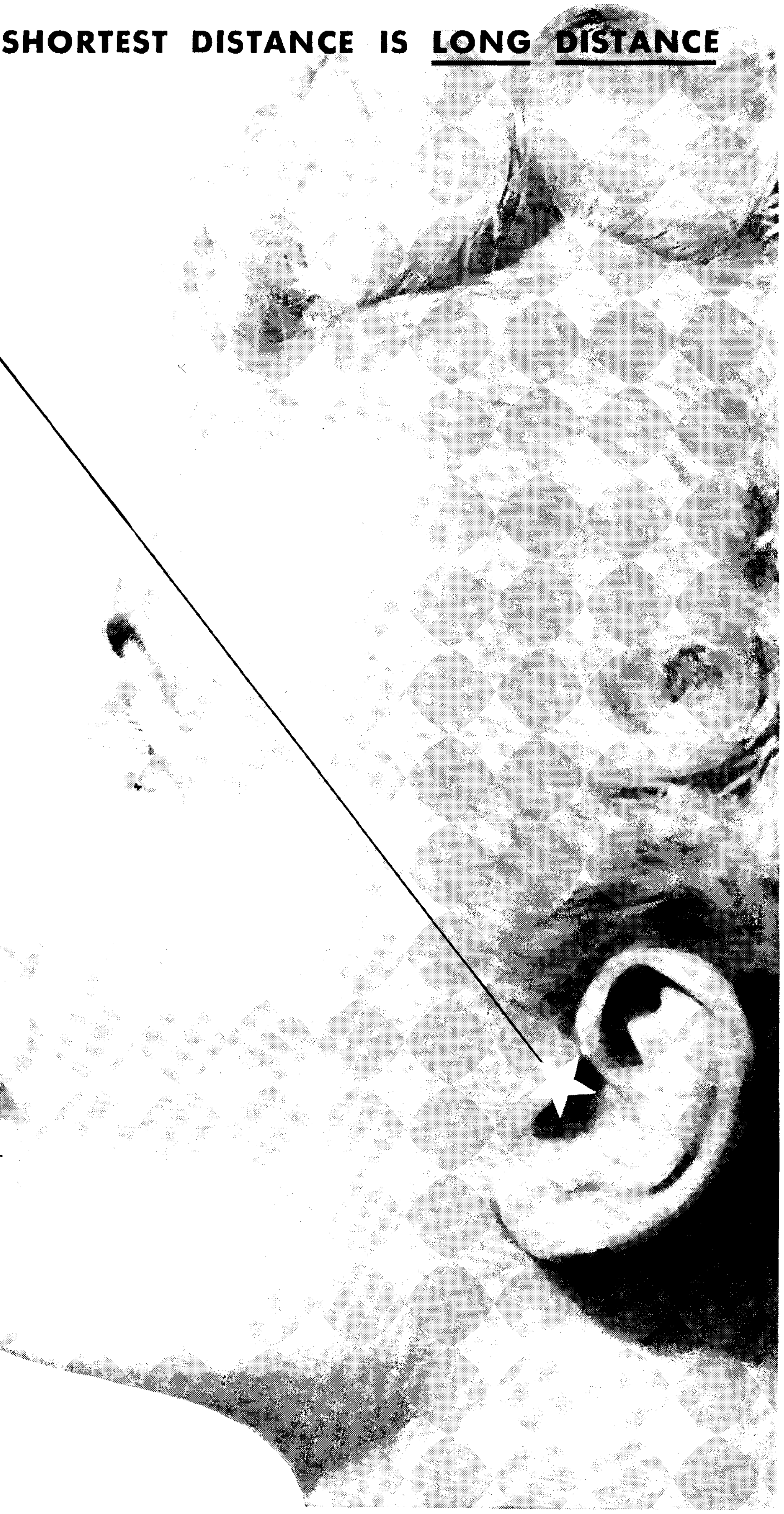
"She's been walking going on five weeks," Mary said proudly. "And you should hear her *talk!* . . . Say 'Hello, Daddy!' honey. Say 'Hello' to Daddy!"

Betty Lou piped, "He-l-lo, Day-*dee!*"

That was enough for Bill Anderson. That was all a little man could ask for.

from Here *to* Ear

THE SHORTEST DISTANCE IS LONG DISTANCE



You have a message. You want an ear. It's miles away, with millions of other ears in between. But Long Distance will deliver your message quickly right to the ear you want to reach—and bring back an answer.

When you want *personal* news from faraway relatives and friends . . . when you need *immediate* information on business problems . . . turn to your telephone. It's *direct.* It's *fast.* It's *inexpensive.* Look in the front of your telephone directory and see how *low* the rates really are. Then name the number and the EAR is HERE!

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. BELL SYSTEM AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

Man with a Union Card

Continued from page 22

in Rochester, where I had seventy-two weeks in stock."

From there on this story is fairly typical. It is the story that only Hollywood can write. He was "discovered," he was a screen star; he was famous, and he was making plenty of money. There was hard work involved and luck played a great part but he arrived to stardom on scheduled time. If there were nothing else, there would be little excuse for discussing Montgomery. Screen idols are common enough, and when you've told the story of one you've told the story of them all. But Montgomery became more than another good-looking man who made faces in front of the camera.

He became a great social force in Hollywood. With a few others he fostered a little organization called the Screen Actors' Guild, a child so weak and puny in the beginning that the producers didn't even bother to strangle it as they might easily have done. Montgomery and a few others made Hollywood a union town, made actors and actresses conscious of the fact that they owed some responsibility to their less fortunate colleagues and made self-respecting people out of hundreds who had been practically starving and often literally begging.

More Actors Than Jobs

A few years ago one would have laughed at the thought of a Hollywood actor's carrying a union card. Today the Screen Actors' Guild is one of the most powerful and best-regulated labor unions in America. It took a great deal of courage and unselfish work to bring the organization to its present state of efficiency: courage because the producers threatened to boycott those who were behind it; and unselfishness, because men like Montgomery, Jimmy Cagney, Charlie Butterworth, Ralph Morgan, Chester Morris and the other early leaders were men who would never derive any monetary benefit from membership in the guild.

It may come as a shock to those who have always thought of Hollywood in terms of ermine wraps and swimming pools and tennis courts and long, long motorcars, to know that there was a time when Hollywood was one of the worst sweatshops in the world. The state, with supreme condescension, enacted a law that said with unctuous benevolence that a woman need work only 16 hours a day. But often chorus girls had to work 22 hours without relief. Extras stood in line for days sometimes in the hope of getting an afternoon's work. There were 23,000 extras registered in Hollywood. Seldom have more than 3,000 been employed on any one day.

"Top pay for an extra was ten dollars a day," Montgomery says, "and an extra was lucky to get three days' work a month. Most of these extras were not actors, had no ambition to be actors. Barbers and cab drivers and waiters were all registered with Central Casting. If they were called, they'd just take a day off from their regular job to pick up some extra money. Real actors and actresses, people who had been trained for years in their profession, were registered, too, but it seemed as if the amateurs were called more often."

That was the straw that broke the camera's back. Overnight the Screen Actors' Guild was formed. Players like Alan Mowbray, Boris Karloff, that grand old trouper C. Aubrey Smith, Lucille and Jimmy Gleason and Ralph Morgan were among the first organizers. Most of the higher-priced players were then members of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences and for a time they thought that the academy was a sufficient protection for them. Finally, men like Charlie Butterworth, Eddie Cantor, Jimmy Cagney (who is really tough when he's fighting for the rights of someone else), Frank Morgan, Franchot Tone, Chester Morris, Fredric March, Robert Young and others jumped in with both feet and the producers started to blink.

Now it is a bit difficult to shed tears over the sad plight of actors like Montgomery, Cagney and the others who were then making somewhere in the neighborhood of $200,000 a year, stars who were breathing the thin financial air of the upper brackets. At that time Montgomery was well established as a good drawing card, a pleasant young man who was likable on the screen and off. He was playing chiefly light comedy roles. He wore a white tie on the screen and off. Sundays he played polo and worried a little bit about his fine collection of etchings.

Montgomery was well on his way to becoming the conventional screen star. Strangely enough, his best friend was Jimmy Cagney. You couldn't get Cagney into a white tie without a fight and it was his firm conviction that horses were made to draw milk wagons. There were too many exciting things going on, Cagney thought, to bother with polo or the other time-killing pastimes that Hollywood uses as an antidote for boredom. He'd kid Montgomery about his white tie, about his polo, about his fast cars. Sometimes he'd get serious. He'd tell of a friend who had been fired from a studio because some relative of the boss had wanted the job. He'd tell Bob about how the extras in a picture he was making had been forced to work fifteen hours without a rest.

"It's all right for us," he'd say. "Hell, we're overpaid anyhow, but those poor devils can't do anything about it. If they squawk they get fired."

He Wanted to be an Actor

Gradually Montgomery began to listen with interest as Cagney told of other abuses practiced on the extras and the bit players. Gradually he began to feel as Cagney felt. Until then "social consciousness" had been to him merely a phrase shouted from soapboxes. Until then he had led a happy but isolated family life with no outside interests.

Then suddenly Montgomery put his white tie and his polo mallets away. He started asking questions on the set. He asked directors and extras and bit players about things and he discovered that everything that Cagney and the others had said was true.

Montgomery deserted the academy and came over to the guild. The conservative-acting element blinked in amazement. They felt that Bob was deserting his class. Why, he was a star, a big star. What was he doing with a lot of troublemakers. Bob went after them. He was bitter and relentless in his verbal attacks on them and soon they began to come around and ask about the guild.

What could the guild do for them? Nothing, Montgomery told them. In fact, it might hurt their prestige with producers. But it could do a lot for the kids who were on their way and the old-timers who were all washed up.

The NRA was born and then after a bitter fight the guild was made the sole bargaining agent of the actors. Now everyone hopped on the band wagon.

The United States
holds a wedge in the
defense system of Japan—
the island of Guam.
What are we
going to do with it?

W. B. Courtney reports on
The Haunted Paradise
of the Pacific

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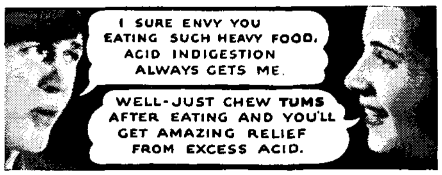
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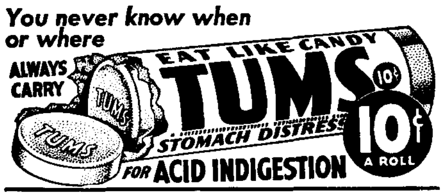

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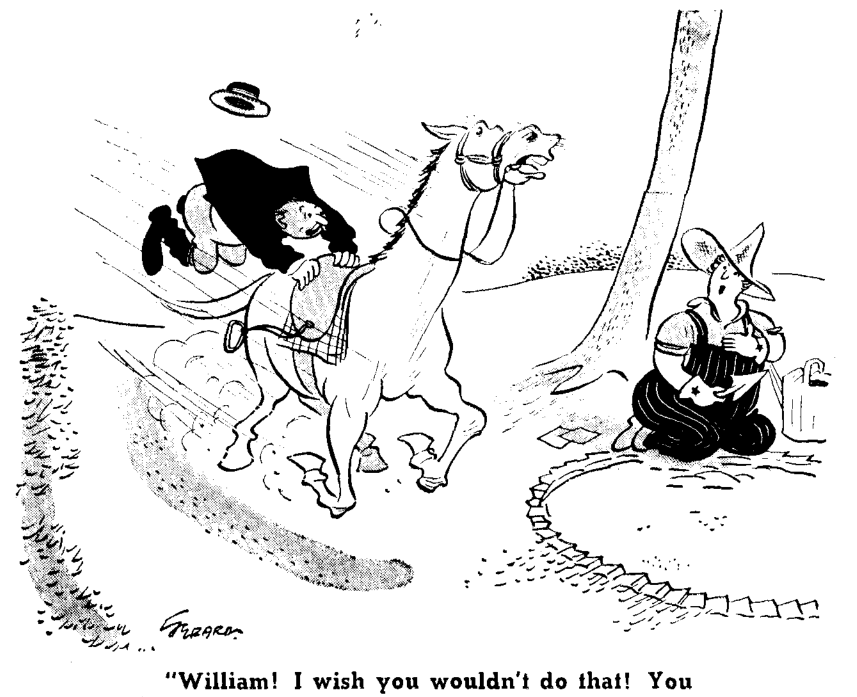

"William! I wish you wouldn't do that! You know what the doctor says about my heart!"

DAVE GERARD

Montgomery was elected president of the guild in 1935 and he fought its battles for three years.

It may have been that that finally made him disgusted with the pretty-boy roles he had been playing. In any case he started to get very truculent with studio officials in regard to pictures that had been scheduled for him. He wanted a role that he could get his teeth into; he remembered that he had been an actor once, a flesh-and-blood actor, not a face on a celluloid strip that came out of a tin can. A new Montgomery had emerged from the three years of guild battling. He realized that all he'd been doing had been to make a lot of money. That was all right, but now he'd like to do something else. He wanted to be an actor. On a trip to New York he read the Emelyn Williams play, Night Must Fall. It took him a long while to persuade the producers to buy it and let him play in it. Finally they agreed and there are those in Hollywood who still believe that the producers hoped that he'd stumble over the role and break his neck.

"The part of the murderer in the Night Must Fall play was a challenge to any actor," Montgomery says now. "You see, no one on the screen knows that the man is a murderer. The audience knows it though and the hard part is to make the audience like that character."

Down on the Farm

They sat back at the preview to snicker—and they remained with open mouths and wide, wide eyes. They scratched their toupeed conks in bewilderment when they saw the picture. They didn't quite understand that Montgomery was painting an unforgettable portrait; that he was putting something on the screen that hadn't been there before. They only understood that he was terrific.

Cagney told him, "You've given the rest of us something to shoot at. Boy, you're an actor."

The Hollywood Reporter, Variety and the trade journals fell on their faces to salaam. When it opened in New York the critics screamed paeans of praise and coupled Montgomery with Paul Muni and Spencer Tracy as the greatest Hollywood actors. The picture actually made money. But it did more than that. It brought a sadly needed dignity and importance to a screen that had so long been peopled with the vacuous pans of the insipid and wholly synthetic heart-throb boys. You came away from Night Must Fall feeling a little awed. This wasn't a "movie" any more than Hamlet was a "show." This was, for want of a better name, Art.

Despite this they wanted to toss Montgomery back to his old pretty-boy roles. Producers are so slow to catch on. But they compromised with Yellow Jack, the Paul de Kruif play in which a doctor and a few marines are the heroes and a bunch of microbes the villains. The play had not been successful on Broadway. It wasn't expected to be a hit as a picture. But once more Montgomery "acted." Oh, they threw in a pretty nurse, of course, but happily they kept the fine character of the play intact and again Montgomery turned a financially unsuccessful play into a profit-making picture. Maybe by now they'll continue to allow Montgomery to act. But probably not.

It won't matter in another five years. By then Montgomery will have enough money to coast from there in. He has a farm at a place called Towners near Brewster in New York State and that's his dish. He is married and has two children.

He lives on the farm three months a year and anyone visiting there who mentions the picture business is apt to get slugged. In another five years he'll have his and he's going to give Hollywood back to the producers.

Then? Then with hat in hand he's going to see if he can get a job with the Theatre Guild or with the Mercury Theater of Orson Welles or with some other organization that will allow him to act.

Once you've put that grease paint on and heard that spontaneous roar of applause when the curtain drops, you're lost, my boy, you're lost. He'll be an actor until he dies—Montgomery will. But not in Hollywood. It's too far from Brewster, New York.

Of course, we haven't given you any conventional picture of Mr. Montgomery but unfortunately he's not the conventional Hollywood actor. He's got ideas and we've given you his ideas and they are so much more important than how he looks or what he says or what pictures he appeared in or any of that. But if you'll go to the nearest newsstand you can get all that in almost any fan magazine. All I can say is that he's a good guy to stay up late with, and I'd end it there but you aren't supposed to end a sentence with a preposition. Or something like that.

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ARROW SHIRTS

Sanforized-Shrunk—a new shirt free if one ever shrinks out of fit

The Great North Road

Continued from page 13

peaks of the Canadian Rockies stand sentinel to warn you of crag, precipice, glacier and ice field beyond. It will take you to Hazelton on the Skeena River which in turn will promptly lead you out to the Pacific and the Queen Charlotte Islands where Canada is digging with might and main to build a great military field for bombers to defend her against men who live forty-two hundred miles away and who have probably no glimmer of a thought ever of *traveling so far to court disaster.*

At Hazelton and the Queen Charlotte Islands you're but a snatch from the throat of Alaska. And every move you make is observed slant-eyed by rugged little yellow men who have bulging calves and teeth too large for them and straight-cropped black hair that looks like it might be etched on their heads. You're from the center or east of North America and you'll not understand; but the sight of these small brisk men in their bearskin hats, their mukluks and their fur-lined jackets sends their big *white occidental brothers into trembling* huddles like children in a dark-crannied attic of a winter's night.

How to Get a Map

They're fishermen, these Jap fellows, you'd say. To be sure, replies Canada, and Washington State as well, they fish. But they're poachers; they're salmon pirates. And that's only what shows on the surface. Hark, now. They're spies, that's what. They're every last man of them naval reservists of His Imperial Majesty Hirohito—or Charlie if you want to know what they call him with a want of respect. Fish they certainly do to the great and loud anguish of the Alaskans; but lookit, mister! D'ye mind that craft with the clean slim lines abaft her bridge? Fishing craft, d'ye say? Well, she'll do eighteen knots, she will—and since when did they start building eighteen-knot fishing crafts? We've watched her and many another like her. Lookit, they'll be sounding for mackerel at high noon. The man who sounds for mackerel at high noon's not got his mind on fish, mister. Ye're a stranger here and like all strangers ye'll be wanting a map of the coast. All these are to be had from the department although the Japs want none of the department's charts. If you'd be wanting the right map of the coast from the Aleutians to Lower California, get the Japs'. Here's hoping they sink—which they won't.

But we've got off the road, haven't we? Well, you may as well know that it's a hard road to stick to—not being built yet.

The Great North Road (there's more picture in that name than Alaska Highway) must not feel the tread of the distrusted little yellow man. If it's to serve a military purpose, if tanks and trains of war supplies are to roll along its great length from Vancouver to Alaska, why then, it's got to be built well inland. You see? We protect the *road and the road will protect us.*

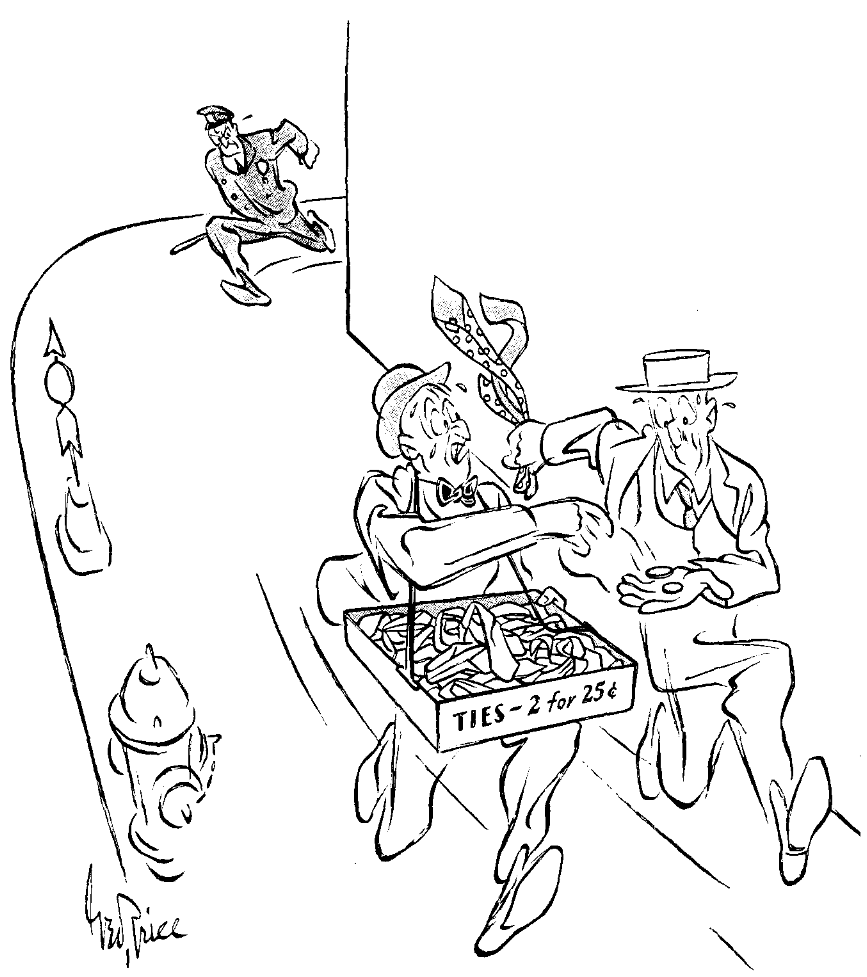
Now it's all very well for you to fling back in your soft chair, making sure at the same time that no hurt comes to the crease in your trousers, and snort with scorn. The same vague fear that's got the rest of the world by the throat is throttling western Canada. If you'll listen at all, you'll hear the stuff their fear is made of. When the enemy comes (What enemy, big fellow? How? From where? With what?), if the enemy comes, who's to protect British Columbia? Mother England? Ah, no. That would mean a world war, d'ye mind; and in another world war the British fleet would not dare leave the Mediterranean. This is the talk you'll hear. Ottawa? With a tiny navy of eighteen small ships that aren't built yet? With a few planes lifting out of Prince Rupert, the Queen Charlotte Islands and Vancouver Island and a few guns with their snouts stuck straight into the Pacific's fog? Let's not talk nonsense.

You say you've talked to important *Japanese and they've laughed in your* face. And particularly you've talked to Shimi at great length. Mr. Shimi would seem to be the boss Jap from Seward to Seattle, a tidy man with bandy legs and an ever-flickering smile and a solitary gesture of thumb over shoulder like a hitchhiker. And he laughed in your face and told you that His Imperial Majesty's government is too much honored by such exaggeration of its limited power.

But British Columbia calls you a fool for heeding hypocrisy and asks you again, like the opera-house heroine, who is to save her? Of course, your answer's all made for you—the United States, the loose-jointed, rawboned, ham-fisted, hell-diving giant south of the border whose full power nobody knows. Who else? D'ye mind what Roosevelt said? For their own safety could the States permit a foreign power to establish itself on Canadian soil? This, mind, is the talk you'll hear.

Very well then, let the States build the Great North Road, says British Columbia. Let them leave it by treaty to the keeping of British Columbia—ah well, Canada, if you insist—in time of peace. And by the same treaty it will become the free and grateful privilege of the United States to use it in wartime.

But, mind you, when the war is ended, when the enemy is hurled back into the Pacific with his own anchors chained to his neck, the States must clear out, get back to their side of the border. The Great North Road shall again become British Columbia's—or Canada's if you will. It's a small matter.



"Stock up, sir! Take advantage of our gigantic removal sale!"

GEO. PRICE

A Change of Heart

Both Canada and the United States have appointed commissioners to talk about the road and make such surveys as half-ration appropriations would permit. But many cold years have fled by since Montevan's ghost launched itself upon its trail-blazing task. And many winter nights did the colonel write his exhortation in the stars before a scattering of international highway associations organized themselves in 1929 to preach the gospel of Great North Road. They and many chambers of commerce, automobile clubs, good-road organizations, shouted so loud that the United States Department of the Interior, supervisor of Alaska, conscious that Alaska has been but half developed, took the cause to Congress. And Congress passed a resolution saying, in effect, that it was a swell idea and please go see the President.

But Ottawa was coy. The Dominion went so far as to name three commissioners, but let it be known that, after all, it was British Columbia's business. When British Columbia should come to the point, then Ottawa would listen—provided she wasn't asked for money. So British Columbia's government went to work in 1930. Led by her Premier, Mr. Simon Fraser Tolmie, she inspected the one-track lane of gravel, rock and mud from Vancouver to Hazelton, loaded a few engineers into airplanes to peer at the land to the north and declared herself sold.

And that was all very well until it came time to elect another premier. Mr. Tolmie's successor *was the present incumbent,* Mr. Thomas Dufferin Pattullo, and Mr. Pattullo won his election by opposing the project. Since then he's had a change of heart; today his enthusiasm knows no bounds. He has even carried it to the White House and fetched back President Roosevelt's warm blessing. From the White House he went to the Department of the Interior where Mr. Ickes offered him twenty million dollars to build the road with. But the twenty million was to be a loan. British Columbia would have fifty years to repay it—with *no interest.*

Whereat, Mr. Pattullo betook his globular self back to Victoria as fast as possible only to find that his news did not fire the imaginations of his people. Let the States give us the money, said they, not lend it. Mr. Pattullo knew, too, that he'd need Ottawa's permission to annex the Yukon territory if the road were to be wholly in British Columbia land (except, of course, the comparatively short stretch from the neck of Alaska to Fairbanks).

A Typical Yankee Trick

Where once Ottawa was inclined to tell Mr. Pattullo to take the Yukon and try to make something out of it, the government had suddenly become difficult. The eastern provinces—particularly Ontario and Quebec, the richest and most populous—were viewing with morbid suspicion and unbecoming jealousy the possible advantages the Great North Road would fetch to British Columbia.

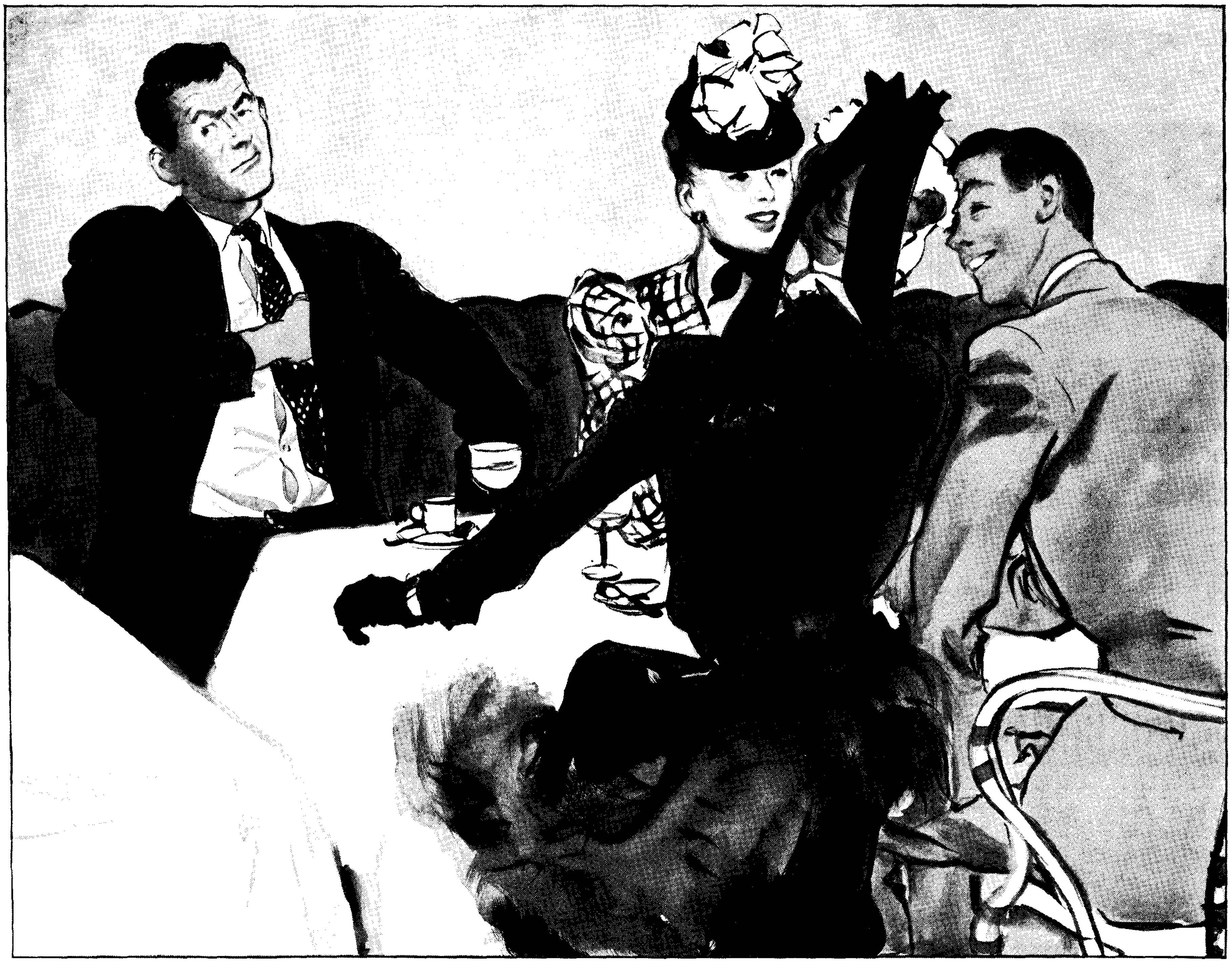
And most inconsistent of them it was, too, because they never leave off telling Parliament, which they control, how sick and tired they are of paying vast taxes to succor the poverty-stricken West. But Ontario and Quebec were resorting to cunning, pretending to see signs of Yankee imperialism and blathering something about a Yankee design to swallow Canada backward.

And they know that that's as silly as an idiot's giggle. They're really not suspicious of the Yankees at all; they'd merely like a whack for themselves at the timber, the gold, the silver, the coal and the oil and maybe radium ore that's to be had in all its virgin richness in the unpierced Yukon land.

A short while ago, Mr. William Lyon Mackenzie King, Canada's prime minister and head of the so-called Liberal party, *was prepared to be as enthusiastic* as the converted Mr. Pattullo. But for wholly different reasons, partly personal, the party machines in Ontario and Quebec had announced revolt against his leadership. Mr. Mackenzie King is an appeasement devotee, not a fight carrier. Anyway, this was no time to talk about ghost roads.

Well, that's the gist of it and we're truly sorry to burden you with such political claptrap. The road will be built. And the United States will probably do it all—with Canadian labor. It will *have to be done by Washington itself* because already Canadian contractors are begging Parliament to decree that no private contractors save Canadians shall be permitted to bid for the job.

There's much talk that eight hundred and thirty miles of the Great North Road are already there—the oversized trail from Vancouver to Hazelton. But



Say, Ernie—why don't you relax?

VOICE OF CONSCIENCE: Ernie, why are you letting that fellow monopolize those two girls? Why can't you relax, act natural, say something funny?

ERNIE: *Who could do anything but* look *funny in this shirt? I feel like a trussed turkey.*

VOICE OF C.: It's all your own fault. What made you buy that shirt anyway? You knew it would probably shrink.

ERNIE: *Well, it said "pre-shrunk" on it, and I thought maybe this time—*

VOICE OF C.: You know very well you can't depend on those words "pre-shrunk" or "full-shrunk." Why didn't you insist on a shirt that said *"Sanforized-Shrunk"* like I told you?

ERNIE: *Well—I—*

VOICE OF C.: Haven't you read about the Sanforizing process? How it takes *all* the shrinkage out of the fabric within a mere 1%, by Government standard test? And that Good Housekeeping Magazine confirms this figure?

ERNIE: *Yes, but—*

VOICE OF C.: Must I tell you all over again that there are 195 patents on the process—And no Sanforized-Shrunk shirt will ever shrink out of fit, no matter how often it's washed? That goes for Sanforized-Shrunk shorts and pajamas, too.

ERNIE: *Listen, why don't you quit harping at me, and tell me something I can do about it—now—before that girl walks out on me?*

VOICE OF C.: Here's what to do, Ernie! Tell the girls you've got to send a wire, or phone your Aunt Emma. Then run across the street and get a nice, comfortable Sanforized-Shrunk shirt to wear. It will fit you now—and it will still fit the next time you have a date with that girl—

ERNIE: If *there's a next time—*

VOICE OF C.: Sure there'll be, if you hurry. That store is still open—and they carry Sanforized-Shrunk shirts in different makes, at all prices.

ERNIE: *Here goes. Watch me make a hit with those girls when I come back—*

VOICE OF C.: But don't forget the other fellow has a head start. He's never worn any other kind *but* Sanforized-Shrunk shirts.

Look this way, girls—

—and end your shrinking troubles, too. Look for the words SANFORIZED-SHRUNK whenever you buy anything made of cotton, linen, or spun rayon.

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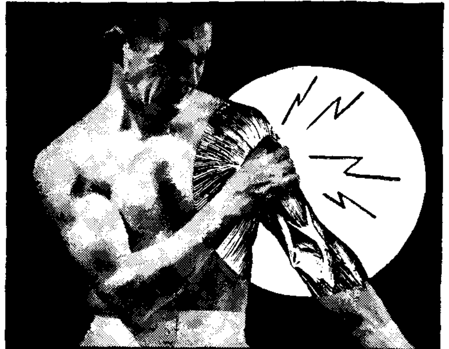
- ***Slip-covers and Draperies***

To be sure of permanent fit... look for the words... Sanforized-Shrunk

GET THIS PAL!



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that's all it is—talk. They'll have to build it from the beginning to its end—all twenty-two hundred miles of it—including Montevan's brave old Cariboo Trail, and it wouldn't be like the colonel if he didn't haunt every foot of it. Disapproving of it too, because he'll be sure that Her Blessed Majesty's own engineers would do it better.

It's likely it will follow past the Babine and up the Skeena Valley between the Stikine Mountains with their cathedral towers of snow and ice and the Coast Range, between which sift the strange mists of the Pacific. It's an eerie land—here a valley that's as fertile as the delta of the Mississippi and across that ridge there's rock and ice that would laugh at all the dynamite in the world. Yonder you'd sink like a stone in the ocean in the sullen muskeg with its deceitful tussocks and its marshaled borders of spruce and pine. Turn but an afternoon's distance to the east and you'll stiffen with terror at the perishing cold of the Giant Mankaquismank who's responsible for the North Terror. You know Mankaquismank?

Well, many years ago when the north country was as gentle as your Aunt Sue's marigold garden, Mankaquismank lay down here to rest. His flesh was blue ice, his ribs the black rocks, the hair of his head and chest were snows which only pretend to soften. And the rivers were his blood stream. And there still he lies with his head in the Selwyn Range of the Mackenzies and his great feet reaching for the warm current of the Pacific, gyved between peaks of the coast mountains. And every so often, in the swift spring of the year and the meager summer, Mankaquismank will heave a bit, as what sleeper wouldn't, and turn over. And then you have the terrible avalanche which will be the roaring danger of the Great North Road.

And there's nothing the engineers can do about Mankaquismank himself except sneak around, under and over him, *for, like a frozen Frederick Barbarossa,* he will sleep until the goats cease to leap the crags and berries no longer grow in the far-down valleys. Grandsir Sebastian's seen all this.

The road will likely skirt the escarpment of the Stikine Mountains, span the boulders at the neck of Dease Lake and follow the valley of the Jennings to Teslin Lake. Then north and west to Atlin, mounting in great sweeps to the Coast Range plateau, five thousand feet nearer heaven. After that it would strike north, fairly straight too, to Whitehorse, Selkirk and Dawson. And then to Fairbanks.

Watch Out for Mankaquismank

Alas, that sounds much too simple. Many months and maybe many lives will be consumed in the cutting and laying of the Great North Road. Not even the decision of the route it is to follow will be easy. The people of Alberta, British Columbia's prairie neighbor, will demand that it run to the east—Alberta's side—of the Stikines, striking due north from Prince George through the valleys of the Frances and the Pelly, between the Pelly and the Selkirk ranges of the Mackenzie Mountains. Thus Alberta would have access to the road by way of Athabaska, Slave Lake, Peace River and Fort St. John.

Well, anyway there's your Great North Road. And they who have flown above the mountains it will enfold, the valleys it will thread, the plateaus it will mount and the sheer cliffs it will edge, laugh at the talk of the warmongers. Fill its length with all the modern paraphernalia of war—the great murdering tanks, the crushing caterpillar trucks, the massive wheels of great guns and all the rest of the silly inventions of terror-maddened nations and pouch-eyed dictators. Let all the iron and steel of stupid Mars thunder up the Great North Road, giving you to think that there's nothing in all the universe so mighty. Well, one sleepy heave of the giant of the North, Mankaquismank, and all your power and glory would be crumpled like the tin toys of the nursery. A rumble, a groan, a wild scream of ice on the black rocks and all your white-faced armies would be a piteous little mass that would look like nothing and be nothing.

So we'll look at the road for more sensible things. It will have a loud, strong call to the tourist; but don't think it will be cheap. The big-game hunter will find that it leads to the land of his dreams; but his purse too will have to be big. In Seattle and Spokane just south of the border and in Vancouver and Victoria above, they'll talk a fancy picture of the thousands who will annually take to the Great North Road to "drink in the lofty wonders, to sleep in Nature's arms and rejoice in the world's new frontiers." For thus talk the boosters.

Expensive Grandeur

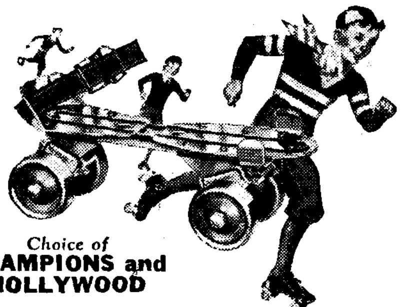
But they're not so flowery when you ask them the cost of this sleeping and drinking and rejoicing. It would take you all of two weeks to drive from Vancouver to Fairbanks with the going at its best, for the road will wind and there'll be too many grandeurs to look for speedy travel. And you'd be foolish to think it will cost you less than ten dollars a day unless, of course, you carry all your own provisions and camp out of nights. The government of British Columbia proposes to erect tourist-cabin towns where you and your motorcar will be fed and otherwise catered to.

What the Great North Road would do commercially for British Columbia and Yukon land it could do for Alaska. The prevailing opinion of Alaska is built on fish and gold and perhaps those *Federal Emergency Relief Administration* farms in the Matanuska Valley from which we get good news from good farmers and bad news from bad. You hear much too little of the lead, tin, platinum, gold, timber, silver, coal and copper Alaska's capable of. From the 586,000 square miles of valley, ridge and tundra, not forgetting considerable snow and ice, that we call Alaska, and for which the United States paid somewhat less than two cents an acre, we've taken two billion thirty-eight million dollars' worth of worldly goods. And that is not counting the waters that wash her shores and crease her land, for in fish products alone we've profited by a billion two hundred million. In 1938 alone we realized about five hundred per cent on our original investment of $7,200,000. And mind you, only about half of Alaska's surface has been accurately investigated and mapped.

Until his road is built, Montevan won't rest. Today's engineers shake their heads solemnly and call the undertaking a gigantic task. And it will be just that. But they'll add quickly that it can be done despite the eternal snows and the endless plains of blue ice that fling back the puny rays of the midnight sun.

So there's nothing for us to do but leave it, alas, to the politicians who are so quick to brand as somebody's folly that which their minds can't quite encompass. Somehow in their windy way, their eyes beseeching heaven to witness the purity of their aims, they'll work it out.

And the Great North Road will be built. And nothing shall hinder unless, of course, the good Lord loses His patience at last, as well He might, and wipes mankind from the face of a desecrated earth.



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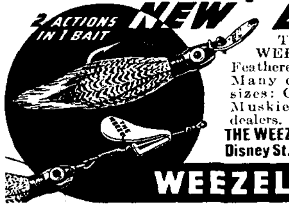

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Continued from page 10

by all women, by all sensible men, in this life, is *peace.* Wars are made by few but fought by many. The greatest intellect in the world today has decided that there must be *peace!* It has become my business to try to save the lives of certain prominent persons who are blind enough to believe that they can make war. I was en route for Sir Malcolm Locke's house, which is not five minutes' drive away, when I realized that a small Renton was following me. I remembered, fortunately, that your flat was here, and trusted to luck that you would be at home. I worked an old trick. Fey, my man, slowed up around a corner just before the following car had turned it; I stepped out and cut through a mews. Fey drove on. But my two followers evidently detected the trick. I saw them coming back just before you opened the door! They know I am in one of two buildings. What I don't want them to know is where I am going. Hello—!"

The sound of a speeding automobile suddenly braked came up from Bayswater Road.

"Into the dining room!"

I dashed in behind Nayland Smith. We stared down. A police car stood outside. There were few pedestrians and there was comparatively little traffic. It was the lull before eleven o'clock, the lull that precedes the storm of returning theater- and movie-goers. A queer scene was being enacted on the pavement almost directly below my windows.

Two men (except that they were dark fellows I could discern no more from my position) were struggling and protesting volubly amid a group of uniformed constables. Beyond on the park side, I saw now a small car standing—it looked like a Renton. A constable on patrol joined the party, and the police driver pointed in the direction of the Renton. The expostulating prisoners were hustled in, the police car was driven off, and the constable in the determined but leisurely way of his kind paced stolidly across the road.

"All clear!" said Nayland Smith. "Come along! I want you with me!"

"But, Sir Malcolm Locke? In what way can he be—?"

"He's the cousin of the Home Secretary. As a matter of fact, he's abroad. It isn't Locke I want to see, but a guest who is staying at his house. I must get to him, Kerrigan, without a moment's delay!"

"A guest?"

"Say, rather, someone who is hiding there."

"Hiding?"

"I can't mention his name—yet. But he returned secretly from Africa. He is the driving power behind one of Europe's dictators. By consent of the British Foreign Office, he came, also secretly, to London. Can you imagine why?"

"No."

"To see *me!*"

FEY, that expressionless, leather-faced valet-chauffeur of Nayland Smith's, was standing at the door beside the car, rug over arm, as though nothing unusual had occurred; and as we proceeded toward Sir Malcolm's house, Smith, smoking furiously, fell into a silence I did not care to interrupt.

I count myself psychic, for this is a Celtic heritage, yet on this short journey nothing told me that, although as correspondent for the Orbit I had had a not uneventful life, I was about to become mixed up in a drama on the outcome of which hinged nothing less than the destruction of what we are pleased to call civilization. And in averting Armageddon, by the oddest paradox I was to find myself opposed to the one man who, alone, could save Europe from destruction. . . .

Sir Malcolm Locke's house presented an unexpectedly festive appearance as we approached. Nearly every window in the large building was illuminated, a number of cars were drawn up, and a considerable group of people had congregated outside the front door.

"Hello!" muttered Nayland Smith. He knocked out his pipe in the ash tray and dropped the brier into a pocket of his Burberry. "This is very odd."

Before Fey had pulled in, Smith was out and dashing up the steps. I followed and reached him just as the door was opened by a butler. The man's face wore a horrified expression; a constable was hurrying up behind us.

"Sir Malcolm is not at home, sir."

"I am not here to see Sir Malcolm, but his guest. My name is Nayland Smith. My business is official."

"I'm sorry, sir," said the butler, with a swift change of manner. "I didn't recognize you."

THE door opened straight into a lofty hallway, from the farther end of which a crescent staircase led to upper floors. As the butler closed the door, I immediately became conscious of a curiously vibrant atmosphere. I had experienced it before, in places taken by assault or bombed. It is caused, I think, by the vibrations of frightened minds. Several servants were peering down from a dark landing above, but the hallway itself was brightly lighted. At this moment, a door on the right opened and a clean-shaven, heavily built man with jet black, close-cropped hair, came out. He glanced in our direction.

"Good evening, Inspector," said Nayland Smith. "What's this? What are *you* doing here?"

"Thank God you've arrived, sir!" The inspector stopped dead in his stride. "I was beginning to fear something was wrong."

"This is Mr. Bart Kerrigan—Chief-Inspector Leighton of the Special Branch."

Nayland Smith's loud, rather harsh tones evidently having penetrated to the room beyond, again the door opened, and I saw with astonishment Sir James Clare, the Home Secretary, come out.

"Here at last, Smith," was his greeting. "I heard your voice." Sir James spoke in a clear but nearly toneless manner which betrayed his legal training. "I don't know your friend—" staring at me through the thick pebbles of his spectacles. "This unhappy business, of course, is tremendously confidential."

Nayland Smith made a rapid introduction.

"Mr. Kerrigan is acting for no newspaper or agency. You may take his discretion for granted. You say this is unhappy business, Sir James? May I ask—"

Sir James Clare raised his hand to check the speaker. He turned to Inspector Leighton.

"See if there is any news about the telephone call, Inspector," he directed, and as the inspector hurried away: "Suppose, gentlemen, you come in here for a moment."

We followed him back into the apartment from which he had come. It was a large library, a lofty room, every available foot of the wall occupied by bookcases. Beside a mahogany table upon which, also, were many books and

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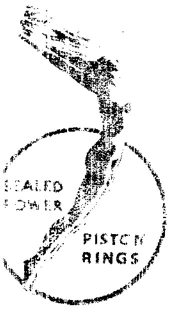


a number of documents, he sat down in an armchair, indicating that we should sit in two others. Smith was far too restless for inaction but, grunting irritably, he threw himself down into one of the padded chairs.

"Chief-Inspector Leighton of the Special Branch," said Sir James, "is naturally acquainted with the identity of Sir Malcolm's guest. But no one else in the house has been informed, with the exception of Mr. Bascombe, Sir Malcolm's private secretary. In the circumstances I think perhaps we had better talk in here. Am I to take it that you are unaware of what occurred tonight?"

"On your instructions," said Smith, speaking with a sort of smothered irritability, "I flew from Berlin this evening. I was on my way here, and I can only suppose that the purpose of my return was known. A deliberate attempt was made tonight to wreck my car as I crossed Bond Street, by the driver of a lorry. Only Fey's skill and the fact that at so late an hour there were no pedestrians, averted disaster. He drove right on to the sidewalk and along it for some little distance."

"Did you apprehend the driver of this lorry?"

"I did not stop to do so, although I recognized the fact that it was a planned attack. Then, when we reached Marble Arch, I realized that two men were following in a Renton. I managed to throw them off the track, with Mr. Kerrigan's assistance—and here I am. What has happened?"

"General Quinto is dead!"

THIS news, coupled with the identity of the hidden guest, shocked me inexpressibly. General Quinto! Chief of staff to Signor Monaghani; one of the most formidable figures in political Europe! The man who would command Monaghani's forces in the event of war; the first soldier in his country, almost certain successor to the dictator! But if I was shocked, the effect upon Nayland Smith was electrical.

He sprang up with clenched fists, and glared at Sir James Clare.

"Sir James! You are not telling me that he has been—"

The Home Secretary shook his head. His legal calm remained unruffled.

"That question, Smith, I am not yet in a position to answer. But you know, now, why I am here; why Inspector Leighton is here." He stood up. "I shall be glad, gentlemen, if you will follow me to the study, which had been placed at the disposal of the general, and in which he died."

A door at the farther end of the library was thrown open and I entered a small study, intimately furnished. There was a writing desk near a curtained window, which showed evidence of someone's recent activities. But my attention was immediately focused upon a settee in an arched recess upon which lay the body of a man. One glance was sufficient—for I had seen him many times in Africa.

It was General Quinto. But his normally sallow aquiline features displayed an agonized surprise, and had acquired a sort of ghastly greenish hue. I cannot better describe what I mean than by likening the effect to that produced by green limelight.

A man whose features I could not distinguish was kneeling beside the body, which he appeared to be closely examining. A second man looked down at him; and as we entered, the first stood up and turned.

It was Lord Moreton, the King's physician.

Introductions revealed that the other was Dr. Sims, the divisional police surgeon.

"This is a very strange business," said the famous consultant, removing his spectacles and placing them in a pocket of his dress waistcoat. "Do you know—" he looked from face to face, with a sort of naïve astonishment—"I have no idea what killed this man!"

"This is really terrible," declared Sir James Clare. "Personal considerations apart, his death here in London under such circumstances cannot fail to set ugly rumors afloat. I take it that you mean, Lord Moreton, that you are not prepared to give a certificate of death from natural causes?"

"Honestly," the physician replied, staring intently at him, "I am not. I am by no means satisfied that he did die from natural causes."

"I am perfectly sure that he didn't," the police surgeon declared.

Nayland Smith, who had been staring down at the body of the dead soldier, now began sniffing the air suspiciously.

"Got a bottle wit' more in it? I ain't gonna be th' ole maid"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

"I observe, Sir Denis," said Lord Moreton, "that you have detected a faint but peculiar odor in the atmosphere?"

"I have. Had you noticed it?"

"At the very moment that I entered the room. I cannot identify it; it is something outside my experience. It grows less perceptible—or I am becoming used to it."

I, too, had detected this strange but not unpleasant odor. Now, apparently guided by his sense of smell, Nayland Smith began to approach the writing desk. Here he paused, sniffing vigorously. At this moment the door opened and Inspector Leighton came in.

"I SEE you are trying to trace the smell, sir. I thought it was stronger by the writing desk than elsewhere, but I could find nothing to account for it."

"You have searched thoroughly?" Smith snapped.

"Absolutely, sir. I think I may say that I have searched every inch of the room."

Nayland Smith stood by the desk, tugging at the lobe of his ear, a mannerism that indicated perplexity, as I knew; then:

"Where was the body found?"

"Where it lies now."

"By whom?"

"By Mr. Bascombe, Sir Malcolm's private secretary. He phoned the news to me."

Smith glanced at Inspector Leighton.

"The body has been disturbed in no way, Inspector?"

"In no way," the inspector told him.

"In that case I should like a private interview with Mr. Bascombe. I wish Mr. Kerrigan to remain. Perhaps, Lord Moreton and Dr. Sims, you would be good enough to wait in the library with Sir James and the inspector. . . ."

MR. BASCOMBE was a tall fair man, approaching middle age. As he entered the study, he glanced in a horrified way at the body on the settee.

"Good evening, Mr. Bascombe," said Nayland Smith, who was standing before the writing table. "I thought it better that I should see you privately. I gather from Inspector Leighton that General Quinto, who arrived here yesterday morning at eleven o'clock, was, to all intents and purposes, hiding in these rooms."

"That is so, Sir Denis. The door behind you, there, opens into a bedroom, and a bathroom adjoins it. Sir Malcolm, who is a very late worker, sometimes slept there in order to avoid disturbing Lady Locke."

"And since his arrival, the general has never left those apartments?"

"No."

"He was a very old friend of Sir Malcolm's?"

"Yes, a lifelong friend, I understand. He and Lady Locke are in the south of France but are expected back tomorrow morning."

"No member of the staff is aware of the identity of the visitor?"

"No. He had never stayed here during the time of Greaves, the butler—that is, during the last three years—and he was a stranger to all the other servants."

"By what name was he known here?"

"Mr. Victor."

"Who looked after him?"

"Greaves."

"No one else?"

"No one, except myself and Greaves, entered these rooms."

"The general expected me tonight, of course?"

"Yes. He was very excited when you did not appear."

"How has he occupied himself since his arrival?"

"Writing almost continuously, when he was not pacing up and down the library, or glancing out of the windows into the Square."

"What was he writing?"

"I don't know. He tore up every shred of it. Late this evening he had a fire lighted in the library and burned up everything."

"Extraordinary! Did he seem very apprehensive?"

"Very. Had I not known his reputation, I should have said, in fact, that he was panic-stricken. This frame of mind seemed to date from his receipt of a letter delivered by a district messenger at noon yesterday."

"Where is this letter?"

"I have reason to believe that the general locked it in a dispatch box that he brought with him."

"Did he comment upon the letter?"

"No."

"In what name was it addressed?"

"Mr. Victor."

Nayland Smith began to pace the carpet.

"Did he make very many telephone calls?"

"Quite a number."

"From the instrument on the desk there?"

"Yes—it is an extension from the hallway."

"Have you a record of those whom he called?"

"Of some. Inspector Leighton has already made that inquiry. There were two long conversations with Rome; several calls to Sir James Clare; and some talks with his own embassy."

"But others you have been unable to check?"

"The inspector is at work on that now, I understand, Sir Denis. There was —er—a lady."

"Indeed? Any incoming calls?"

"Very few."

"I remember—the inspector told me he was trying to trace them. Any visitors?"

"Sir James Clare yesterday morning, Count Bruzzi at noon today—and, oh, yes, a lady last night."

"WHAT? A lady?"

"Yes."

"What was her name?"

"I have no idea, Sir Denis. She came just after dusk in a car that waited outside, and sent a sealed note in, by Greaves. I may say that at the request of the general I was almost continuously at work in the library, so that no one could gain access without my permission. This note was handed to me."

"Was anything written on the envelope?"

"Yes: 'Personal—for Mr. Victor.' I took it to him. He was then seated at the desk writing. He seemed delighted. He evidently recognized the handwriting. Having read the message, he instructed me to admit the visitor."

"Describe her," said Nayland Smith.

"Tall and slender, with fine eyes, very long and narrow—definitely not an Englishwoman. She had graceful and languid manners, and remarkable composure. Her hair was jet black and closely waved to her head. She wore jade earrings and was wrapped up in what I assumed to be a very expensive fur coat."

"H'm!" murmured Nayland Smith—"can't place her, unless—" and a startled expression momentarily crossed his brown features—"the dead are living again!"

"She remained in the study with the general for close upon an hour. Their voices sounded animated but, of course, I actually overheard nothing of their words. Then the door was opened and they both came out. I rang for Greaves, the general conducted his visitor as far as the end of the library, and Greaves saw her down to her car."

"What occurred then? Did the general seem to be disturbed in any way? Unusually happy or unusually sad?"

"He was smiling when he returned to the study, which he did immediately, going in and closing the door."

"And today he saw Count Bruzzi?"

"Count Bruzzi lunched with him. There have been no other visitors."

"Phone calls?"

"One at half past seven. It was immediately after this that General Quinto came out and told me that you were expected, Sir Denis, between ten and eleven, and were to be shown immediately into the study."

"Yes. I was recalled from Berlin for this interview, which, now, cannot take place. This brings us, Mr. Bascombe, to the ghastly business of tonight."

"The general and I dined alone in the library, Greaves waiting."

"Did you both eat the same dishes and drink the same wine?"

"We did. Your suspicions are natural, Sir Denis, but such a solution of the mystery is impossible. It was a plain and typically English dinner—a shoulder of lamb with mint sauce; peas and new potatoes. Greaves carved and served. Followed by apple tart and cream of which we both partook; then cheese and young radishes. We shared a bottle of claret. That was our simple meal."

Nayland Smith had begun to walk up and down again. Mr. Bascombe continued:

"I went out for an hour after dinner. During my absence, General Quinto received a telephone call and afterward complained to Greaves that there was something wrong with the extension to the study—that he had found difficulty in making himself audible. Greaves informed him that the Post Office was aware of this defect and that an engineer was actually coming along at the moment to endeavor to rectify it. As a matter of fact the man was here when I returned."

"Where was the general?"

"Reading in the library, outside. The man assured me that the instrument was now in order, made a test call, and General Quinto returned to the study and closed the door. I remained in the library."

"What time was this?"

"As nearly as I can remember, a quarter to ten."

"Yes, go on."

"I SAT at the library table writing personal letters, when I heard Greaves in the hall outside putting a call through to the general in the study. I heard General Quinto answer it, dimly at first, then more clearly. He seemed to be shouting into the receiver. Presently he came out in a state of some excitement—he was, I may add, a very irascible man. He said: 'That fool has made the instrument worse. The lady to whom I was speaking could not hear a word.'

"Realizing that it was too late to expect the Post Office to send anyone again tonight, I went into the study and tested the instrument myself."

"But," demanded Nayland Smith, "did you observe anything unusual in the atmosphere of the room?"

"Yes—a curious odor, which still lingers here, as a matter of fact."

"Good! Go on."

"I put a call through to a friend in Chelsea and was unable to detect anything the matter with the line."

"It was perfectly clear?"

"Perfectly. I suggested to the general that possibly the fault was with his friend's instrument and not with ours. I then returned to the library. He was in an extraordinarily excited condition—kept glancing at his watch and inquiring why *you* had not arrived. Some ten minutes later he threw the door open and came out again. He said: 'Listen!'

"I stood up and we both remained quite silent for a moment.

" 'Did you hear it?' he asked.

" 'Hear what, General?' I replied.

" 'Someone beating a drum!' "

"Stop!" snapped Smith. "Those were his exact words?"

"His exact words. . . . 'Surely you can hear it?' he said. 'An Arab drum—what they call a *darabukkeh*. Listen again.'

"I listened, but on my word of honor could hear nothing whatever. I assured the general of this. His face was inflamed and he remained very excited. He went in and slammed the door. I heard him walking about for a time and then his footsteps ceased. Once I heard him cry out: 'Stop those drums!' Then I heard no more."

To that expression of agonized surprise upon the dead man's face was now added, almost momentarily, a deepening of the greenish tinge. A fingerprint expert and a photographer from Scotland Yard had come and gone. After a longish interview, Nayland Smith had released Lord Moreton and Dr. Sims. He put a call through on the desk telephone that General Quinto had found defective. Smith found it in perfect order.

WHEN presently I came out into the Square, I found that Lord Moreton's car had gone; Smith's, that of the Home Secretary and a Yard car were still standing there. Ten or twelve people were hanging about, attracted by that almost psychic awareness of tragedy that, ahead of radio or newspaper, in some mysterious way creeps through.

I examined them all carefully and selected several for conversation. Apart from the fact that they had heard that "something had happened," I gathered little news of value.

Then, standing apart from the main group, I saw a girl. She was wearing a light raincoat that, however, did not disguise the lines of her slim, trim figure. She wore a brown beret. And her face, as the light shone fully upon it, was so really lovely—a word which can rarely be applied—that I was astonished. She turned and stared at the departing taxi as I strolled in her direction.

"Any idea what's going on here?" I asked casually.

She raised her eyes in a startled way (they were wonderful eyes of a most unusual color; they set me thinking of amethysts) keeping her hands tucked in the pockets of her coat.

"Someone told me—" she spoke broken English—"that something terrible had happened in this house."

"Really! I couldn't make out what the crowd was about. So that's it! Who's the owner of the house? Do you know?"

"Someone told me it is owned by Sir Malcolm Locke."

"Oh, yes—he writes books, doesn't he?"

"I don't know. They told me Sir Malcolm Locke."

She glanced up again and smiled. She had a most adorable, provocative smile. I could not place her, but I thought that with that face and figure, she might be a mannequin or perhaps a show girl in a cabaret.

"Do you know Sir Malcolm Locke?" she asked, suddenly growing serious.

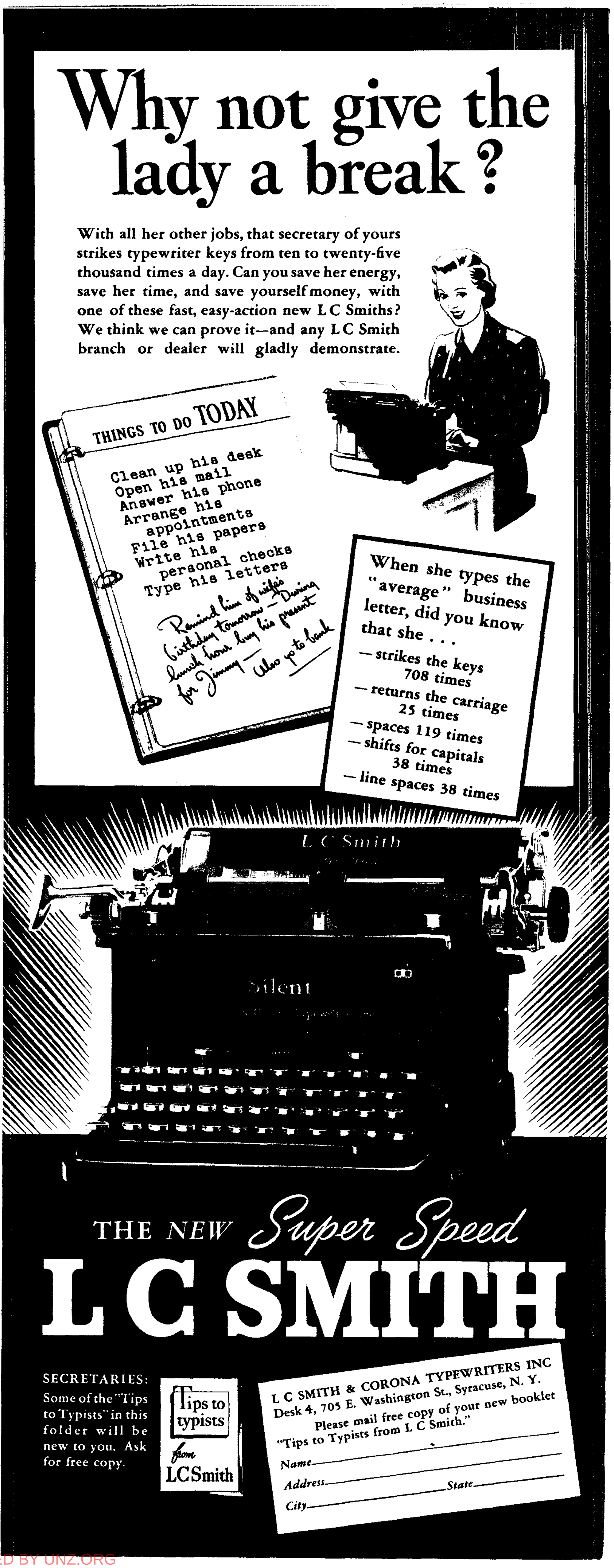
"No"—her change of manner had quite startled me—"except by name."

"May I speak truly to you? You look"—she hesitated—"sensible." There was a caressing note in her voice. "I know someone who is in that house. Do you understand?"

"That's very interesting," I said. "Who is it?"

"Just . . . someone I know. You see"—she laid her hand on my arm, and inclined ever so slightly toward me—"I saw you come out of the side entrance! You know—and so, if you please, tell me. What has happened in that house?"

"A gentleman known as Mr. Victor has died."



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Her slim fingers closed on my arm with a surprisingly strong grip.

"Thank you." Dark lashes were raised; she flashed up at me an enigmatical glance. "Good night!"

"Just a moment!" I grasped her wrist. "Please don't run away so quickly."

At which she lifted her voice:

"Let me go! How dare you!"

Two men detached themselves from the group of loiterers and dashed in our direction. But the behavior of my beautiful captive, who was struggling violently, was certainly remarkable. Pressing her lips very close to my ear:

"Please let me go!" she whispered. "They will kill you. Let me go! It's no use!"

I released her and turned to meet the attack of two of the most ferocious-looking ruffians I had ever encountered. They were of Mongolian type with an incredible shoulder span in proportion to their height.

The first on the scene feinted and then by a trick, which fortunately I knew, tried to kick me off my feet. I stepped back. The second was upon me. Other loiterers were surrounding us now and I knew that I was on the unpopular side. But I threw discretion to the winds and led off with a straight left against my second opponent.

He ducked it perfectly. The first sprang behind me and seized my ankles. The house door was thrown open and Inspector Leighton raced down the steps. Fey came up at the double: so did the driver of the police car. The attack ceased. . . . I spun around, and saw the two men sprinting for the corner.

"After that pair," cried Leighton gruffly, "don't lose 'em!"

The police driver and Fey set out.

"'E was maulin' 'er about!" growled one of the loiterers. "They was in the right. I 'eard 'er cry out."

But the girl with the amethyst eyes had vanished. . . .

"SHE has got clear away," said Nayland Smith, "thanks to her bodyguard."

We stood in the library, Smith, myself, Mr. Bascombe and Inspector Leighton. Sir James Clare was seated in an armchair watching us. Now he spoke:

"I understand, Smith, why General Quinto came from Africa to the house of his old friend, secretly, and asked me to recall you for a conference. This is a very deep-laid scheme. You are the only man who might have saved him—"

"But I failed."

Nayland Smith spoke bitterly. He turned and stared at me.

"It appears, Kerrigan, that your charming acquaintance who so unfortunately has escaped—I am not blaming you—differs in certain details from Mr. Bascombe's recollections of the general's visitor. However, it remains to be seen if they are one and the same."

"You see," the judicial voice of the Home Secretary broke in, "it is obviously impossible to hush this thing up. A post-mortem examination is unavoidable. We don't know what it will reveal. The fact that a very distinguished man, of totally different political ideas from our own, dies here in London under such circumstances, is calculated to produce international results. It's deplorable—it's horrible. I cannot see my course clearly."

"Your course, Sir James," snapped Nayland Smith, "is to go home. I will call you early in the morning." He turned: "Mr. Bascombe, decline all information to the press."

"What about the dead man, sir?" Inspector Leighton interpolated.

"Remove the body when the loiterers have dispersed. Report to me in the morning, Inspector."

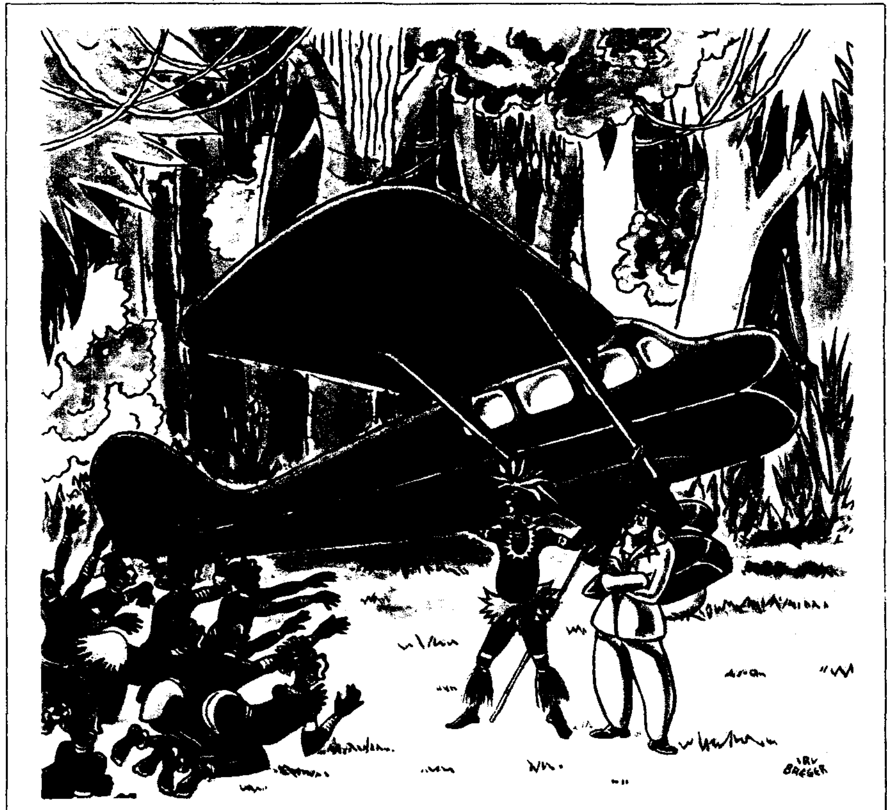
It was long past midnight when I found myself in Sir Denis' rooms in Whitehall. I had not been there for some time, and from my chair I stared across at an unusually elaborate radio set with television equipment.

"Haven't much leisure for amusement, myself," said Smith, noting the direction of my glance. "Of course the radio is useful. Television I had installed purely to amuse Fey! He is a pearl above price, and owing to my mode of life is often alone here for days and nights."

Standing up, I began to examine the instrument. At which moment Fey came in.

"Excuse me, sir," he said—"Electrician from firm requests no one touch until he calls again, sir."

Fey's telegraphic speech had always amused me. I nodded and sat down, watching him prepare drinks. When he went out:



"Great red bird come down to us from sky. . . . Ignition trouble, no doubt"

IRV BREGER

"Our return journey was quite uneventful," I remarked. "Why?"

"Perfectly simple," Smith replied, sipping his whisky and soda, and beginning to load his pipe. "My presence tonight threatened to interfere with the plot, Kerrigan. The plot succeeded. I am no longer of immediate interest."

"I don't understand in the least, Smith. Have you any theory as to what caused General Quinto's death?"

"At the moment, quite frankly, not the slightest. That indefinable perfume is of course a clue, but, at present, a useless clue. The autopsy may reveal something more. I await the result with interest."

"ASSUMING it to be murder, what baffles me is the purpose of the thing. The general's idea that he could hear drums rather suggests a guilty conscience in connection with some action of his in Africa—a private feud of some kind."

"Reasonable," snapped Smith, lighting his pipe and smiling grimly. "Nevertheless, wrong."

"You mean—" I stared at him—"that although you don't know *how*—you do know *why* General Quinto was murdered?"

He nodded, dropping the match in an ash tray.

"You know, of course, Kerrigan, that Quinto was the right-hand man of Pietro Monaghani. His counsels might have meant an international war."

"It hangs on a hair, I agree, and I suppose that Quinto, as Monaghani's chief adviser, might have precipitated a war—"

"Yes—undoubtedly. But what you don't know (nor did I until tonight) is this: General Quinto had left Africa on a mission to Spain. If he had gone I doubt if any power on earth could have preserved international peace! One man intervened."

"What man?"

"IF YOU can imagine Satan incarnate—a deathless spirit of evil dwelling in an ageless body—a cold intelligence armed with knowledge so far undreamed of by science—you have a slight picture of Dr. Fu Manchu."

In my ignorance, I think I laughed.

"A name to me—a bogey to scare children. I had never supposed such a person to exist."

"Scotland Yard held the same opinion at one time, Kerrigan. But you will remember the recent suicide of a distinguished Japanese diplomat. The sudden death of Germany's foremost chemist, Erich Schaffer, was front-page news a week ago. Now—General Quinto."

"Surely you don't mean—"

"Yes, Kerrigan, the work of one man! Others thought him dead, but I have evidence to show that he is still alive. If I had lacked such evidence—I should have it now. I forced the general's dispatch box: we failed to find the key. It contained three sheets of note paper—nothing else. Here they are." He handed them to me. "Read them in the order in which I have given them to you."

I looked at the top sheet. It was embossed with a hieroglyphic which I took to be Chinese. The letter, which was undated, was not typed, but written in a squat, square hand. This was the letter:

> *"First Notice*
>
> "The Council of Seven of the Si-Fan has decided that at all costs, another international war must be averted. There are only fifteen men in the world who could bring it about. You are one of them. Therefore, these are the council's instructions: You will not enter Spain but will resign your commission immediately, and retire to your villa in Capri.
>
> "President of the Seven."

I looked up.

"Whatever does this mean?"

"I take it to mean," Smith replied, "that the first notice which you have read was received by General Quinto in Africa. I knew him, and he knew—as every man called upon to administer African or Asiatic people knows—that the Si-Fan cannot be ignored. The Chinese tongs are powerful, and there is a widespread belief in the influence of the Jesuits; but the Si-Fan is the most formidable secret society in the world: fully twenty-five per cent of the colored races belong to it. However, he did not resign his commission. He secured leave of absence, and proceeded to London to consult *me*. Somewhere on the way, he received the second notice. Read it, Kerrigan."

I turned to the second page which bore the same hieroglyphic and a message in that heavy, definite handwriting. This was the message:

> *"Second Notice*
>
> "The Council of Seven of the Si-Fan would draw your attention to the fact that you have not resigned your commission. Failing your doing so, a third and final notice will be sent to you.
>
> "President of the Seven."

I turned to the last page; it was headed *Third Notice* and read as follows:

> "You have twenty-four hours.
>
> "President of the Seven."

"YOU see, Kerrigan," said Nayland Smith, "it was this third notice (which must have reached him by district messenger at Sir Malcolm's house) that produced that state of panic to which Bascombe referred. The Council of Seven has determined to avert war. Their aim must enlist the sympathy of any sane man. But there are several other men now living, perhaps misguided, whose lives are in danger. I have made a list of some of those whose removal in my opinion would bring at least temporary peace to the world. But it's my job at the moment to protect them!"

"Have you any idea of the identity of this Council of Seven?"

"The members are changed from time to time."

"But the president?"

"The president is Dr. Fu Manchu! I would give much to know where Dr. Fu Manchu is tonight—"

And almost before the last syllable was spoken, a voice replied:

"No doubt you would like a word with me, Sir Denis. . . ."

For once in all the years that I knew him, Smith's iron self-possession broke down. He came to his feet as though a pistol shot and not a human voice had sounded. A touch of pallor showed under the prominent cheekbones. Fists clenched, a man amazed beyond reason, he stared around.

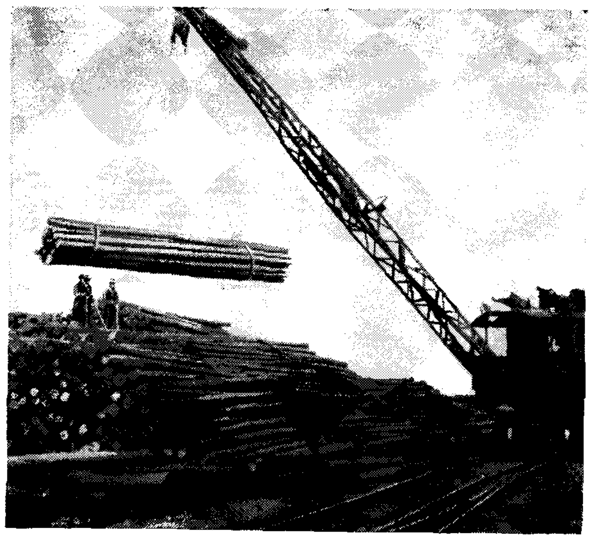
I, too, was staring—at the television screen.

It had become illuminated. It was occupied by an immobile face—a wonderful face—a face that might have served as model for that of the fallen angel. Long, narrow eyes seemed to be watching me. They held my gaze hypnotically.

A murmur, wholly unlike Smith's normal tones, reached my ears . . . it seemed to come from a great distance—

"*Fu Manchu!*"

(To be continued next week)



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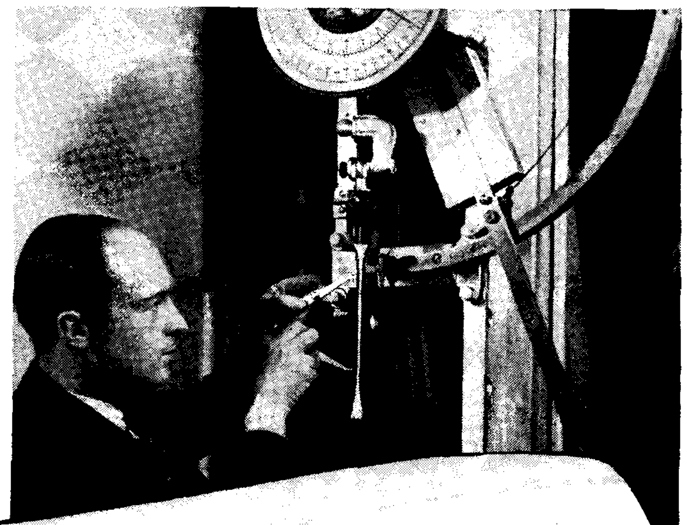

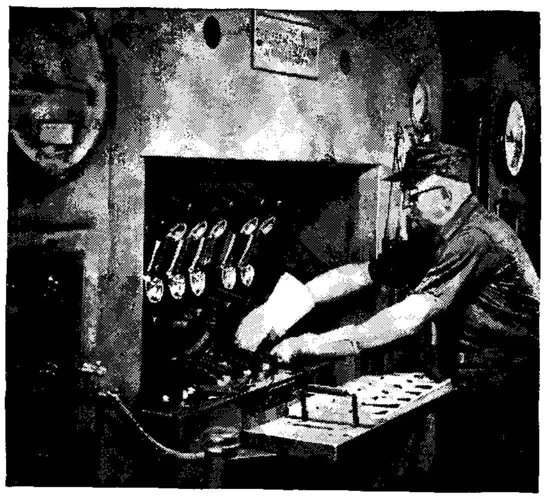

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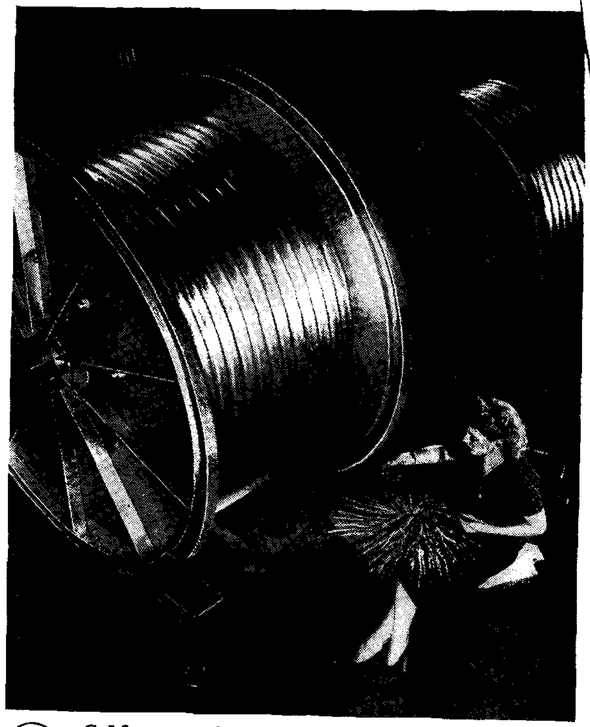

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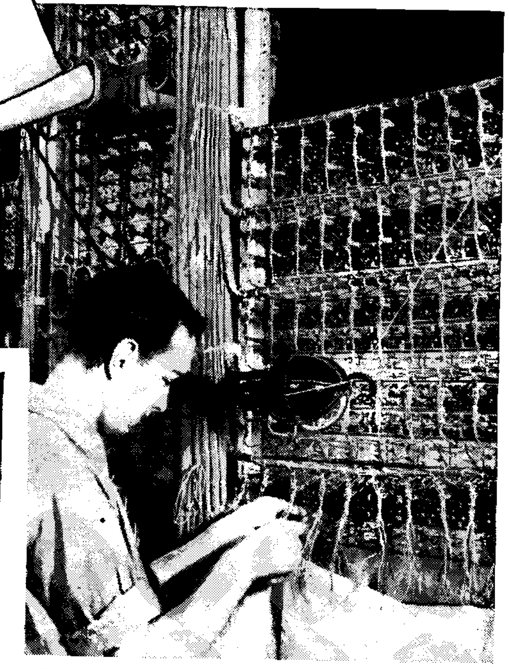

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Standing Room Only

Continued from page 20

few inches away from it, your knees slightly bent, your head poised to make a straight column of your neck with your backbone. Observe how slim you are through the middle. Now stiffen your knees—your stomach and hips pop out in the distressing manner we are trying to avoid. So you have the secrets of good posture: a well-poised head and an easy spring to the knees that throws no strain on the upper part of your anatomy to push and pull it out of line.

What you need to hold you in this becoming position are strong thigh and pelvic muscles that will support your body and carry it in proper alignment. To help yours along, try the following exercises and work them in painlessly, five minutes in the morning and ten at night.

Exercises for Good Posture

1. (Done with one eye on the clock and the other on a full-length mirror to check up on yourself.) With one hand on the back of a chair for support, rise on your toes and, bending your knees out in front of you, sink in the direction of your heels. Keep your body in a perpendicular line, head over chest over hips. Go all the way down to your heels, or as far as you can maintain this line, bounce up and down for good measure, and rise up straight and tall, keeping your midriff intact. This will flatten your back, firm your abdominal muscles, and strengthen and slim your thighs. A minute and a half for this each morning.

2. Go into the familiar bicycle exercise, doing it properly in this fashion: Lie on the floor on your back. Bend your knees and lift each leg as though you were placing your feet on the pedals of a bicycle. Now pedal away in great circles, making sure that your knees brush each other in passing. Tracking so, you are strengthening your muscles in the way they should go for easy and erect carriage. Two minutes.

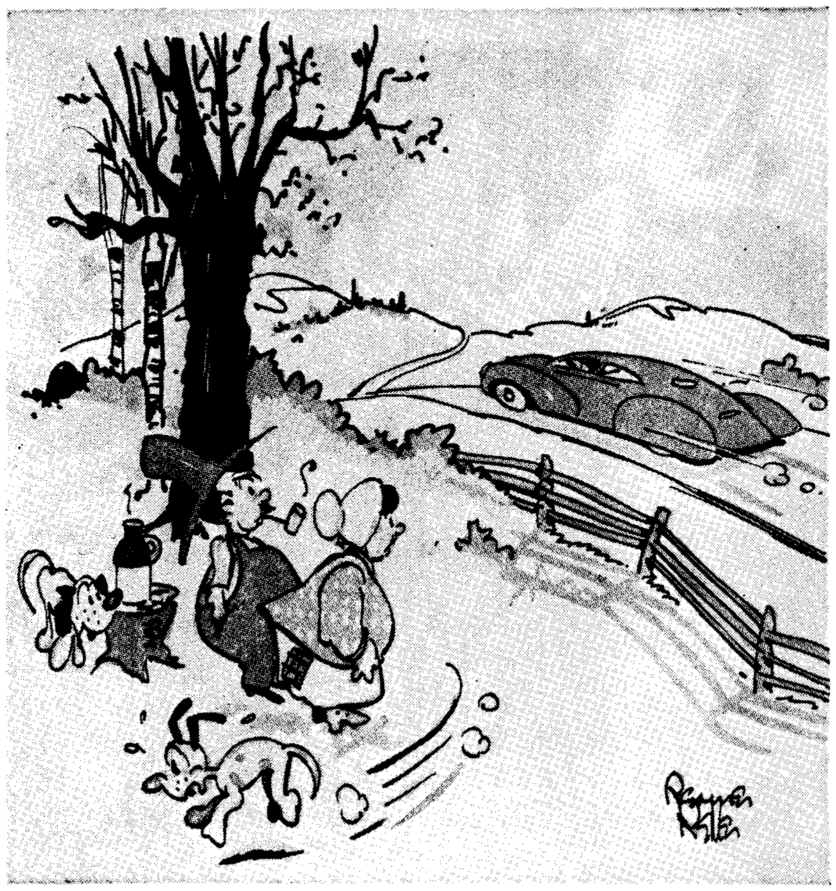
3. Come to a sitting position with your hands behind you on the floor to brace you. Straighten your legs and swing them scissors-fashion as you roll your hips to the right, back and to the left, back and to the right rhythmically. This will tone your abdominal muscles and at the same time knead away any excess hip padding. A minute and a half. Double time at night.

(If even these brief periods seem too much for your unaccustomed muscles, put in some of the time just relaxing, and work up gradually to the quota.)

Time's up and you are off and about the day's business. But with a difference. As you walk, sit and stand you can train your muscles in the right track, and walking, properly done, is the best exercise yet. Remember your two tricks, easy knees and a well-poised head. Your first motion is a slight lift of the knee and a slight spring upward with the heel. No exaggerated goose step, of course, but an easy, smooth-flowing lift of the foot and pendulumlike swing of the leg.

When you walk right, the work is evenly divided between the front and rear muscles of your lower torso and your thighs. Every step becomes a slimming exercise, because it is knitting you together in the middle. Let your knees graze each other in passing as they did in the bicycle exercise, to keep you moving in a straight line—no waddling and hip wagging. Let your feet do their part of the job too, rolling your weight from heel to toe for a smooth and rhythmic swing.

Unless you are completely surrounded by elevators, stairs are there to be climbed. Instead of grasping the rail and hauling yourself up, let your thigh muscles lift you, your back perpendicular as it was in your first exercise. You'll be surprised how light you feel.



"It can't be a auto, Bessie—I went to a auto show in 1912 an' they don't look nuthin' like that!" REAMER KELLER

He Wanted Freedom

Continued from page 15

would imagine that people pitied and scorned her on that account. If she would only get interested in something, he thought. He might then be able to enjoy his freedom more wholeheartedly. You really had to be cruel and insensitive to the feelings of others to be able to enjoy your freedom no matter whom it hurt.

Clem looked around him at the attractive living room. It was just as he had left it when he had come home to dress for dinner. He was alone, and free. He wanted to prolong the moment. It was the quest of something he had read in some book: "Pleasure indefinitely prolonged."

The room was lit by lightning, and a moment after there was the cannonading of thunder. He was no longer alone, for he thought of Milly, who had an unreasonable fear of thunder. And now it was thundering and somewhere, in a hotel bedroom, Milly was lonely and scared.

Then it started to rain, and it sounded louder than it actually was, on his terrace awning. He stretched himself again and, thinking of Milly, he went to sleep.

LOWER Fifth Avenue is beautiful in the early spring, and when you sit in front of the Brevoort it is not difficult to imagine yourself on the rue Royale and, if you look up from your apéritif to the left, you can see the Madeleine.

"Were you ever at the Café Royale?" asked Clem.

Hortense Mitford, known as Terry, put down her old-fashioned and regarded him with those absolutely frank eyes of hers. "No one goes to the Café Royale, except Americans," she said.

"What's the matter with Americans?" he demanded.

She shrugged her shoulders. "Nothing, in America. But I don't go abroad to see Americans."

Clem had sentimental recollections of the Café Royale. It was on his first trip, and he had gone there with Milly. Milly had got a little tight; one of the few times he had ever seen her that way. It was not that she was a drinker. She never drank more than one drink, because they had such an effect on her. But it was being abroad with him and one drink had made her gay and her eyes were swimming and luminous.

"This is a time we will never forget," she had said. "At least, I never will," she had corrected herself. He remembered that. Well, it seemed he himself had never forgotten it either. There had been plenty of other moments, but something had set that moment aside and made it important, that moment at the Café Royale, and he remembered it even though no one but Americans ever went there.

"How do you like being single?" asked Terry.

"It's marvelous," he said, and it was true. "I'm having a drink here with you in public, and I don't have to worry about our being seen, nor about getting home to dinner. In fact, we'll have dinner together just because we feel like it, which is the only reason for doing anything."

She smiled. "I wish I could. I've got a date with Marty."

When he had thought of being single, of doing whatever he wished to do, he had thought of having dinner with a nice girl without premeditation and without having to plan a story with which to cover it up, and somehow it had never occurred to him that a man may have his liberty, and the girl have a date with someone else.

"How about taking me to Lester Carroway's party Saturday night?" she asked.

He took a deep drink of his old-fashioned. "When did he get back?"

"Last week. He's been away a year. He's celebrating his return," she said. "I'm sure he wants you to come."

"I never got any word from him. . . . I guess he doesn't know my new address," said Clem. "I'll call for you at seven-thirty, and we can have dinner first," he said.

The next day Marty dropped in for a drink before dinner. Marty was getting on in years, yet he clung firmly and with vivid pleasure to all the ideas that had always meant something to him. Clem had always felt that to have been free for all his life, to have lived the way Marty always lived, insolently accountable to no one, would have been rather close to realizing the possibilities in the human being as a complete and separate entity.

"If you knew what it means to be free, to—" began Clem.

Marty put down his glass. "It doesn't mean as much to a man like you as you think. It's only a talking point. You talk too much about it. Freedom is not something that you acquire. It's something that you are."

The phone rang before Clem could refute this. It was Jane Dixon, who wanted to know what he was doing that evening.

"Sorry, I'm having dinner with Marty, and we're sort of going somewhere," Clem told her with regret in his voice.

Marty looked at him curiously when he put down the phone. "Why do you do that?" he asked.

"Do what?" asked Clem, though he was well aware what Marty meant.

"Lie like that," said Marty.

"Well, I have a date with another girl tonight, as a matter of fact," said Clem.

"I understand that," said Marty. "Why do you consider it necessary to lie, though?" he persisted.

"Well, they don't like the truth," Clem defended himself.

"You're not obligated to her in any way, are you?" asked Marty.

CLEM shook his head. "No, except that you obligate yourself to a girl just as soon as you take her out once."

"That's what you think," said Marty. "The real truth is that you've spent a lifetime lying about little things like that, and you don't know how not to lie about them, by now. If you really were a free man—"

"I *am* a free man," said Clem.

"Maybe," said Marty, and he took a long drink from his glass. "Not everybody is able to be free. When people who are not free talk about freedom, they really don't mean it as a state they want to live in. They generally want it so as to be able to exchange it immediately for some other more attractive kind of—ah—lack of freedom. You would have lied to your wife about that little matter. Why lie to that girl, who can't be more than a casual acquaintance, anyway? You'd better learn how to speak the truth. It takes training. Slavery requires no education, but freedom seems to. You'd better give me another drink, because I have to run along."

Clem thought about this conversation often.

Being the master of his own time did not become commonplace to Clem. He went to several parties and made the acquaintance of several new pleasures. One was the fun of staying until the very end and winding up the party with the

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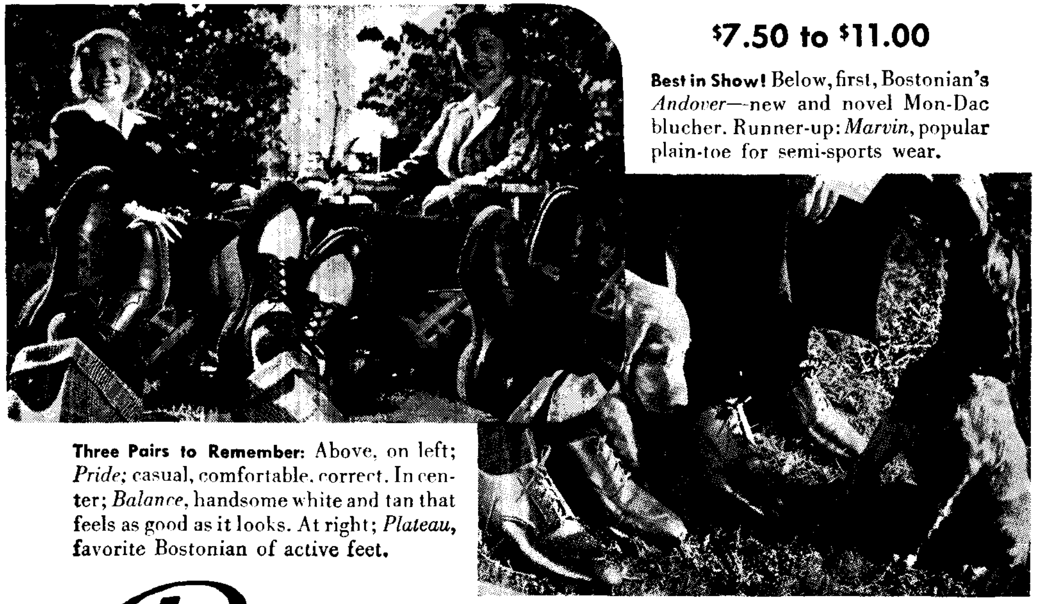


Best in Show! Below, first, Bostonian's *Andover*—new and novel Mon-Dac blucher. Runner-up: *Marvin*, popular plain-toe for semi-sports wear.

Three Pairs to Remember: Above, on left; *Pride*; casual, comfortable, correct. In center; *Balance*, handsome white and tan that feels as good as it looks. At right; *Plateau*, favorite Bostonian of active feet.

Bostonians

FIT RIGHT-FEEL RIGHT·· *they're Walk-Fitted*

host and the one or two very close friends who also stayed. Another pleasure was going home after enjoying himself, and not having a guerrilla warfare all the way home and until he fell asleep on account of some ill-advised action or word of his when he was off his guard earlier in the evening.

This was a spaciousness in life such as Clem had dreamed about, such as he knew existed, yet had never experienced.

There was the luxury of walking alone through the rooms of his flat, of talking freely without being afraid of saying something that could be misconstrued, of doing things on whim, on the spur of the moment. This was living to its fullest extent. Some might have thought it was putting an emphasis on very small things, but only those who had never wanted them badly could think that, or only those who had never lacked them. "They jest at scars who never felt a wound," he said to himself one night when, sitting alone, he took out a folder of paper matches to light his pipe and noted that the name of a well-known night club was on it. If that had happened when he was living with Milly she would have wanted to know where he got the matches. One of their worst quarrels had started that way, and he had been innocent and honestly had not known where he got the matches. Certainly he had never been to the night club.

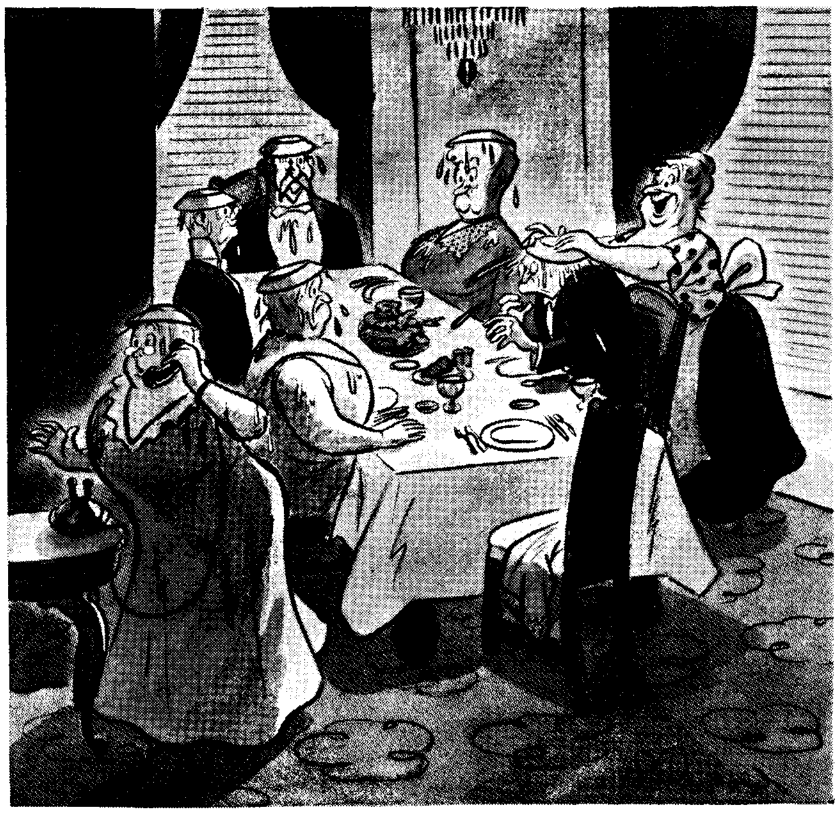
HE SCARCELY ever thought of Milly these days, but he knew she went out little, knowing her. Milly did not make friends easily. He wished she could, because friends might have taken her mind off her wrongs. He knew she must be brooding about them. She had never been a drinker, either, and in the last couple of years she had stopped it entirely, so she did not even have the consolation of the occasional release that a drink would have given her. She hated going any place alone, and for this reason Clem had always had to be in dreadfully close attendance upon her.

Terry Mitford was different, he reflected. You could take her to a party, or she could go herself. She wasn't always feeling injured because you were enjoying yourself with something that did not include her. That reminded him. He ought to call her up. He had not done so for two days. As he thought about it, he discovered that he really did not want to call her up, having nothing particular to say at the moment. Yet he had a conscience about it, because he knew she expected a phone call.

It's funny, but even the free women, those who were able to stand alone, seemed, little by little, to do that sort of thing to you. Life seemed to indulge in a kind of nibbling at the edges of your freedom, making the margin smaller and smaller. He laughed at this, because Terry Mitford would have been quite scornful if he had voiced the thought and would have told him he owed her nothing and that they saw each other only because they enjoyed it, only through their own wishes. They could end it any time they wanted to, that is, after the party on Saturday to which he was taking her.

In a way, Milly had been like that sometimes. There was always something they had planned to do together, and you always had to go through with it.

The party at Lester Carroway's turned out to be peculiar, because when Clem arrived Milly was there, and this was something he had not expected. It developed that Lester, not knowing of their separation, which had occurred during his long stay abroad, had sent the invitation to Clem and Milly at the old address, and Milly had received it. This would not have been surprising in itself; what was surprising was that, knowing Clem probably would be there, she had come also. It was not in character.



"We need a new cook—one that won't buy sweepstakes tickets!"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

Lester hurried up to greet him as he entered, whispering that he was sorry, but that it was not his fault. Clem said that it was all right. Terry, who had come with Clem, went into the bedroom to get rid of her things. Clem stopped for a moment or two with Marty.

"Didn't expect that, did you?" Marty threw it at him.

"Why not?" he answered. "She has a right to be here, I should think."

Marty shrugged his shoulders. "Spoken like a Yale man," he said.

Clem knew what had happened. Milly had decided to be there, to show him she could take it in a civilized fashion. "Civilized" was a word they had used often between them. Suddenly he did not care for the word.

He could see her in her corner, talking to two or three men, and laughing a bit loudly for her, though still in good taste. She had a tumbler of ginger ale in her hand . . . which was all she ever drank nowadays.

"She's been here for an hour," said Marty suddenly. "How do you feel about having a cockeyed, or sick, ex-wife on your hands?" he asked.

Clem smiled, lighting a cigarette. "She might get sick on that ginger ale—it must be lukewarm, she has no ice in it—but she'd hardly get plastered. Sometimes I wish she would," he said frankly.

"You might have your wish," said Marty curiously. "That's the second glassful of ginger ale that she's had, and it isn't ginger ale, it's straight rye."

A CERTAIN place inside of Clem seemed to go lifeless, and for an instant he had a peculiar, bodiless feeling.

She can't do that to me. She couldn't, again. You might just as well take poison as drink that way if you're not used to it. Even if you are used to it. I know how you feel about liquor, Milly. You feel just as though you were taking poison. You want to get drunk. You want to be relieved of that thing that hangs over your head. And I came here for a good time and to celebrate being free.

"It's impossible," he said. "She'd be out by now."

"That's what I thought," said Marty.

They saw her finish the glass and help herself to another full one from the cellarette.

"It's impossible," said Clem. He walked away.

He would, he knew, have to go over and talk to her soon. He did not know quite what to say. No woman could drink water tumblers full of straight rye and talk coherently. And yet, there she was talking away rapidly as though she shouldn't, by all rights, be lying rigid on some bed until the effects of the alcohol wore off.

WHEN she was alone for a moment Clem wandered over and sat down next to her. "Hello, Clem," she said, "isn't it a lovely party?"

"It seems to be," he grinned. He couldn't help it. She had never thought parties were lovely. They were just something you had to go to so Clem shouldn't have to go alone. They were just something where other women gathered to snatch your husband away.

"Aren't you surprised to see me here?" she asked. "You always wanted me to be more—"

"If you use the word civilized I'll beat your ears in," said Clem.

She shrugged her shoulders, and took a sip from her tumbler. Clem shuddered. "I see that lovely brunette you came with is a blonde now," threw in Milly.

"When was Terry ever brunette?" he asked.

"When she was born," said Milly calmly. "I think nature is wonderful, don't you?"

Oh, Lord, how does a man free himself from old chains? Why don't you let go of me, Milly? Why can't I not give a damn how you feel inside of you at this minute? I know you, Milly, I know everything you think, everything you feel. If I only didn't understand your emotions so well!

"How does it feel to be single?" she asked, smiling.

A dead feeling started creeping up his backbone as he looked at her.

They were separated by people and the party went on. An hour or two later Clem was sitting next to Terry on the couch when he noticed Milly get up, and he knew she was getting up to leave. He had seen that hesitant, apologetic action so often. He saw her looking around her for a moment, and he knew she was wondering how she was to get home alone, she who had never gone home without him.

She finished her tumbler of rye as he watched. "If it was anybody else she'd go up in flame and smoke," said Terry. Clem was silent, and Terry looked at him and understood what he was thinking. Nice girl, Terry.

"I don't mind going home alone, Clem," said Terry.

He regarded her gratefully. "Thanks," he said.

Milly accepted his offer to take her home as a matter of course, for he had always taken her home. It infuriated him, and yet gave him a pleasant feeling that he had missed for some time the feeling of belonging to something, to some home, to some human being.

He walked with her through the lobby, into the quiet, dark street, and at the door she faltered for just a step. He took her arm. She shook it off.

"I'm all right," she said. "Let's walk."

For a while they walked in silence, enveloped by the night, held apart by the phantoms that surrounded them. Slowly they began to talk, slowly to think in their accustomed rhythm.

"How many drinks did you have?" asked Clem.

"I don't know. An awful lot. I wanted to get tight," she admitted frankly. "It didn't work, but I feel funny."

"You ought to," said Clem. "You're really paralyzed. You're a walking corpse—"

"Clem!"

Silence for a while. Then, "You certainly seemed to have a good time with that Terry," said Milly. "Can't you go to a party without spending most of your time with one girl?"

"You're nuts!" said Clem, irritated.

They quarreled, just as they had always done after a party, and as they did so one part of Clem stood outside of him and watched, amazed that a man could so easily go back to what he had wanted to get away from, while the other part of him enjoyed the quarrel with a desperate nostalgia.

IT WAS Milly who broke it up. "Oh, I'm sorry, Clem!" she said. "It isn't my business any more, is it? I forgot." She was crying, he suddenly noticed. "Isn't it funny," she said, walking very straight as though not too sure of her legs, "I tried to get drunk to forget I was ever married to you. And all it did was to make me remember it more. Oh, Clem, darling, you're a worthless good-for-nothing, but I guess I just can't get over you!"

She stood in the reflected glare of a neon light and cried, and her face was of a sudden haggard and her eyes were dead and hopeless. Something wet dropped on Clem's hand and it was a tear. He was surprised to find it was his own tear.

She looked at him. "Clem, you're crying! Clem darling! Oh, my darling . . . my darling. . . ."

Her voice trailed off into nothing and she swayed on her feet. Clem caught her in his arms as everything gave way under her and she went out like a light.

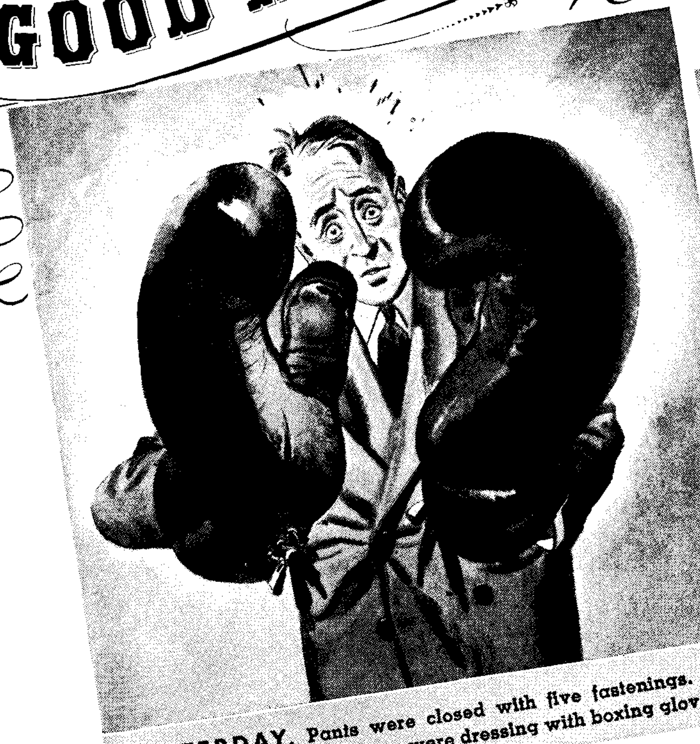
Oh, hell, Milly, if you didn't do it I suppose someone else would have. They were beginning to gnaw at the edges already. Well, I had it for a little while, anyway. It wouldn't have lasted long.

As he stood there under the neon light, holding Milly's light, sagging body in his arms, a taxi drove up.

The driver helped him take Milly into the car. Clem got in and closed the door. He gave the driver the address of his own apartment, where freedom lived.

Perhaps it was not freedom he had wanted after all, Clem thought. For some reason he felt better.

GOOD RIDDANCE *Hail!*



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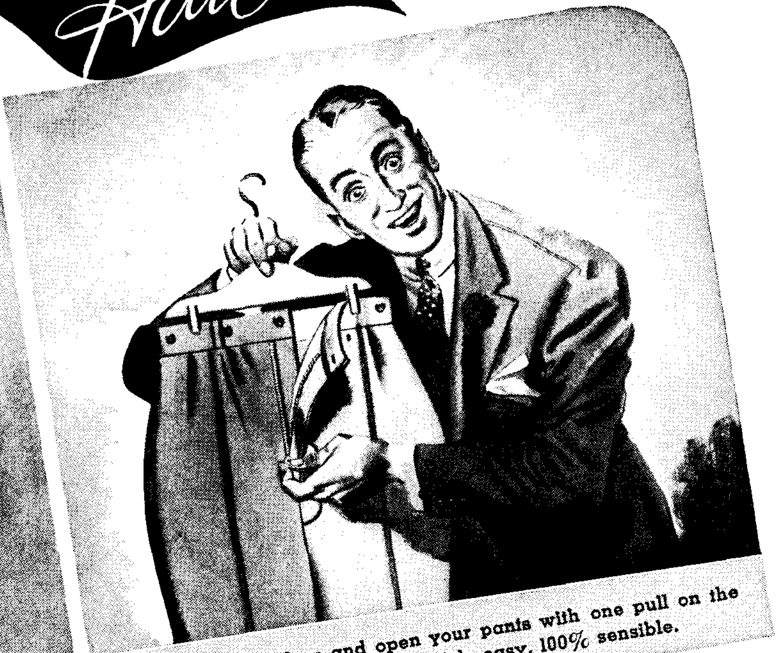

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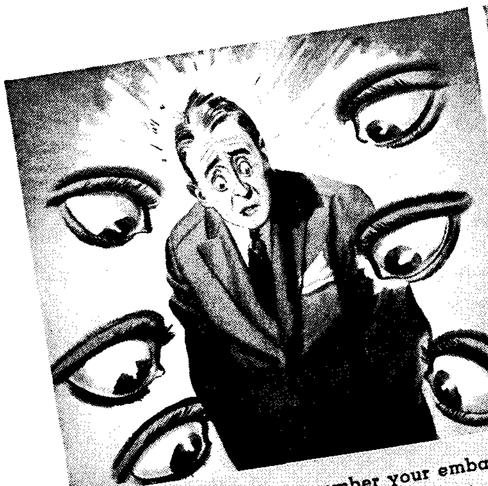

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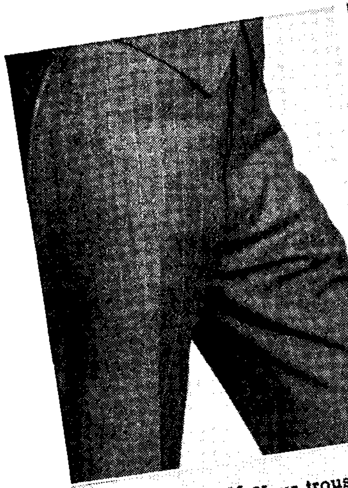

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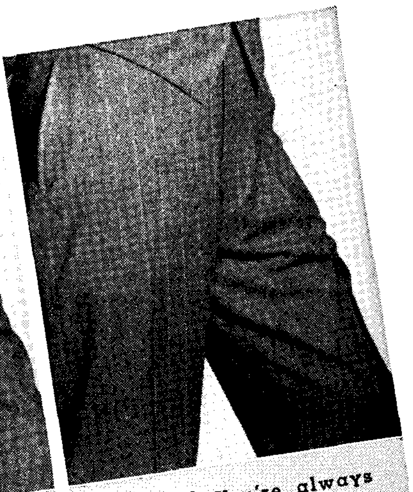

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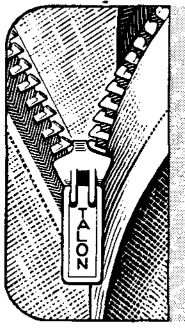

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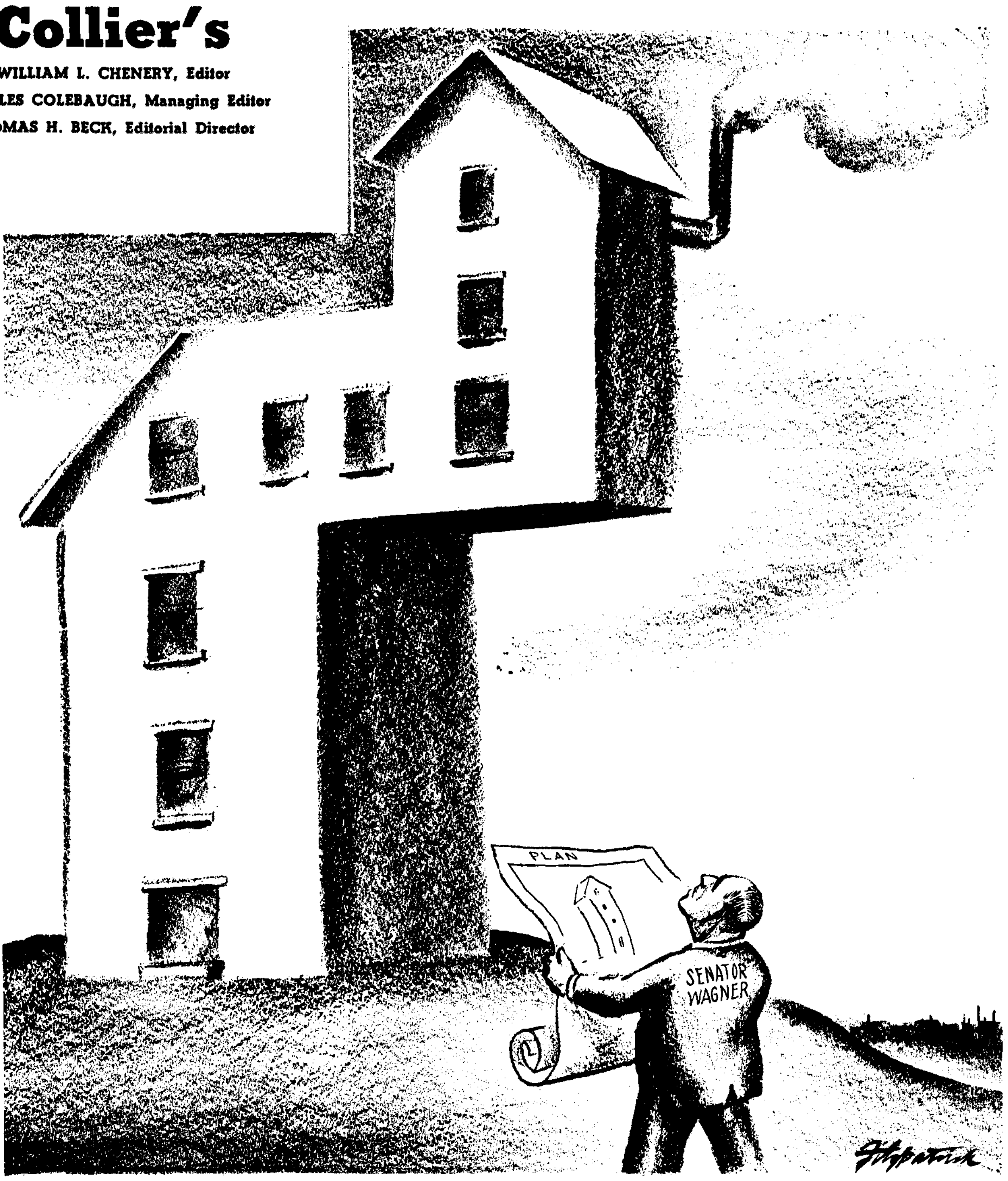


Lopsided Law

EVERYBODY except John L. Lewis and his C.I.O. enthusiasts seems to have become anxious sometime ago to amend the Wagner Labor Relations Act.

The pro-capital amendments have been offered to Congress by Senator Burke of Nebraska, the A.F.L. amendments by Senator Walsh of Massachusetts. By the time this appears in print the expected middle-of-the-road amendments may have been offered by Senator Wagner of New York himself, author of the original act.

So the question naturally comes up like a boil: Why the reluctance on the part of John L. Lewis and his C.I.O. cohorts to see so much as a jot or a tittle in the Wagner Act changed?

We think the future of the country, for better or for worse, is pretty intimately bound up with the future of the Wagner Act. We believe we have an answer to that question about the hostility of Mr. Lewis and his friends to any change in the act.

The Wagner Act itself gags employers to this extent: They may not express an opinion to their employees, even if asked, on the merits or otherwise of any labor organization their employees may be thinking of joining. That seems to us a plain denial of the constitutional guarantee of free speech.

The National Labor Relations Board, created by the Wagner Act, has interpreted the act to hold that, when two or more labor organizations are trying to unionize the workers in one shop, the employer may not ask the NLRB to hold an election to settle the dispute. Only the workers can ask for such an election—or the labor leaders trying to unionize the workers. Senator Wagner thought his law granted equal rights to both sides to ask for these elections, but the NLRB in its wisdom thinks otherwise and the NLRB administers the act.

These two aspects of the Wagner Act would seem to reveal why Mr. Lewis and the more eager hot-shots in his C.I.O. are so fond of the Wagner Act as is and have fought any proposed changes in it. Simply, the dice are loaded in their favor.

The gag on free speech for employers enables labor organizers to agitate anywhere in the country, with employers forbidden to open their traps to state their side of the case. The provision regarding elections, as interpreted by the NLRB, throws the door open to jurisdictional strikes and at the same time ties the employer's hands.

A new, militant organization such as the C.I.O. naturally finds its best fishing in troubled waters.

The Wagner Act as now written and interpreted lets the C.I.O. stir up previously calm waters anywhere it pleases, and keep them troubled practically as long as it wants to fish in them.

That is fine for Mr. Lewis and his friends. They are smart to try to fend off any changes in this setup.

But it is not so fine for several other groups of people, all of whom are supposed to have some rights too; namely, the employers, the heavy non-C.I.O. majority of working people, and the general public that consumes the products of labor and capital.

These groups have been taking it on the chin, nose, breadbasket and elsewhere ever since the Wagner Act took effect. There have been waves of sit-down strikes and jurisdictional strikes. Now, there seems to be starting a wave of split-ups and split-offs inside single labor organizations, as in the C.I.O.'s United Auto Workers of America.

These things cut down production and boost costs, thereby cutting into consumption of what is produced—thereby in turn cutting down the number of jobs available—the well-known downward spiral.

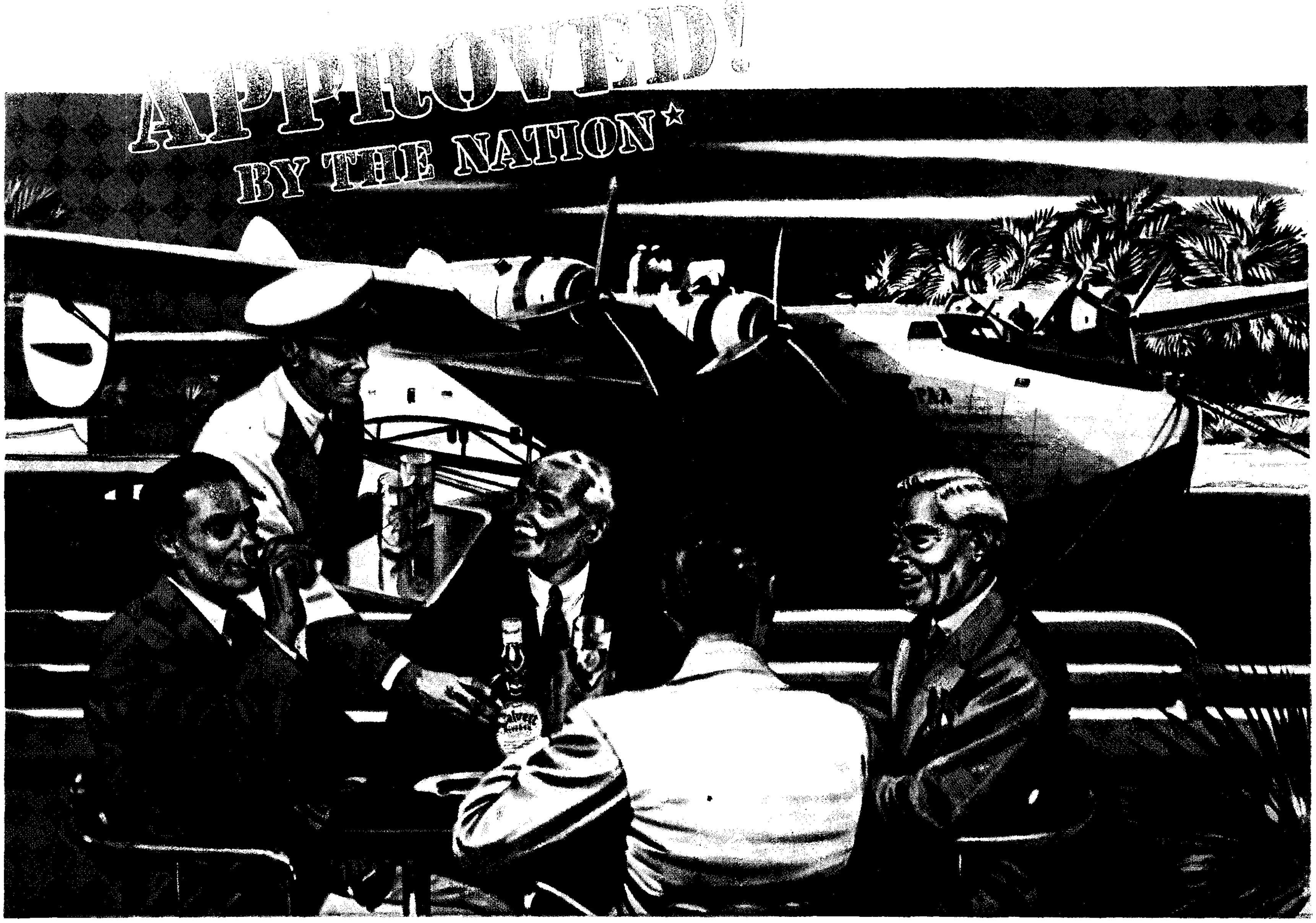
The whole trouble goes back, we believe, to the fact that the Wagner Act is or has been made the hammer and anvil for the C.I.O.'s exclusive use in forging its destiny. The Wagner Act should be a law under which bosses and workers, with the friendly help of the government as umpire, could iron out their differences with the least possible friction, cost, loss of time, loss of temper, and loss to the consuming public.

We believe that was the kind of law Senator Wagner thought he was putting together. Its basic principle—legal recognition and assurance of labor's right to collective bargaining—is in tune with these times, and should on no account, we believe, be amended or watered down.

But we think that experience has now shown that the Wagner Act needs to be restored to what it started out to be. And one job for this Congress seems to us to be to rip out that overzealous ban on freedom of speech for the employer, and to clear up all doubt about the employer's as well as the workers' or organizers' right to ask the NLRB for a plant election in case of a battle to sign up the boys and girls with this union or that.

The American people have an ancient way of smacking down special groups that get too grabby and spoil-babyish. That can happen to labor groups, too. It already has happened in Oregon, whose new strait-jacket state labor law was recently described in Collier's.

Looked at calmly, the Oregon law is a bad one; it goes too far. For all that, a plurality of Oregon's voters, annoyed by the superdizzy didos of various Pacific Northwest labor leaders and labor units, batted that law onto Oregon's statute books. Which ought to be a warning, you would think, to laborites who are trying to make a fetish of the Wagner Act as now written. The fetish may turn on them someday, surprise-surprise, and kick their teeth down their throats.



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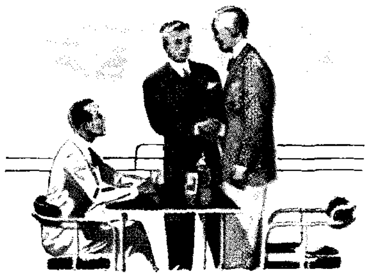

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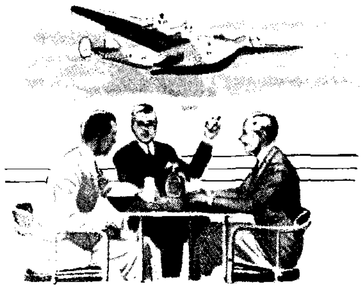

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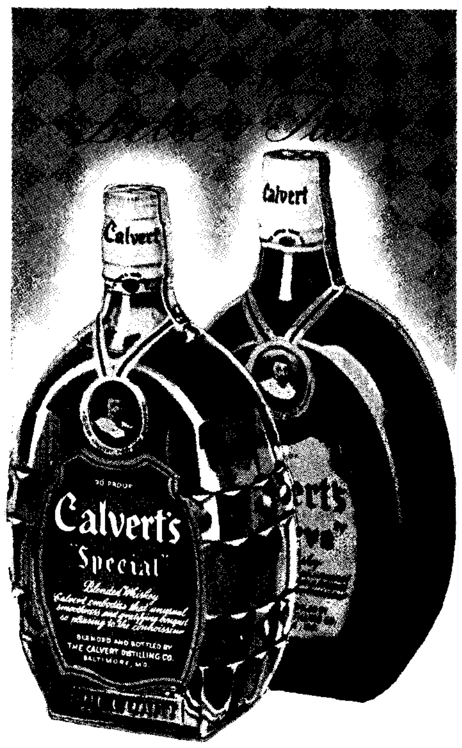

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